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THE

PSALMIST:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS FOR THE USE OF THE BAPTIST CHURCHES;

by

Baron Stow and S. F. Smith

WITH

A SUPPLEMENT,

BY

RICHARD FULLER,
PASTOR OF THE SEVENTH BAPTIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

AND

J. B. JETER,
PASTOR OF THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MO

PHILADELPHIA:
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NOTE.

In order to render this work still more perfect, and make it as convenient, in every respect, as *possible*, the publishers have procured a material *enlargement* of the "SCRIPTURE INDEX," and have added, at the end of the volume, an "INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF EACH VERSE IN THE BOOK, the great convenience of which will be felt by those who, having occasion not unfrequently to quote or refer to some particular verse, or hymn containing the same, can recall only a line or two of that single stanza.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Board of Directors of the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, induced by the numerous and urgent calls which, for a long time, have been made from various sections of the country, for a new collection of Hymns, that should be adapted to the wants of the churches generally, resolved, in the year 1841, to take immediate measures for the accomplishment of this object. With this view, a committee, consisting of Rev. W. T. Brantly, D. D., of South Carolina, Rev. J. L. Dagg, of Alabama, Rev. R. B. C. Howell, of Tennessee, Rev. S. W. Lynd, D. D., of Ohio, Rev. J. B. Taylor, of Virginia, Rev. S. P. Hill, of Maryland, Rev. G. B. Ide and R. W. Griswold, of Pennsylvania, and Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D., of New York, was appointed to prepare and superintend the proposed selection. It was, however, subsequently ascertained that a similar work had been undertaken by Messrs. Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Publishers, of Boston; and that Rev. B. Stow and Rev. S. F. Smith, whose services they had engaged, had already commenced their labor. From the well-known ability of these gentlemen, there seemed good reason to expect a valuable collection, and one that would fully meet the end which the Board contemplated. In order, therefore, to avoid the unnecessary multiplication of Hymn Books, it was deemed expedient, by the Board, to unite, if possible, with the above-named Publishers. Accordingly, the manuscript of Messrs. Stow and Smith having been examined, and found quite satisfactory, arrangements were made to have the sheets, as they were issued from the press, submitted to the committee of the Board, with the understanding, that, if, after such alterations and improvements as might be suggested, it should meet their approval, the Board would adopt it as their own. This approval having been obtained, the Board voted, unanimously, to adopt and publish the work, and have negotiated with Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, to that effect.

Signed by order and on behalf of the Board.

J. M. PECK,

Cor. Sec. Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 18, 1843.

CERTIFICATE.

THE unders gned, having been requested, by the Board of Directors of the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, to examine the proof-sheets of "THE PSALMIST," edited by the Rev. B. Stow and Rev. S. F. Smith, and to suggest such emendations as might seem expedient to render the work more acceptable to the churches throughout our country, hereby certify that they have performed the service assigned them, and unite in recommending the work as one well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed.

William R. Williams
George B. Ide
Rufus W. Bliss
Stephen P. Hill
James B. Taylor
H. L. Vagg
"
W. T. Brantly
R. B. C. Howell
"
Samuel W. Lynd

PREFACE

TO

THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE Psalmist contains a copious supply of excellent hymns for the pulpit. We are acquainted with no collection of hymns combining, in an equal degree, poetic merit, evangelical sentiment, and a rich variety of subjects, with a happy adaptation to pulpit services. There is, however, a serious obstacle to its general use, especially in the South. Many hymns have acquired a high local popularity. Having been long in use, they are prized, not merely for their intrinsic worth, but for their tender and delightful associations. Old songs, like old friends, are more valued than new ones. A number of the hymns best known, most valued, and most frequently sung in the South, are not found in the Psalmist. Without them, no hymn book, whatever may be its excellences, is likely to become generally or permanently popular in that region. To supply this deficiency in the Psalmist, as far as may be, is the design of the following Supplement.

These hymns have been mostly selected, not on account of their poetic beauty, but their established popularity. They will, we think, be found not seriously defective as metrical compositions; but their chief excellence consists in their adaptation to interest and affect the heart. They are, with few exceptions, inserted as they are known and sung among us, without abridgment, or any attempt at improvement. If we are not deceived, they will form an acceptable appendix to the Psalmist. Adapted chiefly to *social worship*, they will, we trust, contribute greatly to the interest and profit of our prayer and protracted meetings.

Though this selection has been made with special reference to the taste and wants of the South, we know no reason why it should not be acceptable to other portions of the country. Many of the hymns in the Supplement are of high reputation in all parts of our country, as appears from the fact that they are found in almost every collection enjoying a local popularity.

Supplying the place of the Chants in the Psalmist, which, in many portions of our country, are seldom used, the Supplement will add very little to the bulk, and nothing to the price of the book.

We now dedicate this small offering to the churches, earnestly imploring the "Father of Lights," that it may tend to increase the fervor of their devotions and the spirituality of their minds.

RICHARD FULLER,
J. B. JETER.

PREFACE.

WORSHIP must have its own forms of utterance. These forms can be neither didactic nor expository. Worship is not designed to communicate illumination to the intellect of him who offers it, nor information to the omniscient Being to whom it is offered. If it be confined to the understanding, or if it pass from the heart to the understanding, and thus become a merely intellectual exercise, it departs from its proper aim. Worship is prompted by emotion. Its first object is praise; after this, the expression of emotions of penitence, joy, humility, hope, love, or dependence, in such a manner as to involve an acknowledgment of God, and thus to glorify him. It is the offspring of religious emotion. From whatever feeling it takes its rise, it tends towards God. If it begins in our own misery, it elevates the soul to the contemplation of the divine mercy. It is, in truth, the utterance of the spirit of man, aspiring upward to its Creator.

The nature of worship determines the proper mode of its expression. As it is an act of the heart, it should be expressed in the language of the heart This is not cold, nor in the manner of common conversation, but fervent and impassioned. Acceptable worship is the fruit of deep and true emotion. The expression of worship should be in language suited to such emotion. Sacred harmony is the union of measured sounds with the words of worship. In order to be sung well, the words of worship must be expressive of the emotions which belong to worship; and any want of mutual adaptation is immediately felt by a sensitive mind. It is the want of adaptation of the words to the music, or of the music to the words, which often renders singing heavy. The words are either expository, or didactic, or in some other way prosaic. They are expressive of no emotion, or destitute of poetry, and therefore unsuited to be sung. Or, on the other hand, the leader, having no true poetic feeling, selects a tune which indicates an emotion of a character different from that which is indicated by the words of the hymn. The music and the words should breathe one spirit. Both should breathe the spirit of a fervent, humble, spiritual worshipper.

Beside lyrical excellence, there are other requisites of a good hymn. It should possess unity — treating of only one subject from the opening to the close. It should be a complete composition, having, however short it may be, a beginning, middle, and end. Every verse should add something to the preceding, making the sense, finally, complete, and raising the soul to the highest conception of the theme. The sentences should be brief. The sense should not extend from one verse into another. Parenthetic clauses should be avoided. The style should be simple, and the words, generally, short, and easy to be understood. The accent should be uniformly on the same syllables in each verse. A profusion of ornament should be avoided. A sounding epithet should never be used merely to furnish the requisite number of syllables. The whole spirit of the hymn should be lyrical. It should be adapted not only to be read, but to be sung.

It is hoped that this compilation will be successful in exemplifying many of these principles. The hymns of Dr. Watts take the lead, being more numerous than those of any other author. All his pieces are inserted which possess lyrical spirit, and are suited to the worship of a Christian assembly. The book contains, also, a large number of hymns of Beddome, Steele, Doddridge, and other standard writers, whose productions have become consecrated by use. Besides these, numerous hymn books, both ancient and modern, and many other books, together with various periodicals, American and foreign, have been carefully examined. From these sources many hymns have been selected, whose decided merit and high spiritual tone eminently adapt them to the purposes of worship.

The hymn books known as Winchell's Watts, and Watts and Rippon, have filled a large and honorable space in our American psalmody. But, since the first publication of those collections, many excellent hymns have been composed, suited to aid the devotional in the worship of God. A correct and elevated taste, and a pious spirit, alike sanction the introduction of such pieces into our collection of hymns for the sanctuary.

The authorship of the hymns has been stated, where it was practicable; but, in consequence of the variety and irresponsibleness, in this respect, of some of the sources from which they have been drawn, a few are still anonymous. In some instances, a hymn has been ascribed, in various collections, to different authors; and no means exist of identifying the true one. In such cases, it is possible that errors may have occurred; but it is believed that they are very few. Any errors of this kind, which may hereafter be discovered, will be promptly corrected.

Alterations have been made in the forms of expression, where it was necessary, in order to adapt the hymns to be sung. The spirit of the author has been, in every case, retained. The changes are mainly such as were demanded in consequence of the faulty accentuation in the original. A mere reader of hymns can hardly appreciate the injury to the singing, and the inconvenience which is felt by choirs, resulting from the misplacement of the accented syllables in a line. So extensive is this fault, that a collection could not be entirely expurgated without rewriting a large part of the hymns now in existence.

An effort has been made to arrange the hymns agreeably to the natural order of mental association and of Christian experience, so that a person disciplined in evangelical truth and pious emotion will find in his own bosom an index to the sequence of the successive topics. It is hoped that hymns will be found in the collection adapted to every important subject on which a minister of Christ would be likely to address a congregation.

The demand for a new compilation of hymns, for the use of the Baptist churches, has been, for several years, growing more and more imperative. The public voice has called for an effort to fill up the acknowledged deficiencies of our existing collections. The present offering is an attempt to meet that demand. The editors have been deeply conscious of their responsibility in the undertaking. The work is dedicated to Christ and the church. If it shall tend to the elevation of evangelical taste, the interest of worship, the diffusion of a more fervent piety, and the glory of God, their aims will be accomplished.

Boston, *June*, 1843.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

☞ *An Index of First Lines of* EACH VERSE *in the book will be found at the end of the volume.*

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King ..... L. M. 468
A debtor to mercy alone 8s. 567
A Friend there is — your voices join ..... C. M. 289
Again from calm and sweet repose ..... C. M. 1012
Again our earthly cares we leave ..... C. M. 27
Again returns the day of holy rest 10s. 37
A glory in the word we find ..... C. M. 396
Ah, how shall fallen man ..... S. M. 464
A host of spirits round the throne ..... C. M. 796
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed ..... C. M. 472
Alas! how poor and little worth ..... 8s. & 4s. 752
Alas! what hourly dangers rise ..... C. M. 724
All hail, incarnate God ..... H. M. 872
All hail, the power of Jesus' name ..... C. M. 338
All ye nations, praise the Lord 7s. 69
All yesterday is gone ..... S. M. 443
All ye who love the Lord, rejoice ..... C. M. 83
Almighty God, eternal Lord ..... C. M. 59
Almighty God, thy constant care ..... L. M. 942
Almighty Lord, before thy throne ..... C. M. 988
Almighty Ruler of the skies ..... L. M. 114
Amazing sight! the Saviour stands ..... C. M. 434
Am I a soldier of the cross ..... C. M. 721
And am I born to die ..... S. M. 1125
And are we wretches yet alive ..... C. M. 486
And can mine eyes without a tear ..... C. M. 463
And can my heart aspire so high ..... C. M. 673
And canst thou, sinner, slight ..... S. M. 442
And didst thou, Jesus, condescend ..... C. M. 218
And did the Holy and the Just ..... C. M. 210
And must I part with all I have ..... C. M. 558
And must this body die ..... S. M. 1122
And now another week begins ..... C. M. 3
And now, my soul, another year ..... C. M. 104
And now the solemn deed is done ..... L. M. 95
And will the great, eternal God ..... L. M. 941
And will the Judge descend ..... S. M. 1145
And will the Lord thus condescend ..... C. M. 499
Angels, from the realms of glory ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 204
Angels, roll the rock away 7s. 234
Another day is past ..... S. M. 1028
And her six days' work is done ..... L. M. 35

Arise, and bless the Lord ..... S. M 87
Arise, arise, with joy survey ..... L. M 909
Arise in all thy splendor, Lord ..... L. M.....860
Arise, my soul, arise..... H. M.....261
Arise, my soul, my joyful powers ..... C. M.....111
Arise, O King of grace, arise ..... C. M.....927
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake ..... L. M.....861
As, bowed by sudden storms, the rose..... C. M.....1094
As flows the rapid river..... 7s & 6s.....1059
Asleep in Jesus! blesséd sleep ..... L. M.....1109
As o'er the past my memory strays ..... C. M.....460
Assembled at thy great command..... L. M.....914
Assembled in our school once more ..... L. M.....967
As showers on meadows newly mown ..... L. M.....564
As vernal flowers that scent the morn..... L. M.....1095
A throne of grace! then let us go..... C. M.....643
At length the wished-for spring is come..... C. M.....1039
Auspicious morning, hail..... 6s & 4s.....1007
Author of good, to thee we turn ..... C. M.....588
Awake, all conquering Arm, awake ..... L. M.....857
Awake, and sing the song ..... S. M.....313
Awake, awake the sacred song..... C. M.....329
Awake, my drowsy soul, awake ..... C. M.....714
Awake, my soul, and with the sun ..... L. M.....1017
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue..... L. M.....93
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve..... C. M.....726
Awake, my soul, to sound his praise ..... C. M.....78
Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring..... L. M.....140
Awake, our drowsy souls..... H. M.....241
Awake our souls, away our fears ..... L M.....725
Awake, ye saints, awake ..... H M.....38
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes ..... C. M.....1047

BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death ..... C. M.....822
Before Jehovah's awful throne..... L. M.....2
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay..... C. P. M.....98
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme ..... C. M.....100
Begin the high, celestial strain ..... C. M.....97
Behold, behold, the Lamb of God..... C. M.....273
Behold th' amazing sight..... S. M.....223
Behold, the day is come ..... S. M.....1141
Behold the gift of God ..... S. M.....283
Behold the glories of the Lamb..... C. M.....343
Behold, the grace appears ..... S. M.....208
Behold, the heathen waits to know ..... L. M.....855
Behold the Lamb of God, who bore ..... C. M.....555
Behold, the lofty sky..... S. M.....391
Behold, the morning sun ..... S. M.....403
Behold, the mountain of the Lord ..... C. M.....899
Behold, the Prince of Peace ..... S. M.....215
Behold the Saviour of mankind..... C. M.....224
Behold the sin-atoning Lamb..... L. M.....256
Behold the sure foundation stone ..... C. M.....787

Behold the throne of grace ..... S. M. 642
Behold the western, evening light ..... C. M. 1102
Behold thy waiting servant, Lord ..... C. M. 612
Behold, what pity touched the heart ..... C. M. 260
Behold, what wondrous grace ..... S. M. 191
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ..... 11s & 8s. 990
Believing souls, of Christ beloved ..... L. M. 829
Be merciful to us, O God ..... C. M. 858
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head ..... C M. 1081
Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way ..... C. M. 969
Bereft of all, when hopeless care ..... C. M. 584
Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth ..... C. M. 774
Be thou exalted, O my God ..... L. M. 113
Be thou, O God, exalted high ..... L. M. 70
Be thou, O Lord, my treasure here ..... C. M. 576
Beyond the glittering, starry sky ..... C. M. 250
Beyond where Cedron's waters flow ..... 8s & 6. 229
Blessed be thy name forever 8s. 1033
Bless, O my soul, the living God ..... L. M. 186
Blest are the men whose mercies move ..... L. M. 750
Blest are the pure in heart ..... S. M. 665
Blest are the sons of peace ..... S. M. 694
Blest are the souls that hear and know ..... C. M. 408
Blest be the everlasting God ..... C. M. 1126
Blest be the Father and his love ..... L. M. 117
Blest be the tie that binds ..... S. M. 1068
Blest Comforter divine ..... S. M. 356
Blest hour, when mortal man retires ..... L. M. 54
Blest is the hour when cares depart ..... 8s & 6s. 947
Blest is the man whose softening heart ..... C. M. 741
Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh ..... C. M. 536
Blest morning, whose young dawning rays ..... C. M. 240
Blest Saviour, we thy will obey ..... L. M. 813
Blow ye the trumpet, blow ..... H. M. 407
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed 7s. 847
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning ..... 11s & 10s. 202
Bright glories rush upon my sight ..... C. M. 1150
Bright Source of everlasting love ..... C. M. 743
Bright was the guiding star that led ..... C. M. 551
Broad is the road that leads to death ..... L. M. 686
Brother, rest from sin and sorrow ..... 8s & 7s. 1107
Brother, thou art gone to rest ..... 7s, 6s & 8. 1093
Brother, though from yonder sky 7s. 1098
Buried beneath the yielding wave ..... C. M. 802
Buried in shadows of the night ..... L. M. 517
But who shall see the glorious day ..... C. M. 924
By cool Siloam's shady rill ..... C. M. 773

CALM on the listening ear of night ..... C. M. 205
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish ..... 8s & 7s. 1112
Children, hear the melting story ..... 8s, 7s & 4s. 777
Children, in years and knowledge young ..... L. M. 776
Christ and his cross are all our theme ..... C. M. 411

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day ..... 7s..... 23
Christ whose glory fills the skies ..... 7s, 6 L..... 278
Come, all ye saints of God ..... 6s & 4..... 314
Come, blessed Spirit, source of light ..... L. M..... 369
Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell ..... L. M..... 26
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove ..... L. M..... 368
Come, guilty sinners, come and see ..... L. M..... 263
Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb ..... L. M..... 799
Come, happy souls, approach your God ..... C. M..... 268
Come hither, all ye weary souls ..... L. M..... 417
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind ..... L. M..... 358
Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy ..... S. M..... 361
Come, Holy Spirit, come, With energy ..... S. M..... 362
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine ..... L. M..... 807
Come, Holy Spirit, from above ..... C. M..... 355
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove ..... C. M..... 353
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, O come ..... L. M..... 826
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, Stranger ..... C. M..... 827
Come, let our voices join ..... H. M..... 970
Come, let our voices join to raise ..... L. M..... 80
Come, let us anew ..... 5s & 12s..... 1050
Come, let us join our cheerful songs ..... C. M..... 346
Come, let us join our friends above ..... C. M..... 791
Come, let us join our souls to God ..... C. M..... 425
Come, let us join with sweet accord ..... C. M..... 39
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes ..... C. M..... 102
Come, let us pray; 'tis sweet to feel ..... C. H. M..... 644
Come, let us strike our harps afresh ..... C. M..... 1069
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart ..... C. M..... 1158
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays ..... L. M..... 94
Come, O thou King of all the saints ..... C. M..... 22
Come, praying souls, rejoice ..... S. M..... 645
Come, sacred Spirit, from above ..... L. M..... 354
Come, saints, adore your Saviour, God ..... L. M..... 820
Come, saints, let us join in the praise, &c. ..... 11s..... 347
Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice ..... 7s..... 413
Come, sinner, to the gospel feast ..... C. M..... 418
Come, sound his praise abroad ..... S. M..... 79
Come, thou almighty King ..... 6s & 4s..... 120
Come, thou eternal Spirit, come ..... L. M..... 357
Come, thou Fount of every blessing ..... 8s & 7s..... 610
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit ..... 8s, 7s & 4..... 63
Come to the house of prayer ..... S. M..... 11
Come, weary sinner, in whose breast ..... C. M..... 433
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed ..... L. M..... 421
Come, we that love the Lord ..... S. M..... 767
Come, ye disconsolate, &c. ..... 11s & 10s..... 635
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched ..... 8s, 7s & 4..... 416
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord ..... C. M..... 156
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name ..... C. M..... 330
Come, ye who love the Lord ..... H. M..... 322
Consider all my sorrows, Lord ..... C. M..... 590
Crown his head with endless blessing ..... 8s & 7s..... 334

DARK was the night, and cold the ground ..... C. M. 92
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness 11s. 702
Daughter of Zion, from the dust ..... C. M. ..... 5[illegible]
Day of judgment, day of wonders ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 1111
Dear as thou wert, and justly dear ..... C. M. 1097
Dearest of all the names above ..... C. M. 307
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat ..... C. M. 619
Dear Refuge of my weary soul ..... C. M. 617
Dear Saviour, prostrate at thy feet ..... C. M. 474
Dear Saviour, we are thine ..... S. M. 303
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall ..... C. M. 461
Death cannot make our souls afraid ..... C. M. 1075
Deathless spirit, now arise 7s. 1089
Death may dissolve my body now ..... C. M. 735
Deep are the wounds which sin has made ..... L. M. 279
Deep in our hearts let us record ..... L. M. 255
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, &c. 11s. 438
Depth of mercy! can there be 7s. 476
Descend, celestial Dove ..... H. M. 814
Did Christ o'er sinners weep ..... S. M. 471
Didst thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame ..... C. M. 705
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord ..... L. M. 64
Do this, and remember the blood, &c. 11s 843
Do we not know that solemn word ..... L. M. 805
Down to the sacred wave ..... S. M. 818
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song ..... C. M. 1024

EARLY, my God, without delay ..... C. M. 18
Ere mountains reared their forms sublime ..... L. M. 1056
Eternal Father, God of love ..... C. M. 784
Eternal God of love and power ..... C. M. 1029
Eternal God, our wondering souls ..... C. M. 603
Eternal Power, almighty God ..... C. M. 158
Eternal Saviour, God of love ..... C. M. 785
Eternal Source of every joy ..... L. M. 994
Eternal Source of life and light ..... C. M. 649
Eternal Spirit, God of truth ..... C. M. 360
Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove ..... L. M. 816
Eternal Spirit, we confess ..... L. M. 376
Eternal Sun of Righteousness ..... C. M. 57
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise ..... C. M. 127
Exalt the Lord our God ..... S. M 89

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss ..... C. M. 507
Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are ..... C. M. 166
Faith is a precious grace ..... S. M. 505
Faith is the brightest evidence ..... C. M. 506
Faith is the Christian's prop ..... S. H. M. 512
Far as thy name is known ..... S. M. 786
Far from mortal cares retreating ..... 8s & 7s. 711
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ..... L. M. 849
Far from these narrow scenes of night ..... C. M. 1170
Father divine, thy piercing eye ..... C. M. 641
Father, forgive, the Saviour cried ..... C. M. 763

Father, how wide thy glories shine....C. M....318
Father, I know thy ways are just....C. M....660
Father, in whom we live....S. M....122
Father, I sing thy wondrous grace....C. M....315
Father, I stretch my hands to thee....C. M....508
Father of all, in whom alone....C. M....58
Father of all our mercies, thou....C. M....647
Father of glory, to thy name....C. M....119
Father of heaven, whose love profound....L. M....123
Father of mercies, bow thine ear....L. M....946
Father of mercies, condescend....C. M....885
Father of mercies, God of love....L. M, 6 L....524
Father of mercies, in thy house....L. M....945
Father of mercies, in thy word....C. M....397
Father of mercies, send thy grace....C. M....742
Father of our feeble race....7s....19
Father of spirits! nature's God....L. M....132
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss....C. M....664
Father, who in the olive shade....8s, 6s & 4....678
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands....C. M....561
Fixed on the sacred hills....H. M....928
Flung to the heedless winds....6s....1120
For a season called to part....7s....1065
Forever blessed be the Lord....C. M....616
Fountain of mercy, God of love....C. M....997
Friend after friend departs....S. H. M....1090
From all who dwell below the skies....L. M....926
From deep distress and troubled thoughts....L. M....523
From every stormy wind that blows....L. M....636
From Greenland's icy mountains....7s & 6s....917
From the cross uplifted high....7s, 6 L....426
From thee, O God, our joys shall rise....C. M....764
From thy dear pierced side....H. M....502
From whence these direful omens round....C. M....229

GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour....8s, 7s & 4....868
Give me the wings of faith to rise....C. M....727
Give thanks to God most high....H. M....154
Glorious in thy saints appear....7s....61
Glorious things of thee are spoken....8s & 7s....930
Glory, glory everlasting....8s, 7s & 4....340
Glory, glory to our King....7s, 6 L....339
Glory to God on high....6s & 4s....328
Glory to God the Father's name....C. M....125
Glory to thee, my God, this night....L. M....1031
Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim....C. M....888
God, in the gospel of his Son....L. M....404
God is a Spirit, just and wise....C. M....133
God is love; his mercy brightens....8s & 7s....155
God is my strong salvation....7s & 6s....194
God is the fountain whence....S. M....189
God is the refuge of his saints....L. M....172
God moves in a mysterious way....C. M....148
God, my supporter and my hope....C. M....175

God of eternity, from thee ..... L. M. 104
God of mercy, God of grace 7s. 462
God of mercy, hear our prayer 7s. 976
God of my childhood and my youth ..... C. M. 731
God of my life, my morning song ..... C. M. 1015
God of my life, through all my days ..... L. M. 103
God of our lives, thy various praise ..... C. M. 1052
God of the morning, at thy voice ..... L. M. 1010
God of the world, thy glories shine ..... L. M. 152
God's holy law, transgressed ..... S. M. 262
Go, messenger of peace and love ..... L. M. 878
Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord ..... L. M. 852
Go, spirit of the sainted dead ..... L. M. 1100
Go to dark Gethsemane ..... 7s, 6 L. 707
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime 10s. 1116
Go when the morning shineth ..... 7s & 6s. 638
Go, ye messengers of God 7s. 880
Grace! 'tis a charming sound ..... S. M. 520
Gracious Saviour, we adore thee ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 815
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine 7s. 371
Great Father of mankind ..... H. M. 940
Great Father of our feeble race ..... C. M. 373
Great God, as seasons disappear ..... L. M. 936
Great God, attend, while Zion sings ..... L. M. 20
Great God, beneath whose piercing eye ..... L. P. M. 996
Great God, how infinite art thou ..... C. M. 128
Great God, indulge my humble claim ..... L. M. 192
Great God, in vain man's narrow view ..... L. M. 146
Great God, in whom we live and move ..... C. M. 972
Great God, I own thy sentence just ..... C. M. 1087
Great God, let all my tuneful powers ..... L. M. 998
Great God, now condescend ..... S. M. 980
Great God, the nations of the earth, ... C. M. 862
Great God of nations, now to thee ..... L. M. 1001
Great God, to thee my evening song ..... L. M. 1025
Great God, wert thou severe to mark ..... C. M. 529
Great God, we sing that mighty hand ..... L. M. 1051
Great God, we would to thee make known ..... C. M. 975
Great God, what do I see and hear ..... 8s & 7s. 1132
Great God, whose universal sway ..... L. M. 853
Great God, with wonder and with praise ..... C. M 393
Great is the Lord our God ..... S. M. 797
Great King of glory and of grace ..... C. M. 492
Great King of glory, come ..... H. M. 933
Great Maker of unnumbered worlds ..... L. M. 985
Great Ruler of all nature's frame ..... C. M. 179
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear ..... C. M. 16
Great Sovereign of the earth and sky ..... C. M. 936
Great Spirit, by whose mighty power ..... C. M. 367
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 606

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews ..... L. M. 702
Hail, everlasting Spring ..... H. M. 544
Hail, great Creator, wise and good ..... C. M. 107

Hail, happy day, thou day of holy rest....10s....42
Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine....C. M....337
Hail, sacred truth, whose piercing rays....C. M....399
Hail, thou long-expected Jesus....8s & 7s....209
Hail to the Lord's Anointed....7s & 6s....910
Hail to the Sabbath day....S. M....48
Happy, forever happy, he....C. M....747
Happy the church, thou sacred place....L. M....931
Happy the heart where graces reign....C. M....749
Happy the souls to Jesus joined....C. M....793
Hark! from the tombs a warning sound....C. M....1079
Hark! from yonder mount arise....7s & 4....228
Hark, hark! a shout of joy....6, 7s & 8....901
Hark, hark! the notes of joy....H. M....203
Hark, sinner, while God from on high, &c....12s & 11s....454
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices....8s & 7s, 6 L....323
Hark, that shout of rapturous joy....7s....1138
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes....C. M....211
Hark! the herald angels sing....7s....207
Hark! the notes of angels singing....8s & 7s....327
Hark! the song of jubilee....7s....916
Hark! the voice of love and mercy....8s, 7s & 4....225
Hark! 'tis the prophet of the skies....C. M....923
Hark! what celestial sounds....H. M....206
Hark! what mean those holy voices....8s & 7s....201
Hasten, Lord, thy promised hour....7s....873
Haste, O sinner, now be wise....7s....441
Have mercy, Lord, on me....S. M....479
Hear, O sinner; mercy hails you....8s, 7s & 4....439
Heart of stone, relent, relent....7s, 6 L....477
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims....C. M....1104
Heaven has confirmed the dread decree....C. M....1082
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord....7s....115
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies....L. M....232
He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed....C. H. M....222
He lives! he lives! and sits above....L. M....294
He lives! the great Redeemer lives....L. M....296
He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns....L. M....1134
Here at thy cross, incarnate God....L. M....531
Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet....C. M....839
Here, gracious God, do thou....H. M....53
Here, in thy name, eternal God....L. M....934
Here, Saviour, we would come....S. M....809
High in the heavens, eternal God....L. M....151
High in yonder realms of light....7s....1177
Holy and reverend is the name....C. M....159
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness....8s & 7s....365
Holy Ghost, with light divine....7s....372
Holy Source of consolation....8s & 7s....370
Holy Spirit, from on high....7s....366
Hosanna! let us join to sing....L. M....238
Hosanna to our conquering King....C. M....350
Hosanna to the Prince of light....C. M....242
Hosanna, with a cheerful sound....C. M....1019

How are thy servants blest, O Lord ..... C. M. 964
How beauteous are their feet ..... S. M. 949
How beautiful the sight ..... H. M. 700
How blest is he who fears the Lord ..... C. M. 738
How blest the children of the Lord ..... C. M. 748
How blest the man whose cautious feet ..... L. M. 609
How blest the righteous when he dies ..... L. M. 1103
How blest the sacred tie that binds ..... L. M. 698
How calmly wakes the hallowed morn ..... C. M. 810
How can I sink with such a prop ..... C. M. 620
How can we see the children, Lord ..... C. M. 979
How condescending and how kind ..... C. M. 840
How did my heart rejoice to hear ..... C. M. 3
How firm the saint's foundation stands ..... C. M. 174
How great the wisdom, power, and grace ..... C. M. 311
How happy are the souls above ..... C. M. 1178
How happy is the child who hears ..... C. M. 775
How happy is the Christian's state ..... C. M. 578
How happy they who know the Lord ..... C. M. 602
How heavy is the night ..... S. M. 516
How helpless guilty nature lies ..... C. M. 518
How honored is the place ..... S. M. 794
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign ..... C. M. 1124
How oft, alas! this wretched heart ..... C. M. 690
How oft have sin and Satan strove ..... L. M. 563
How pleasant, how divinely fair ..... L. M. 5
How pleased and blest was I ..... S. P. M. 12
How pleasing is the voice ..... H. M. 1037
How precious is the book divine ..... C. M. 392
How sad our state by nature is ..... C. M. 500
How shall the sons of men appear ..... L. M. 258
How shall the young secure their hearts ..... C. M. 770
How short and hasty is our life ..... C. M. 1054
How should our souls delight to bless ..... C. M. 973
How sweet and awful is the place ..... C. M. 835
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound ..... L. M. 406
How sweet on thy bosom to rest 8s. 598
How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight ..... C. M. 697
How sweet to bless the Lord ..... S. M. 32
How sweet the hour of closing day ..... L. M. 1111
How sweet the melting lay ..... S. M. 639
How sweet, upon this sacred day ..... C. M. 46
How swift, alas! the moments fly ..... C. M. 1057
How tender is thy hand ..... S. M. 600
How vain are all things here below ..... C. M. 751
How vain is all beneath the skies ..... L. M. 1149
Humble souls, who seek salvation ..... 8s & 7s. 806

I CANNOT call affliction sweet ..... C. M. 582
If human kindness meets return ..... C. M. 842
If I must die, O, let me die ..... C. M. 1077
If on a quiet sea ..... S. M. 513
I languish for a sight ..... S. M. 542
I lift my soul to God ..... S. M. 718

I'll praise my Maker with my breath ..... L. P. M. 91
I'll think upon the woes ..... H. M. 579
I looked upon the righteous man ..... C. M. 1110
I love the Lord; he heard my cries ..... C. M. 754
I love the volume of thy word ..... L. P. M. 394
I love thy kingdom, Lord ..... S. M. 788
I love to see the Lord below ..... C. M. 7
I love to steal awhile away ..... C. M. 637
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord ..... C. M. 552
In all my Lord's appointed ways ..... C. M. 812
In all my vast concerns with thee ..... C. M. 134
In duties and in sufferings too ..... C. M. 702
In evil long I took delight ..... C. M. 469
In one fraternal bond of love ..... C. M. 790
Inscribed upon the cross we see ..... L. M. 270
In the cross of Christ I glory ..... 8s & 7s. 271
In thy name, O Lord, assembling ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 23
In trouble and in grief, O God ..... C. M. 733
In vain I trace creation o'er ..... C. M. 593
In vain my roving thoughts would find ..... L. M. 575
In vain the world's alluring smile ..... L. M. 532
In vain we lavish out our lives ..... C. M. 550
In vain we seek for peace with God ..... C. M. 272
I send the joys of earth away ..... L. M. 539
I set the Lord before my face ..... C. M. 1127
Isles of the south, awake ..... H. M. 908
Is this the kind return ..... S. M. 683
It is the Lord, enthroned in light ..... C. M. 581
It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand ..... L. M. 1071
I would not live alway, &c. 11s. 1148
I waited patient for the Lord ..... C. M. 501

JEHOVAH lives, and be his name ..... C. M. 180
Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light ..... L. M. 141
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high ..... L. M. 143
Jerusalem, my glorious home ..... C. M. 1166
Jesus, and shall it ever be ..... L. M. 554
Jesus, delightful, charming name ..... C. M. 305
Jesus demands this heart of mine ..... L. M. 487
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory ..... 8s & 7s. 345
Jesus, I love thy charming name ..... C. M. 306
Jesus, immortal King, arise ..... C. M. 870
Jesus, I my cross have taken ..... 8s & 7s. 530
Jesus, in thy transporting name ..... C. M. 302
Jesus invites his saints ..... S. M. 832
Jesus is gone above the skies ..... L. M. 845
Jesus, mighty King in Zion ..... 8s & 7s. 819
Jesus, my Saviour and my God ..... C. M. 342
Jesus, my truth, my way ..... S. M. 281
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne ..... C. M. 335
Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace ..... C. M. 746
Jesus, refuge of my soul 7s. 285
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ..... L. M. 854
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns ..... S. M. 300

Jesus, th' eternal Son of God ..... C. M. 253
Jesus, thou source of calm repose ..... L. M. 6 L. 299
Jesus, thy blessings are not few ..... C. M. 428
Jesus, thy boundless love to me ..... L. M. 549
Jesus, to thy wounds I fly 7s. 264
Jesus, we look to thee ..... S. M. 30
Jesus, where'er thy people meet ..... L. M. 288
Join all the glorious names ..... H. M. 301
Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord ..... L. M. 992
Joy to the world! the Lord is come ..... C. M. 213

KEEP silence, all created things ..... C. M. 147
Kind are the words that Jesus speaks ..... C. M. 503
Kindred, and friends, and native land ..... C. M. 886
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake ..... L. M. 828
Know, my soul, thy full salvation ..... 8s & 7s. 568

LABORERS of Christ, arise ..... S. M. 737
Laden with guilt and full of fears ..... C. M. 398
Let all the earth their voices raise ..... L. P. M. 913
Let all the heathen writers join ..... C. M. 386
Let children hear the mighty deeds ..... C. M. 116
Let earth, with every isle and sea ..... C. M. 332
Let everlasting glories crown ..... L. M. 388
Let every creature join ..... H. M. 92
Let every heart rejoice and sing ..... P. M. 1005
Let every mortal ear attend ..... C. M. 422
Let me but hear my Saviour say ..... L. M. 546
Let party names no more ..... S. M. 696
Let plenteous grace descend on those ..... C. M. 824
Let sinners take their course ..... S. M. 761
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord, ... C. M. 124
Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly ..... 8s & 7s. 674
Let us awake our joys ..... 6s & 4s. 320
Let vain pursuits and vain desires ..... C. M. 850
Let worldly men from shore to shore ..... C. M. 401
Let Zion and her sons rejoice ..... C. M. 895
Let Zion's watchmen all awake ..... C. M. 955
Life is a span, a fleeting hour ..... C. M. 1123
Lift not thou the wailing voice ..... 7s & 8s. 1101
Lift up to God the voice of praise ..... C. M. 88
Lift up your heads, eternal gates ..... C. M. 246
Light of those whose dreary dwelling ..... 8s & 7s. 651
Like Israel, Lord, am I ..... S. M. 465
Like sheep we went astray ..... S. M. 231
Lo! he comes with clouds descending ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 1136
Lo! he cometh — countless trumpets ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 1140
Long have we heard the joyful sound ..... C. M. 758
Look, ye saints; — the sight is glorious ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 336
Lord, at thy table we behold ..... C. M. 837
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 65
Lord, help me to resign ..... S. M. 668
Lord, how secure my conscience was ..... C. M. 478
Lord, I am thine, and in thy aid ..... C. M. 801

Lord, I approach the mercy-seat....C. M.....519
Lord, I have made thy word my choice....C. M.....402
Lord, I would come to thee....S. M.....540
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear....C. M.....8
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went....C. M.....744
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land....L. M.....1006
Lord, look on all assembled here....C. M.....983
Lord, my times are in thy hand....7s.....573
Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean....8s & 7s.....991
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise....7s.....932
Lord of the worlds above....H. M.....10
Lord, send thy servants forth....S. M.....921
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly....C. M.....864
Lord, should we leave thy hallowed feet....C. M.....181
Lord, teach thy servants how to pray....C. M.....24
Lord, thou hast scourged our guilty land....C. M.....987
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through....L. M.....136
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray....C. M.....1034
Lord, through the dubious paths of life....C. M.....657
Lord, we adore thy vast designs....L. M.....142
Lord, we come before thee now....7s.....25
Lord, we confess our numerous faults....C. M.....266
Lord, what a feeble piece....S. M.....1058
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I....L. M.....755
Lord, what a wretched land is this....C. M.....734
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high....L. M.....247
Lord, when we bow before thy throne....C. M.....21
Lord, while for all mankind we pray....C. M.....1003
Lord, with a grieved and aching heart....L. M.....475
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord....L. M.....104
Love divine, all love excelling....8s & 7s.....653
Lo! round the throne at God's right hand....L. M.....1179
Lo! what a glorious sight appears....C. M.....905
Lo! what an entertaining sight....C. M.....699
Lowly and solemn be....6s & 4s.....680

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned....C. M.....257
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour....8s & 7s.....62
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream....C. M.....808
Men of God, go take your stations....8s, 7s & 4.....881
Mighty God, while angels bless thee....8s & 7s.....341
Mine eyes and my desire....S. M.....682
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven....C. M.....514
Morning breaks upon the tomb....7s.....233
Most gracious to fulfil thy word....C. M.....866
My country, 'tis of thee....6s & 4s.....1000
My dear Redeemer and my Lord....L. M.....704
My faith looks up to thee....6s & 4s.....783
My Father's house on high....S. M.....1159
My former hopes are fled....S. M.....491
My God, how endless is thy love....L. M.....1011
My God, I thank thee; may no thought....L. M.....605
My God, my everlasting hope....C. M.....732
My God, my Father, blissful name....C. M.....17

My God, my Father, while I stray ..... 8s & 6s. 659
My God, my King, thy various praise ..... L. M. 108
My God, my portion and my love ..... C. M. 188
My God, my prayer attend ..... S. M. 648
My God, permit me not to be ..... L. M. 630
My God, permit my tongue ..... S. M. 655
My God, the spring of all my joys ..... C. M. 681
My God, thy boundless love I praise ..... C. P. M. 99
My God, thy service well demands ..... C. M. 762
My gracious Lord, I own thy right ..... L. M. 556
My Maker and my King ..... S. M. 689
My never-ceasing song shall show ..... C. M. 161
My opening eyes with rapture see ..... L. M. 41
My Saviour, fill my soul ..... S. M. 662
My Saviour, my almighty Friend ..... C. M. 324
My Shepherd will supply my need ..... C. M. 198
My son, know thou the Lord ..... S. M. 446
My soul, be on thy guard ..... S. M. 717
My soul forsakes her vain delight ..... C. M. 543
My soul, how lovely is the place ..... C. M. 14
My soul lies cleaving to the dust ..... C. M. 692
My soul, repeat his praise ..... S. M. 183
My soul shall praise thee, O my God ..... C. M. 110
My soul, triumphant in the Lord ..... C. M. 713
My soul, with joy attend ..... S. M. 290
My spirit looks to God alone ..... L. M. 601
My spirit sinks within me, Lord ..... L. M. 756
My times of sorrow and of joy ..... C. M. 596
My thoughts surmount these lower skies ..... C. M. 629

NAKED as from the earth we came ..... C. M. 572
Nature, with all her powers, shall sing ..... L. M. 101
Nature with open volume stands ..... L. M. 251
No change of time shall ever shock ..... C. M. 170
No more, my God, I boast no more ..... L. M. 253
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard ..... C. M. 1153
Not all the blood of beasts ..... S. M. 254
Not all the outward forms on earth ..... C. M. 377
Not to condemn the sons of men ..... L. M. 212
Not to the terrors of the Lord ..... C. M. 789
Not with our mortal eyes ..... S. M. 547
Now begin the heavenly theme 7s. 275
Now be my heart inspired to sing ..... L. M. 333
Now for a tune of lofty praise ..... L. M. 244
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal ..... C. M. 1053
Now is th' accepted time ..... S. M. 435
Now is the day of grace ..... S. M. 436
Now let my soul, eternal King ..... L. M. 387
Now let our cheerful eyes survey ..... C. M. 297
Now let our mournful songs record ..... L. M. 836
Now let the angel sound on high ..... L. M. 911
Now the shades of night are gone 7s. 1013
Now to the Lord a noble song ..... L. M. 319
Now to the Lord, who makes us know ..... L. M. 321
Now to the power of God supreme ..... L. M. 252

O, ALL ye nations, pra se the Lord, Each with ..... C. M. 84
O, all ye nations, praise the Lord, His glorious ..... C. M. 85
O, blessed souls are they ..... S. M. 495
O, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace ..... S. M. 96
O, bless the Lord, my soul, Let all ..... S. M. 182
O, cease, my wandering soul ..... S. M. 613
O Christ, what gracious words ..... S. M. 276
O, could I find, from day to day ..... C. M. 661
O, could we speak the matchless worth ..... C. P. M. 304
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 891
O'er the realms of pagan darkness ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 877
O Father, good or evil send ..... C. M. 570
O Father, though the anxious fear ..... C. M. 51
O for a closer walk with God ..... C. M. 691
O for a faith that will not shrink ..... C. M. 511
O for a heart to praise my God ..... C. M. 663
O for an overcoming faith ..... C. M. 1076
O for a shout of joy ..... H. M. 157
O for a shout of sacred joy ..... C. M. 248
O for a sight, a pleasing sight ..... L. M. 1154
O for a thousand seraph tongues ..... C. M. 351
O for a thousand tongues to sing ..... C. M. 348
O for that tenderness of heart ..... C. M. 488
O for the death of those ..... S. M. 1114
O God, my inmost soul convert ..... C. P. M. 1133
O God, my strength, my hope ..... S. M. 676
O God of mercy, hear my call ..... C. M. 485
O God of sovereign grace ..... S. M. 859
O God, our help in ages past ..... C. M. 760
O God, though countless worlds of light ..... C. M. 939
O God, to earth incline ..... S. M. 856
O God, to thee my sinking soul ..... C. M. 597
O happy Christian, who can boast ..... C. M. 766
O happy saints, who dwell in light ..... L. M. 1180
O, help us, Lord, each hour of need ..... C. M. 656
O here, if ever, God of love ..... C. M. 848
O holy Lord, our God ..... 6s & 4s. 952
O, how divine, how sweet the joy ..... C. M. 780
O, how I love thy holy law ..... C. M. 389
O, in the morn of life, when youth ..... C. M. 772
O, lay not up upon this earth ..... 8s & 7s. 580
O, let my trembling soul be still ..... L. M. 6 L. 585
O, let our thoughts and wishes fly ..... C. M. 1169
O Lord, and shall our fainting souls ..... L. M. 383
O Lord, and will thy pardoning love ..... C. M. 800
O Lord, behold us at thy feet ..... C. M. 978
O Lord, I fall before thy face ..... L. M. 470
O Lord, if in the book of life ..... C. M. 566
O Lord, I would delight in thee ..... C. M. 538
O Lord, our God, arise ..... S. M. 879
O Lord, our God, how wondrous great ..... C. M. 163
O Lord, our heavenly King ..... S. M. 164
O Lord, thou art my Lord ..... S. M. 537
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart ..... L. M. 672
O Lord, thy perfect word ..... S. M. 390

O Lord, thy tender mercy hears ..... C. M.....484
O Lord, we in thy footsteps tread.....C. M.....823
O Lord, when billows o'er me rise .....C. M.....504
O my soul, what means this sadness.....8s, 7s & 4.....753
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....C. M.....1009
Once more we meet to pray .....S. M.....480
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....C. M.....1173
On God we build our sure defence .....C. M.....169
On that great, that awful day.....7s.....1131
On thee, each morning, O my God .....C. M.....1018
On the mountain's top appearing .....8s, 7s & 4.....902
On, through Judea's palmy plain.....C. M.....982
Onward, onward, men of heaven .....8s & 7s.....883
Onward speed thy conquering flight .....7s & 5s.....892
O, praise the Lord in that blest place .....L. M.....86
O Saviour, welcome to my heart .....C. M.....557
O, sing to Him who loved and bled .....C. M.....316
O sinner, bring not tears alone .....C. M.....986
O sinner, why so thoughtless grown .....L. M.....459
O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way.....C. M.....722
O, stay thy tears, for they are blest .....L. M.....1108
O that I knew the secret place .....C. M.....646
O that the Lord's salvation .....7s & 6s.....919
O that the Lord would guide my ways .....C. M.....709
O that thy statutes every hour .....C. M.....669
O thou, from whom all goodness flows.....C. M.....667
O thou, my soul, forget no more.....L. M.....844
O thou Sun of glorious splendor.....8s & 7s.....871
O Thou that hearest prayer.....H. M.....359
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith .....C. P. M.....498
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.....L. M.....467
O Thou, to whom all creatures bow.....C. M.....165
O Thou, who hearest prayer.....6s & 5s.....1030
O Thou, who once on Israel's ground.....L. M.....920
O Thou, whose compassionate care .....8s.....599
O Thou, whose mercy guides my way .....C. M.....595
O, turn, great Ruler of the skies.....L. M.....522
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed .....8s, 6 & 4.....352
Our Captain leads us on.....S. M.....730
Our country is Immanuel's ground.....C. M.....729
Our Father, God, who art in heaven.....C. M.....658
Our fathers! where are they.....S. M.....1062
Our God, how firm his promise stands .....C. M.....562
Our heavenly Father, hear .....S. M.....650
Our Helper, God, we bless his name .....L. M.....1046
Our little bark, on boisterous seas .....C. M.....961
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave.....L. M.....854
Our sins, alas! how strong they are .....C. M.....1155
Our spirits join to praise the Lamb .....L. M.....833
Out of the deeps, O Lord, we call .....C. M.....521
O, what amazing words of grace.....C. M.....410
O, what is life?—'tis like a flower .....C. H. M.....1064
O, where is now that glowing love.....L. M.....684
O, where shall rest be found.....S. M.....1152

O, worship the King, all glorious above ..... 10s & 11s..... 72
O, ye immortal throng..... H. M..... 248
O Zion, tune thy voice ..... H. M..... 897

PALMS of glory, raiment bright ..... 7s..... 1164
Pastor, thou art from us taken ..... 8s & 7s..... 1117
Peace, troubled soul, &c. ..... L. M. 6 L..... 419
People of the living God ..... 7s..... 696
Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face ..... C. M..... 671
Planted in Christ, the living vine ..... C. M..... 925
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair ..... C. M..... 308
Praise the Lord, his glory bless ..... 7s..... 73
Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him ..... 8s & 7s..... 77
Praise to thee, thou great Creator ..... 8s & 7s..... 109
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee; There shall ..... C. M..... 105
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee; Thy saints ..... L. M..... 31
Praise ye Jehovah's name..... 6s & 4s..... 74
Praise ye the Lord; my heart shall join ..... L. M. 95
Praise ye the Lord; on every height ..... C. M..... 66
Prayer is the breath of God in man..... C. M..... 634
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice..... C. M..... 633
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... C. M..... 632
Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes ..... L. M..... 962
Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross..... C. M..... 841
Proclaim the lofty praise..... 6s, 8s & 4s..... 317

RAISE your triumphant songs..... S. M..... 269
Rejoice! the Lord is King..... H. M..... 325
Religion is the chief concern ..... C. M..... 765
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound ..... C. M..... 1048
Remember me, my Saviour God ..... C. M..... 666
Remember thee, redeeming Lord..... C. M..... 846
Remember thy Creator ..... 7s & 6s..... 778
Repent! the voice celestial cries ..... C. M..... 452
Return, my roving heart, return..... L. M..... 490
Return, my wandering soul, return ..... L. M..... 489
Rise, crowned with light, &c. ..... 10s..... 900
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings ..... 7s & 6s..... 719
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path ..... C. M..... 728
Rise, Sun of glory, rise ..... H. M..... 867
Rock of ages, cleft for me ..... 7s..... 282
Roll on, thou mighty ocean ..... 7s & 6s..... 890

SAFELY through another week ..... 7s, 6 L..... 47
Salvation is forever nigh ..... L. M..... 267
Salvation! O, the joyful sound ..... C. M..... 277
Saviour, bless thy word to all ..... 7s..... 60
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..... 8s & 7s..... 1032
Saviour, I thy word believe ..... 7s & 6s..... 374
Saviour, thy law we love ..... S. M..... 821
Saviour, when in dust to thee ..... 7s..... 652
See, daylight is fading, &c. ..... 12s & 11s..... 1021
See, from Zion's sacred mountain ..... 8s, 7s & 4..... 286
See how the fruitless fig-tree stands ..... C. M..... 458

See, in the vineyard of the Lord ..... C. M. 456
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand ..... C. M. 977
See the leaves around us falling ..... 8s & 7s. 1041
Serene I laid me down ..... S. M. 1016
Servant of God, well done ..... S. M. 1118
Shall we go on to sin ..... S. M. 670
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve ..... C. M. 675
Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine ..... C. M. 898
Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive ..... L. M. 484
Since all the varying scenes of time ..... C. M. 190
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name ..... C. M. 81
Sing to the Lord, in joyful strains ..... C. M. 82
Sing to the Lord most high ..... H. M. 68
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands ..... C. M. 214
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep 7s. 457
Sinner, the voice of God regard ..... C. M. 447
Sinners, turn: why will ye die 7s. 448
Sinner, what has earth to show 7s. 444
Sinners, will you scorn the message ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 449
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely ..... 8s & 7s. 1096
So fades the lovely, blooming flower ..... L. M. 1088
Soft be the gently-breathing notes ..... L. M. 525
Softly fades the twilight ray 7s. 56
Softly now the light of day 7s. 1026
Soldiers of Christ, arise ..... S. M. 723
So let our lips and lives express ..... L. M. 706
Soon as I heard my Father say ..... C. M. 594
Soon may the last glad song arise ..... L. M. 903
Sound, sound the truth abroad ..... 6s & 4s. 884
Source of eternal joys divine ..... C. M. 541
Sovereign of worlds above ..... H. M. 863
Sovereign of worlds, display thy power ..... L. M. 865
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all 7s. 265
Sow in the morn thy seed ..... S. M. 740
Spirit divine, attend our prayer ..... C. M. 937
Spirit, leave thy house of clay 7s. 1083
Spirit of holiness, descend ..... C. M. 384
Spirit of holiness, look down ..... C. M. 385
Spirit of peace and holiness ..... L. M. 953
Spirit of peace, celestial Dove ..... C. M. 701
Spirit of power and might, behold ..... C. M. 875
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears ..... L. M. 720
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay ..... L. M. 380
Stern Winter throws his icy chains ..... C. M. 1042
Still evening comes, with gentle shade ..... L. M. 1022
Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand ..... L. M. 6 L. 284
Still on the Lord thy burden roll ..... C. M. 560
Strait is the way, the door is strait ..... C. M. 688
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies ..... L. M. 226
Stricken, smitten, and afflicted ..... 8s & 7s. 227
Submissive to thy will, my God ..... C. M. 581
Suppliant, lo! thy children bend 7s. 966
Supreme in wisdom, as in power ..... C. M. 698
Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks ..... C. M. 493

Sweet is the memory of thy grace ..... C. M. 187
Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream ..... C. M. 640
Sweet is the thought, the promise sweet ..... L. M. 6 L. 1105
Sweet is the work, my God, my King ..... L. M. 50
Sweet is the work, O Lord ..... S. M. 45
Sweet was the time when first I felt ..... C. M. 759
Swell the anthem, raise the song 7s. 999

TEACH me the measure of my days ..... C. M. 1055
That awful day will surely come ..... C. M. 1142
The awful message came ..... 6s, 8s & 4s. 687
The billows swell, the winds are high ..... L. M. 957
The blessed Spirit, like the wind ..... C. M. 379
The countless multitude on high ..... L. M. 349
The day approaches, O my soul ..... C. M. 1137
The day of wrath, that dreadful day ..... L. M. 1130
The dove let loose in eastern skies ..... C. M. 1162
Thee we adore, eternal Name ..... C. M. 1061
The God of glory sends his summons forth ..... 10s & 11s. 1138
The God of grace and glory calls ..... C. M. 565
The God of grace will never leave ..... C. M. 381
The God of harvest praise ..... 6s & 4s. 993
The happy morn is come ..... H. M. 243
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord ..... L. M. 76
The heaven of heavens cannot contain ..... C. M. 167
The hoary frost, the fleecy snow ..... C. M. 1043
The King of heaven his table spreads ..... C. M. 424
The leaves around me falling ..... 7s & 6s. 1040
The long-lost son, with streaming eyes ..... C. M. 481
The Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven, &c. ..... 11s & 8s. 71
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want, &c. 11s. 200
The Lord is risen indeed ..... S. M. 237
The Lord Jehovah calls ..... S. M. 412
The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state ..... S. P. M. 145
The Lord Jehovah reigns; His throne ..... H. M. 138
The Lord my pasture shall prepare ..... L. M. 6 L. 197
The Lord my Shepherd is, And he my ..... H. M. 196
The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be ..... S. M. 195
The Lord of glory is my light ..... C. M. 604
The Lord of glory reigns; he reigns, &c. ..... 10s & 11s. 6 L. 144
The Lord on high proclaims ..... S. M. 405
The Lord our God is clothed with might ..... C. M. 139
The Lord our God is Lord of all ..... C. M. 135
The Lord will come; the earth shall quake ..... L. M. 1135
The man is ever blest ..... S. M. 607
The mellow eve is gliding ..... 7s & 6s. 1027
The morning light is breaking ..... 7s & 6s. 912
The perfect world by Adam trod ..... L. M. 938
The pity of the Lord ..... S. M. 184
The Prince of salvation in triumph, &c. ..... 12s, 11 & 8. 906
The promise of my Father's love ..... C. M. 838
The promises I sing ..... H. M. 162
The race that long in darkness pined ..... C. M. 217
There is a calm for those who weep ..... 8s & 4. 1085

There is a fountain filled with blood ..... C. M. 274
There is a glorious world of light ..... C. M. 968
There is a hope, a blessèd hope ..... C. M. 736
There is a house not made with hands ..... C. M. 1147
There is a land mine eye hath seen ..... L. M. 1172
There is a land of pure delight ..... C. M. 1146
There is an hour of hallowed peace ..... C. M. 1167
There is an hour of peaceful rest ..... 8s & 6s. 1168
There is a place of sacred rest ..... C. M. 1171
There is a region lovelier far ..... L. M. 1174
There is a world of perfect bliss ..... C. M. 1157
There seems a voice in every gale ..... L. M. 75
There's not a star whose twinkling light ..... C. M. 126
The Saviour bids us watch and pray ..... C. M. 716
The Saviour calls; let every ear ..... C. M. 423
The Saviour kindly calls ..... S. M. 981
The Saviour lives, no more to die ..... L. M. 295
The Saviour now is gone before ..... C. M. 712
The Saviour! O, what endless charms ..... C. M. 309
These glorious minds, how bright they shine ..... C. M. 1175
These mortal joys, how soon they fade ..... C. M. 757
The Spirit in our hearts ..... S. M. 431
The Sun of Righteousness appears ..... C. M. 239
The sun that lights yon broad, blue sky ..... C. M. 948
The swift declining day ..... S. M. 445
The true Messiah now appears ..... C. M. 216
The truth of God shall still endure ..... C. M. 160
They who on the Lord rely 7s. 622
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ..... L. M. 55
This day the Lord hath called his own ..... L. M. 52
This God is the God we adore 8s. 178
This is the day the Lord hath made ..... C. M. 34
This is the word of truth and love ..... L. M. 409
This place is holy ground ..... S. H. M. 1099
This world would be a wilderness ..... C. M. 535
Thou art gone to the grave, &c. ..... 12s & 11s. 1106
Thou art my portion, O my God ..... C. M. 615
Thou art, O God, the light and life ..... L. M. 6 L. 129
Thou art the way; — to thee alone ..... C. M. 280
Thou boundless Source of every good ..... C. M. 654
Thou Fount of blessing, God of love ..... C. M. 677
Though I walk through the gloomy vale ..... L. M. 199
Though now the nations sit beneath ..... L. M. 869
Thou God of hope, to thee we bow ..... L. M. 739
Thou God of sovereign grace ..... S. M. 974
Thou hast said, exalted Jesus ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 817
Thou, Holy Spirit, art ..... S. M. 363
Thou Lord of all above ..... S. M. 483
Thou Lord of all the worlds on high ..... C. M. 559
Thou lovely Source of true delight ..... C. M. 509
Thou only Sovereign of my heart ..... L. M. 548
Thou Power supreme, whose mighty scheme ..... C. M. 631
Thou, that dost my life prolong 7s. 1014
Thou, who didst stoop below ..... 6s & 10s. 555

Thou, whose almighty word....6s & 4s....876
Through all the changing scenes of life....C. M....193
Through endless years thou art the same....C. M....131
Through every age, eternal God....L. M....1073
Through sorrow's night and danger's path....C. M....1129
Through thy protecting care....6s & 5s....1020
Thus far the Lord has led me on....L. M....1023
Thy bounties, gracious Lord....S. M....989
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess....C. M....150
Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands....C. M....149
Thy name, almighty Lord....S. M....925
Thy Spirit pour, O gracious Lord....C. M....375
Time is winging us away....7s & 6s....1060
'Tis a point I long to know....7s....577
'Tis by the faith of joys to come....L. M....515
'Tis done — the great transaction 's done....L. M....825
'Tis done — th' important act is done....L. M....951
'Tis faith supports my feeble soul....C. M....176
'Tis faith that lays the sinner low....C. M....510
'Tis finished! — so the Saviour cried....L. M....230
'Tis God, the Father, we adore....C. M....811
'Tis God, the Spirit, leads....S. M....378
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow....L. M....219
To bless thy chosen race....S. M....918
To-day the Saviour calls....6s & 4s....453
To God, the only wise....S. M....564
To heaven I lift mine eyes....H. M....173
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes....C. M....168
To Him from whom our blessings flow....C. M....1002
To Him who chose us first....H. M....121
To Him who loved the souls of men....C. M....851
To Jesus, the crown of my hope....8s....1086
To-morrow, Lord, is thine....S. M....1063
To our Redeemer's glorious name....C. M....310
To spend one sacred day....H. M....13
To thee, before the dawning light....C. M....710
To thee, my righteous King and Lord....C. M....112
To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord....C. M....292
To thee, O blessèd Saviour....7s & 6s....971
To thee this temple we devote....C. M....944
To thy temple we repair....7s....28
'Twas by an order from the Lord....L. M....400
'Twas God who fixed the rolling spheres....C. M....137
'Twas in the watches of the night....C. M....679
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night....L. M....831

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill....C. M....621
Unto thine altar, Lord....S. M....527
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb....L. M....1078
Up to the fields where angels lie....L. M....618

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men....C. M....494
Vital spark of heavenly flame....P. M....1080

WAKE the song of jubilee.....7s.....91
Wanderer from God, return, return.....L. M.....414
Watchman, tell us of the night.....7s.....893
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes.....7s, 6 L.....427
We bid thee welcome in the name.....L. M.....950
We come, O Lord, before thy throne.....C. M.....958
Weeping saint, no longer mourn.....7s.....528
Weeping sinners, dry your tears.....7s.....429
Weep not for the saint that ascends.....8s & 9s.....1119
We give immortal praise.....H. M.....118
We have met in peace together.....8s & 7s.....965
Welcome, delightful morn.....H. M.....44
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....S. M.....40
We sing the Saviour's love.....S. M.....293
What are those soul-reviving strains.....L. M.....331
What equal honors shall we bring.....L. M.....344
What glory gilds the sacred page.....C. M.....395
What shall I render to my God.....C. M.....15
What shall the dying sinner do.....L. M.....497
What sinners value I resign.....L. M.....1165
What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe.....C. M.....592
What though the arm of conquering death.....C. M.....1115
When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe.....C. M.....984
When all thy mercies, O my God.....C. M.....693
When, as returns this solemn day.....L. M.....49
When, bending o'er the brink of life.....C. M.....1074
When blooming youth is snatched away.....C. M.....1091
When brighter suns and milder skies.....C. M.....1033
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise.....C. M.....623
Whene'er the clouds of sorrow roll.....C. M.....571
When fainting in the sultry waste.....C. M.....593
When floating on life's troubled sea.....C. M.....1067
When forced to part from those we love.....8s & 7s.....1066
When gloomy thoughts and fears.....S. M.....768
When God is nigh, my faith is strong.....L. M.....1128
When God revealed his gracious name.....C. M.....782
When I can read my title clear.....C. M.....1156
When I can trust my all with God.....C. H. M.....583
When I survey the wondrous cross.....L. M.....834
When languor and disease invade.....C. M.....627
When, marshalled on the nightly plain.....L. M.....959
When morning's first and hallowed ray.....C. M.....1008
When musing sorrow weeps the past.....C. M.....626
When overwhelmed with grief.....S. M.....625
When power divine, in mortal form.....L. M.....569
When rising from the bed of death.....C. M.....459
When shall the voice of singing.....7s & 6s.....907
When shall we meet again.....6s & 5s.....1070
When sickness shakes the languid frame.....C. M.....624
When sins and fears, prevailing, rise.....L. M.....287
When sorrows round us roll.....S. M.....545
When the last trumpet's awful voice.....C. M.....1121
When the vale of death appears.....7s & 4.....1084
When the worn spirit wants repose.....C. M.....93

When thickly beat the storms of life ..... L. M. 171
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come ..... C. P. M. 1143
When through the torn sail, &c. 12s. 960
When thy harvest yields thee pleasure ..... 8s & 7s, 6 L. 745
When thy mortal life is fled 7s. 455
When verdure clothes the fertile vale ..... C. M. 1036
When we pass through yonder river ..... 8s & 7s. 1161
Where can we hide, or whither fly ..... L. M. 130
Where is my Saviour now ..... H. M. 685
Where is my God ? — does he retire ..... L. M. 614
Where shall we go to seek and find ..... L. M. 935
While I keep silence, and conceal ..... L. M. 496
While in the tender years of youth ..... C. M. 769
While in this sacred rite of thine ..... C. M. 803
While life prolongs its precious light ..... L. M. 451
While my Redeemer's near ..... S. M. 291
While thee I seek, protecting Power ..... C. M. 17
While, with ceaseless course, the sun 7s. 1049
Who are these in bright array 7s. 1176
Who, but thou, almighty Spirit ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 874
Who can describe the joys that rise ..... L. M. 779
Who can forbear to sing ..... S. M. 781
Who, O Lord, when life is o'er 7s. 1151
Why do we mourn departing friends ..... C. M. 1092
Why droops my soul, with grief oppressed ..... L. M. 526
Why, O my soul, O, why depressed ..... C. M. 628
Why on the bending willows hung ..... L. M. 922
Why should the children of a King ..... C. M. 382
Why should we start and fear to die ..... L. M. 1072
Why will ye waste on trifling cares ..... L. M. 437
Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold 7s. 245
Will God in very deed descend ..... C. M. 943
With all my powers of heart and tongue ..... L. M. 106
With earnest longings of the mind ..... C. M. 586
With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues ..... L. P. M. 1004
With guilt oppressed, bowed down with sin ..... C. M. 466
With humble heart and tongue ..... S. M. 771
Within thy house, O Lord, our God ..... C. M. 29
With joy we hail the sacred day ..... C. M. 43
With joy we meditate the grace ..... C. M. 298
With my whole heart I've sought thy face ..... C. M. 589
With one consent, let all the earth ..... L. M. 1
With sacred joy we lift our eyes ..... C. M. 9
With songs and honors sounding loud ..... C. M. 1035
With tears of anguish I lament ..... C. M. 473
With willing hearts we tread ..... S. M. 798
Would you behold the works of God ..... L. M. 963
Would you win a soul to God 7s. 956

YE angels, bless the Lord ..... S. M. 312
Ye angels, who stand round the throne 8s. 1163
Ye boundless realms of joy ..... H. M. 90
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim ..... L. M. 882
Ye earthly vanities, depart ..... C. M. 533

Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu .....C. M.....534
Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell .....C. M.....1113
Ye humb'e sc ils, approach your God .....C. M.....153
Ye men and angels, witness now .....C. M.....830
Ye messengers of Christ .....S. M.....887
Ye nations round the earth, rejoice .....L. M.....6
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim .....10s & 11s.....326
Ye servants of the Lord .....S. M.....715
Yes, God himself hath sworn .....6s, 8s & 4s.....574
Ye sinners, fear the Lord .....S. M.....440
Yes, my native land, I love thee .....8s, 7s & 4.....889
Ye sons of earth, arise .....S. M.....432
Ye sons of men, with joy record .....L. M.....185
Yes, there are joys that cannot die .....C. M.....1160
Yes, the Redeemer rose .....H. M.....236
Yes, we trust the day is breaking .....8s, 7s & 4.....904
Ye that obey th' immortal King .....C. M.....4
Ye trembling captives, hear .....S. M.....430
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears .....C. M.....611
Ye tribes of Adam, join .....H. M.....67
Ye, who in his courts are found .....7s, 6 L.....415
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor .....C. M.....420
Your harps, ye trembling saints .....S. M.....708

ZION, awake; thy strength renew .....L. M.....896
Zion stands with h'lls surrounded .....8s, 7s & 4.....795

GENERAL INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

WORSHIP .....1—32
THE SABBATH.....33—65
PRAISE TO GOD.....66—116
PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.....117—125
ACTS AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.
1. IN HIMSELF.....126—162
2. WITH REFERENCE TO HIS CREATURES.....163—200
CHRIST.....201—250
SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.....251—277
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.....278—307
PRAISE TO CHRIST.....308—351
THE HOLY SPIRIT.....352—385
THE SCRIPTURES.....386—403
INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.....404—433
ENTREATY AND EXPOSTULATION.....434—458
REPENTANCE AND FAITH.....459—515
CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.....516—785
THE CHURCH.....786—797
BAPTISM.....798—825
CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.....826—830
THE LORD'S SUPPER.....831—851
MISSIONS.....852—926
CONSTITUTION OF A CHURCH.....927—931
DEDICATION HYMNS.....932—944
ORDINATION HYMNS.....945—956
SEAMEN'S HYMNS.....957—964
SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.....965—973
MATERNAL HYMNS.....974—982
FAST AND THANKSGIVING.....983—999
NATIONAL HYMNS.....1000—1007
MORNING HYMNS.....1008—1020
EVENING HYMNS.....1021—1034
THE SEASONS.....1035—1043
OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.....1044—1053

SHORTNESS OF TIME.....1054—1064
MEETING AND PARTING.....1065—1070
DEATH.....1071—1120
RESURRECTION.....1121—1129
JUDGMENT DAY.....1130—1145
HEAVEN.....1146—1180

DOXOLOGIES.....Page 624

CHANTS AND SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.....Page 629

PARTICULAR INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

The figures designate the Hymns.

A.

ABBA FATHER, 191, 261, 559.
Abraham, faith of, 506.
Absence from Christ deprecated, 542, 548, 586, 591, 614, 646, 1148.
  final, from God, intolerable, 1142.
Absent Saviour, gone to prepare a place, 845.
  love to the, 1086.
Accepted time, 412, 435—441, 445—447, 451, 453.
Access to God through Christ, 102, 280, 296—298, 614.
Adoption, desiring evidence of, 177, 191, 532, 559, 673.
Advent of Christ, 208, 209, 211, 213, 331.
  design of the, 211, 212.
  first and second, 214.
  second, 332. 336, 1134—1136, 1138, 1140, 1141.
Adversity, rejoicing in, 592.
  God seen in, 17, 569—572, 583—585, 587, 600.
Afflicted, afterthought of the, 582.
  sympathy with the, 741—745.
Affliction, asking mercy in, 595.
  benefit of, 590, 597, 600.
  blessedness of submission in, 541, 583, 597, 627.
  from God, 179, 599.
  and mercies from God, 572.
  God a support in, 171, 545, 583, 584, 590, 595, 628, 631.
  light, 581, 629.
  merciful visitations, 605.
  patience in, 579.
  prayer in, 142, 597, 599, 675, 678, 680.
  sanctified, 590, 598—600.
  sweetness of the promises in, 598, 627.
  submission in, 177, 179, 513, 570—573,579, 581—583, 585, 587, 588, 590, 592, 595—597, 599, 600, 605, 624, 626—628, 631, 654, 659, 660, 664, 667, 668 678, 680, 733.
  trusting God in, 585, 598, 601, 602, 605.
Aged, God the support of the, 73 , 732.
Alarm, 459, 491, 1145.
All in all, God, 174, 175, 188, 189, 618.
Almost Christian, 686.
Anchor, hope an, 563.
Angel, missionary, 892.
Angels, song of, 201, 203—208, 245—248
  rejoicing in the conversion of sinners, 779, 780.
  sympathy of, with Christ, 249, 250.
Apostate, perishing, 686.
Apostles, commissioned, 852.
Ark of refuge, 613.
Arm of the Lord made bare, 857, 860, 861, 949.
Armor, the Christian, 720, 722, 723.
Ashamed, not, of Christ, 552, 554, 721, 800, 807, 819.
Asleep in Jesus, 1109.
Assurance of divine favor, desiring, 177, 532, 541, 545, 559, 577.
  triumph of, 261, 574, 1156.
Atonement, relying on the, 470, 502, 504.
  sufficiency of, 258, 272, 274, 275, 410, 416, 421, 426—428, 470, 485, 497, 502, 504.
Awakened sinner, 460—463, 465—492, 497, 498, 500, 501.

B.

BACKSLIDER warned, 686, 687.
Backsliding and repentance, 682, 684.
  return from, desired, 467, 468, 522, 524, 586, 682, 684, 685, 691, 692, 759.
Baptism, an act of obedience, 800, 801, 809, 813
  an act of worship, 811.
  a Christian profession, 815.
  burial with Christ by, 817, 822, 823.
  cheerfulness in, 812, 821.
  emblem of Christ's death, 805.
  of Christ, 810, 818.
  in imitation of Christ, 799, 802, 804, 806, 819.
  into Christ, 798.
  self-consecration in, 803, 811, 825.
  the Spirit invoked in, 807, 808, 814 816, 820.

Baptism, after, 824.
Barren fig-tree, 456, 458.
Beatitudes, the, 665, 741, 748, 750.
Beauty of Christ, 257, 304—306, 319, 323.
of the church, 786, 789, 794, 796.
Believe and be saved, 212, 254, 256, 262, 269.
Bethlehem, star of, 202, 551, 959.
Birth does not confer grace, 377.
Blessedness of the dead in the Lord, 1092, 1099, 1101, 1104, 1107—1109, 1112, 1114.
of gospel times, 949.
of heaven, 1146, 1152—1155, 1166—1180.
Blood of Christ, relying on, 223, 254, 258, 262, 264, 272, 274, 282, 316, 470, 474, 485, 502, 504, 527, 851.
the only way of salvation, 264, 497, 498, 528.
Boasting excluded, 253.
Book of nature and Scripture, 391, 393.
of God's decrees, 147.
of life, 147, 190, 566.
Broad and narrow way, 686, 688.
Broken heart and a bleeding Saviour, 477, 527.
Brotherly love, 694, 697—700.

C.

CALL of the gospel, 417, 418, 420—424. 430—432, 439, 440, 453.
Calvary, 223—232, 579, 707.
Captain of salvation, 720, 730.
Care of God for his people, 560—562, 564—567, 569—573.
Casting care on God, 176, 535, 538, 560, 601, 602, 761.
Change produced by the gospel, 409, 428.
Charity to the poor, 738, 739, 741—748.
Children, Christ regarding, 977.
Christ blessing, 981, 982.
exhorted, 446.
hosannas of, to Christ, 331.
praising God, 114, 971—973.
praising God in heaven, 968.
prayer for, 425, 773, 774, 974—982.
solicitude for conversion of, 974.
Christ, advent of, 211—213, 331.
advent, first and second, 214.
advent, second, 332, 336, 1134—1136, 1138, 1140, 1141.
our advocate, 102, 296—298, 300, 614.
all and in all, 257, 299, 342, 662.
and Aaron, 216.
baptism of, 798—800, 802, 804, 808, 818, 823.
birth of, 201—209, 217.
blood of, 223, 254, 258, 262, 264, 272, 274, 282, 316, 470, 474, 485, 502, 504, 527, 851.
bread of life, 283, 847.
coming of, first and second, 211, 213—217, 1135, 1136, 1141.
Christ, commission of, 268.
compassion of, 210, 260, 3 2, 833, 840
condescension of, 309, 499, 833, 840
a conqueror, 241, 242, 320, 333, 337 868, 870, 872.
corner stone, 787.
coronation of, 334, 336, 338.
the Creator, 309.
on the cross, 223—230, 232.
crucified, glorying in, 271.
the theme of preaching, 411.
death of, 223—232, 472.
death and resurrection of, 232.
deity, humiliation, and exaltation of, 244.
enthroned and worshipped, 323, 343.
equal with the Father, 244.
exaltation of, 342, 345.
exaltation and intercession of, 300, 614.
our example, 702, 704, 707, 763.
excellence of, 257, 304.
faithfulness of, 294, 561, 611, 616, 620, 629.
forgiving his enemies, 763.
fountain of life, 286, 502, 544.
final triumph of, 241, 320, 337, 350, 856, 861, 863, 868, 871, 903, 906, 911.
friend, 178, 289, 324.
in Gethsemane, 219—222, 707.
God in, 307.
God incarnate, 209, 232, 234, 239, 240, 242, 245, 307, 309, 329.
God and man, 239.
guide, 281.
high priest, 216, 297, 298, 321.
hosanna to, 248, 331, 350.
humiliation of, 207, 210, 329.
humiliation and triumph of, 322.
indebtedness to, 257.
king, 325, 332, 333, 339.
king of glory, 245, 246.
king of saints, 330.
kingdom of, among men, 854, 879, 905, 910, 911, 915.
kingdom and priesthood of, 335.
Lamb of God, 273, 343, 344, 527, 555, 783.
life eternal in Christ alone, 547.
our life, 287, 303.
light of the world, 215, 217.
living and almighty Saviour, 295.
love of, 223, 224, 228, 293, 302, 308—310, 329, 340, 549, 833, 834.
mediation of, 216, 269, 294, 315, 345.
mediator, 102, 296—298. 300.
miracles of, 218.
names of, 217.
new song to, 343.
not ashamed of, 554, 705, 800.
pardon in, 272, 279, 470, 471, 474—477, 497, 498, 500, 528.
pardon through his sufferings, 255.
peace through his intercession, 296
physician, 2 9, 599.

Christ, praise to, 36, 244, 308—351, 851.
prayer, waiting to answer, 289.
preceded his people in the grave, 233, 1092.
precious, 276, 305, 306, 348.
present in his churches, 30, 288, 927, 1062.
prophet, priest, and king, 301.
propitiation, 185, 186, 231, 264, 470, 474, 485, 498, 844.
ransom, 224, 227—231, 243, 250.
redeemer and judge, 321, 325.
refuge, 282, 285.
remembering, 842—846.
resurrection of, 233—243.
resurrection of, celebrated, 34, 36, 38.
resurrection and ascension of, 242, 243.
rock of ages, 111, 282.
our sacrifice, 227, 229, 231, 254, 259, 263, 415, 426, 470, 472, 474, 485, 498, 500, 504.
salvation through, 251—253, 256, 258—260, 262, 263, 267, 272, 494.
Saviour, 223—230, 316.
seen of angels, 249, 250.
shepherd, 231, 290—292, 540, 977, 1065.
substance of Levitical priesthood, 216.
sufferings of, 219—231, 528, 834.
sufferings and exaltation of, 836.
sun of righteousness, 278, 529.
support in temptation, 284.
teaching of, 406.
triumphant ascension of, 245—248.
unchangeable friend, 178, 289.
unseen, yet beloved, 547, 1086.
victories of, 337, 868, 870, 872.
victory and exaltation of, 241, 320, 333.
vision of, anticipated, 764, 1086, 1087.
vital union to, 303.
way, truth, and life, 280.
welcome to, 275, 410, 415—424.
welcomed as a Saviour, 209.
worship offered to, 310—351.
Christian, the almost, 686.
anxious, 690—692.
not ashamed of Christ, 552, 554, 721, 800, 807, 819.
backsliding and returning, 467, 468, 489, 522, 524, 542, 586, 682, 684, 685, 691, 692, 759, 1042.
bearing shame for Christ, 705.
benevolence, 737—748.
blessedness of, 578, 607, 694, 750, 766, 1101, 1103, 1104, 1108, 1111.
breathing after God, 591, 614, 618, 661—669, 677.
brotherly love, 696—701, 703, 848.
burdened with guilt, 466—475.
burial of, 1078, 1096, 1098, 1107.
casting care on God, 176, 535, 538, 560, 601, 6[illegible]2.
Christian, cheered by God's presence, 175 603, 604, 616, 619, 625.
Christ, the strength of, 324, 546.
Christ, all in all to, 256, 257, 278, 285, 287, 292, 299, 305—307, 547, 556, 662, 681.
comforted in prospect of death, 233, 553, 1072, 1092, 1104, 1105, 1108.
communing with God, 630, 679, 710, 1026.
confessing sin, 264—266, 432, 462, 480, 495, 496.
confiding in Christ, 178, 253, 254, 29[illegible] 324, 783.
contented, 573, 579, 590, 592, 596—600, 603, 605, 664.
contrite, 461, 463, 482, 525, 527.
conversing with heaven, 629.
dead to the world and sin, 536, 822.
delighting in God, 54, 538, 681.
delighting in the scriptures, 387—390, 394—403, 615.
delivered in answer to prayer, 501, 754.
depending on Christ, 253, 516, 517, 524, 526, 527, 531, 544—546, 553.
depending on mercy, 529.
depending on the Spirit, 353, 356—375, 378—385, 518.
depravity, his sense of, 492, 500.
desiring various blessings. See PRAYER.
doubting, 577.
dying, 1080, 1089, 1092, 1093, 1097, 1099, 1100, 1101—1104, 1107, 1110—1114, 1157.
encouraged, 623, 708, 720, 725, 753, 782.
enjoying assurance, 261, 552, 559, 574.
enjoying presence of Christ, 42, 832, 835, 849.
example of Christ, following, 220, 221, 530, 551, 702, 704, 729, 763, 798—800, 802, 804, 806, 807, 811, 812, 815, 817—823.
filial trust of, 191, 540, 559, 673.
finding mercy in Christ, 550.
fleeing to Christ, 268, 269, 433, 500 504, 526, 671.
fleeing to the mercy-seat, 519, 619.
following example of departed saints 727, 728, 1062.
forgiven, 495.
forgiving enemies, 763.
godly sorrow of, 460—463, 472, 477.
grace, preserved by, 546, 564.
grace, relying on, 830.
grace, saved by, 252, 266, 349, 520
grace, sufficient for, 503, 546.
gradual progress of, 565—568.
gratitude of, 15, 86, 93, 96, 108, 110, 112, 543, 610, 655, 689, 693.
guilt, his sense of, 464, 466, 476, 487
in the hands of Christ, 303, 561.
happiness of the, 578.

Christian, happiness of, only in God, 175, 181, 188, 192, 535, 538, 593.
heaven, anticipating, 32, 304, 330, 629, 713, 1158, 1165, 1168.
heaven, looking to, 580, 735, 1148, 1154.
heaven, the reward of the, 1146—1180.
heavenly joy of, on earth, 767.
hoping only in God, 175—177, 181, 188, 584, 594, 617, 619, 681.
imitating Christ, 220, 221, 530, 551, 702, 704, 729, 763, 798—800, 802, 804, 806, 807, 811, 812, 815, 817—823.
indwelling sin, lamenting, 473, 475, 478, 487.
ingratitude, his sense of, 461, 683,690.
justified, 243, 261.
lamenting absence of Christ, 542, 591, 661, 685.
lamenting inconstancy and coldness, 22, 758.
lamenting indwelling sin, 473, 475, 478, 487.
lamenting lost comforts, 684, 685, 691, 692, 759.
leaving all for Christ, 530, 532, 533—535, 537—539, 543, 548, 556—558, 575, 576.
living by faith, 513, 536.
looking to Jesus, 536, 553.
loving the church, 788, 789.
mutual fellowship of, 697, 826—829, 1068.
obeying Christ, 801, 809, 812, 813, 821, 823.
parting with the world, 188, 530, 532—534, 537, 539, 543, 548, 556—558.
patient in suffering, 579.
peace of the penitent, 489, 493.
perseverance of the, 520, 561, 564—567.
pleading merits of Christ, 524.
pleading promises, 30, 519, 943.
praying for various blessings. See PRAYER.
profited by affliction, 590, 597, 600, 733.
promises sweet to the, 598, 627.
race, 719, 720, 722, 724—726, 729—731.
rejoicing in adversity, 592.
religion exemplified by the, 706.
renouncing sin, 486, 670.
repentance and faith of, 460—515.
resignation of, 177, 179, 190, 513, 570—573, 579, 581—583, 585, 587, 588, 590, 592, 595—597, 599, 600, 605, 624, 626—628, 631, 654, 659, 660, 664, 667, 668, 678, 680, 733.
resorting to God in trouble, 176, 560, 594.
safety of, 111, 168—174, 193, 194.
safety of, in Christ, 281, 282 285, 290, 294, 297, 552, 562.
Christian, safety of, in the cross, 531.
safety of, in God only, 174, 535, 562 613, 621, 622, 628.
salvation of, secure, 552, 567.
not satisfied by the world, 575, 576.
self-dedication, 537, 620, 784, 785, 803, 811, 825.
self-denial for Christ, 558, 688, 689.
self-examination, 490, 577.
steadfastness of the, 281, 533, 536, 537, 557, 672.
sustained by God, 189, 194—200, 608 620—624.
thoughts of, in affliction, 581, 582 587, 596—600, 626.
trusting in Christ for pardon, 253, 258, 260, 266, 268, 269, 272, 498, 548.
trusting in divine mercy, 521.
trusting in God, 153, 168—170, 173, 180, 523, 594, 605, 616, 617, 625, 655, 718.
trusting in Providence, 570, 585.
union of, 694, 696—701, 790, 791, 793, 796.
union of, to Christ, 303.
waiting at the throne of grace, 523, 671.
waiting on God, 586.
warfare, 714—730.
welcoming Christ to the heart, 557.
and wicked, 607, 609, 761.
Church, beauty of the, 786, 789, 794, 796.
Christ the foundation of the, 787.
constitution of a, 929.
God in the, 931.
joining the, 695.
love to the, 788.
new members welcomed, 826—829.
one, 696, 789—791, 793, 1068.
safety of, 794, 795, 797, 930, 931.
victorious, 792, 796.
Cleansing blood. See ATONEMENT.
Cloud of witnesses, 726.
Coldness and inconstancy lamented, 22, 758.
Comforts lost, deplored, 684, 685, 690—692, 759.
Commission of Christ, 268.
of the apostles, 852.
Communion of saints, 789—791, 793, 796
with Christ, desired, 849.
Condescension of God, 138, 139, 158, 163—165, 167, 935, 941, 943.
Conqueror, Christ a, 241, 242, 320, 333, 337, 368, 870, 872.
Conquerors, Christians more than, 294.
Conscience, secure and awakened, 478.
tender, 488, 589, 663, 676.
Confession of sin, 265, 462, 480.
Confidence in Christ, 783.
Contentment, 573, 579.
desired, 664.
Contrition, 461, 482, 525.
Conversion of sinners, joy for, 779—781.
joy on account of, 782.

Conviction by the law, 478, 494.
Corner stone, Christ the, 787.
Coronation of Christ, 334, 336, 338.
Corruption of nature, 492, 500.
Covenant, the new, sealed, 563, 838.
Created good, unsatisfying, 576, 580, 751, 757, 1149.
Creation, love of God seen in, 99, 126.
praising God, 75, 76, 97, 98.
Cross, 270, 271. See ATONEMENT.
glorying in the, 253, 271.
repentance flowing from the, 254, 472, 834
safety in the, 531.
subdued by the, 469.
welcome from the, 228, 426, 427.
Crown of glory, 722. 726, 730, 735.
Crucifixion to the world, 834.
Crucifying Christ afresh, 670.

D.

DAILY devotion, 4, 103, 108, 641, 710, 1008.
Danger of delay. See DELAY.
Darkness of Providence, 142, 148, 585.
Day of grace, 435—441, 443.
of judgment. See JUDGMENT DAY.
Dead in sin, raised by the gospel, 409.
in the Lord, blessed, 1092, 1099, 1101, 1104, 1107—1109, 1112, 1114
to the world, 536.
Death and judgment appointed to all, 1082.
asleep in Jesus, 1109.
desiring to be with Christ, 1086.
disarmed, 1072, 1076, 1171.
dying Christian, 1075, 1076, 1093, 1097, 1106, 1107.
dying Christian tranquil, 1099, 1102, 1110, 1111, 1114.
dying Christian not to be lamented, 1097, 1098, 1101, 1112.
dying Christian, address to, 1100.
dying Christian, soliloquy of, 1080, 1089.
dying Christian, farewell of, 1113, 1157.
comfort in death of Christians, 1100, 1112.
Christian's burial, 1078, 1098.
burial of a friend, 1094, 1107.
burial of a pious young female, 1096.
farewell to a departed friend, 1106.
fear of, taken away by the death of Christ, 233, 1092.
friends separated by, 1090.
of Christian friends, 1092.
of an infant, 1088, 1095.
of a young person, 1091.
of the martyrs, 1120.
of a minister, 1115.
of an aged minister, 1118.
of a young minister, 1116.
of a missionary, 1119.
Death of a pastor, 1117.
man dies, but God lives, 1071.
hope of meeting after, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1090, 1096, 1105.
prayer for support in, 680, 1074, 1084.
preparation for, 1077.
God a support in, 195—200.
presence of God makes it easy, 553 1072, 1075.
welcomed, 735.
righteous blessed in, 1103, 1104, 1108, 1111.
summons of, 1083.
victory over, 1076.
victory over, in hope of resurrection 1087, 1128.
and the grave, 1085.
warning from the grave, 1081.
meditation on the tomb, 1079.
Decrees of God, 147, 148.
Dedication hymns.
God's condescension, 941, 943.
house of prayer and praise, 932, 935.
house of prayer for all people, 940.
presence and blessing of God invoked, 29, 933, 934, 936, 937, 939, 942, 944.
temple of nature, 948.
Dedication, self, 15, 260, 537, 557, 620, 784, 785, 803, 811, 838.
Defence, God a, 168—174.
Delay, danger of, 437, 441—443, 456, 458, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1137.
Delight in God, 54, 538, 681.
Deliverance, prayer for, 465.
granted, 501, 754.
Denial of self, 686, 706.
Departure from God, lamented, 684, 685, 691.
Dependence on Christ, 516, 517, 524, 526, 527, 544, 545, 553.
on the Spirit, 353, 356—375, 378—385, 518.
on mercy, 529.
Depravity, 492, 500.
Desertion and hope, 586, 612.
Despondency, trusting God in, 756.
Devotion, daily and nightly, 4.
habitual, 17, 710, 1008.
enjoyment in, 849.
Difficulties of the way of life, 686, 688.
Diligence, Christian, 714—717, 719—730
Dismission, 62—65.
Divine guidance, 602, 603, 649, 654.
Divinity of Christ 209, 232, 244, 307, 309 323, 343.
Doubting Christian, 382, 521, 523, 541, 577, 623, 628, 646, 682, 756, 759

E.

EARTH, looking from, to heaven, 735 1149.
Effort nothing without Christ, 411, 874.
Election, 121, 125, 252, 293, 835.

Employments of heaven, 764, 1154, 1155, 1158, 1164, 1175, 1176, 1178—1180.
Enemies of the church, 792, 795, 797, 902.
Encouragement, 623, 708, 720, 725, 753, 782.
to faithfulness, 730.
to Zion, 896, 902, 930.
Enjoyment of Christ's love, 549.
Evening hymn, 1021.
confidence in God's protection, 1032
daily mercies recognized, 1029.
devotion, 1034.
God's goodness acknowledged, 1024.
praise, 1033.
prayer, 1021, 1024—1032, 1034
reflections, 1022, 1023, 1025, 1028, 1111.
thoughts at sunset, 1026, 1027.
Examination, self, 490, 577.
Example of Christ, 702, 704, 707, 763.
of the good, following, 727, 728, 1062.

F.

FAITH, act of, 254, 264, 265, 285, 309, 500, 531, 784, 785, 1142.
characteristics of, 510.
effects of, 509.
evidence of things unseen, 506.
excellence of, 512.
exercise of, 433, 470, 472, 498, 500, 537, 783.
gift of God, 508, 510.
justification by, 261.
a living and dead, 514.
living by, 513, 536.
office of, 505.
power of, 494, 507.
prayer for strong, 511.
walking by, 515, 1126, 1147.
weak, 758, 1146.
Faithfulness of God, 77, 100, 160—162, 535, 552, 561—565, 598.
Fall of man, 492, 500.
Family relation, 974—982.
conversion of children, 974—980.
Christ blessing children, 981, 982.
Fasting and prayer, 480.
public, 983—988.
Favor of God preferred to sinners' prosperity, 761.
Fear of death taken away by the death of Christ, 233, 1092.
Feast, the gospel, 418, 420, 422, 424, 835.
Fellowship of Christians, 698, 826—829, 929, 1068.
Fervency in devotion, desired, 7, 18, 22, 26, 353, 358, 372, 577, 586, 671.
Few saved, 686, 688.
Fig-tree, the barren, 456, 458.
Filial confidence, 540, 559.
submission, 673.
Following Christ, 551, 729, 730, 812.
Food, spiritual, 831, 835, 839 847, 849.
Forbearance of God, 184, 476, 486, 499.
Foretaste of heaven, 32, 35, 50, 54, 55 1150, 1154, 1159, 1165, 1170.
Forgetfulness, 758.
Forgiveness of enemies, 763.
of sin, on confession, 495, 496.
prayed for, 462—469, 474—477, 479 480, 483, 484, 486.
plenteous, 156, 523.
Formality, lamented, 353, 362.
Forms, outward, vain, 133.
Forsaking all for Christ, 530, 533 534 539, 542, 576.
Foundation, Christ a, 787.
Fountain, the cleansing, 274.
Frailty of man, 184, 760, 1071, 1073
Friend, Christ a, 289, 304, 324.
God a, 178.
Funeral hymns. See DEATH.

G.

GENTILES coming into the church, 900.
Glorified body, the, 1122, 1123, 1129.
Glory, ascribed to Christ, 238, 312, 314, 316, 317, 327, 328, 339, 340, 345, 350.
Glorying in the cross, 253, 271.
God, all things of, 126, 129, 135.
all-sufficient refuge, 508, 601, 628.
ark of safety, 613.
author of salvation, 109.
breathing after, 542, 586, 591, 614, 618, 710, 712.
character of, seen in the gospel, 318
communion with, 630, 679, 710, 1026.
condescension of, 138, 139, 158, 163—165, 167, 935, 941, 943.
confidence in, 194, 611.
creator, 127, 129, 130.
defence, 169, 170.
delight in, 54, 538, 681.
dominion of, 144.
dominion, eternity, and immutability of, 41.
eternity of, 128, 131, 141, 1056.
eternity of, and human frailty, 760, 1071, 1073.
exalts and casts down, 147.
faithfulness of, 77, 100, 160—162
father, 177, 191, 192.
gives and takes away, 572, 587, 596.
glory of, 72, 141, 143.
glory and grace seen in Christ, 153, 319.
glory in his works and word, 76, 150.
goodness of, 150, 152, 185—187, 190.
goodness acknowledged, 15, 93, 96, 108, 113, 610, 754.
goodness celebrated, 185—187, 992, 994.
goodness of, moderating affliction, 179, 598—600.
goodness of, seen in his works, 107 126, 150.

God, goodness of, universal, 998.
goodness of, and truth, 68, 166.
greatness of, 71.
guardian, 168, 169.
guide and strength, 606.
heart-searching, 132 133, 641.
holiness of, 89, 159.
in all, 135, 610.
incarnate, 531.
in Christ, 307, 319.
incomprehensible, 146.
justice of, 263, 265, 464, 479, 484, 494.
kind to our frailty, 184.
love of, 153, 155—157.
love of, seen in creation, 99, 126.
love of, seen in the death of Christ, 212, 268, 269.
majesty of, 94, 139, 145.
mercy of, 183, 405.
mercy to soul and body, 182, 189.
omnipotent, 137, 139, 141.
omnipresent, 130, 132, 167.
omniscient, 133, 134, 136, 641.
omniscient and omnipresent, 134, 136.
one God forever, 178.
over all, 138, 139.
perfections of, 151.
perfections displayed in his government, 143.
a physician, 599.
portion, 174, 175, 181, 188, 189, 1055.
praised by children, 114, 968, 971—973.
present with his people, 14, 167.
preserver, 168, 173, 189.
providence of, 149, 1052.
dark providences, 142, 147, 148, 190, 289, 585.
refuge and portion, 153, 172.
rock, 170, 171, 540.
safety in, 189, 193, 617, 620—628.
searcher of hearts, 132, 133, 641.
seen in his works, 126, 127.
seen in creation and the gospel, 153, 154, 185.
shepherd, 195—200.
a sovereign, 587.
sovereign purposes of, 147, 148.
strength in, 608, 760.
support, 176, 601, 602.
three in one, 629.
unchangeable, 131, 178, 563, 567.
waiting to be gracious, 80, 81, 166.
wisdom and knowledge of, 149.
works recounted to posterity, 116.
Goodness, year crowned with, 994.
Good, following the example of the, 727, 728, 1062, 1114.
works, 738, 739, 741—748, 1151.
works not saving, 282, 377, 494, 510.
Gospel, 76, 150, 153.
armor, 717, 720—723.
attested by miracles, 852.
exemplified in the life, 706.
feast, 418, 420, 422, 424, 835.
Gospel, fountain of living water, 410
glad tidings of, 277, 449.
invitations of the, 404—433.
jubilee, 407.
and law, 494.
not ashamed of, 552.
order, 786.
originating in mercy, 404.
power of, 409, 428.
rejoicing in the, 408, 949.
reliable, 384.
savor of life or death, 411.
success of, 912. See MISSIONS.
suited to give peace, 419, 497.
summons, 901.
trumpet, 422, 430.
universally diffused, 856—872, 873 877, 879, 896, 899, 903—917, 949.
Grace of God, seen in Christ, 251, 319.
in adoption, 191.
converting, 266, 492.
day of, 435—441, 443.
electing, 121, 125, 252, 293, 520, 835
preserving, 564, 566—568.
relying on, 526.
constraining, 835.
salvation by, 252, 266, 349, 520.
sanctifying and saving, 266.
sufficiency of, 503, 528, 575, 611.
supporting, 546, 578.
throne of, accessible, 102, 298, 614, 619, 636, 642—646.
Gratitude, 15, 108, 110, 112, 189, 324, 610, 689, 693, 1014—1016, 1018, 1024, 1025, 1029, 1051, 1052.
and praise, 86, 93, 96, 103, 324.
sacrifice of, 989.
Grave, the lot of all, 1079, 1082.
triumphed over, 1087, 1126.
warning from the, 1079, 1091.
Guide, Christ a, 551, 553.
God a, 602, 603, 649, 654.
the Holy Spirit a, 356—358, 368—371, 378, 380.
Guilt, burden of, 466, 475, 483, 485, 519.

H.

HAPPINESS, true, 751.
none on earth, 576, 580, 757, 1149.
only in God, 593.
Hardness of heart, 466, 473, 476, 477, 487, 488, 499, 683.
Harvest hymn, 997.
joy in, 995.
past, 440, 454.
praise to the God of, 993.
Health preserved, 964.
restored, 762.
submission under the loss of, 627.
Hearing the gospel profitably, 16, 28, 58 59.
unprofitably, 758.
Heart, known to God, 132—134, 136 641.

Heathen, prayer for, 876, 877, 913.
state of, 917. See MISSIONS.
Heaven, 1171.
alone unfading, 757, 1149.
the heavenly Canaan, 1145.
the better land, 1172.
heavenly mansion, 1147.
anticipated, 32, 304, 336, 708, 713, 764, 1080, 1089, 1147, 1150, 1158, 1159, 1165, 1168.
children in, 968.
converse with 629.
desiring, 713, 1086, 1148, 1162, 1166, 1173.
desiring a view of, 1154, 1169.
dwelling-place of God, 1174.
employments of, 734, 764, 1154, 1155, 1158, 1164, 1177—1180.
everlasting felicity of, 764, 1112, 1169, 1175.
God, the joy of, 175.
glories of, 618, 1150, 1165, 1170.
glorified martyrs in, 1175, 1176.
happiness of, 1178, 1180.
home in, 1159.
hope of, 1066—1068, 1090, 1101, 1149, 1156, 1161.
hope of meeting in, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1096, 1105.
hope of, through Christ, 1126.
indifference to, 1054.
made sure and ready, 735.
longing to be with Christ, 1086.
peace of, 1167.
perfect praise in, 115.
prospect of, makes death easy, 1146.
purity of, 1155.
redeemed in, 796, 1176, 1177, 1179.
rest for the weary, 1093, 1152, 1155, 1157.
for the righteous only, 245, 1151, 1153.
society of, 789, 796, 1158, 1166.
songs of, 311, 349, 1163.
termination of the Christian's warfare, 1161.
treasure in, 1059, 1160.
treasure, laying up, in, 580.
unseen and pure, 1153.
victory of saints, 1164.
vision of Christ, the joy of, 764, 1087, 1154.
Heavenly Sabbath, 39, 55.
Hell 1061, 1081, 1082, 1125, 1142—1145, 1152, 1153.
Help in God, 616
Holy aspirations, 42, 539, 630, 712.
Holy Spirit, breathing after, 353, 371, 373, 712.
comforter, 352.
earnest of heaven, 382.
enlightening and renewing, 376.
entreated not to depart, 380, 479.
grieved, 381, 432, 442.
guide, 356—358, 368—371, 378, 380.
illuminating, 367.
Holy Spirit, indwelling, 357, 365.
influence of, compared to rain, 364.
inviting sinners, 431.
invoked, 43, 354, 356, 375, 807, 808 814, 816.
invoking, 378.
necessary to the conversion of the heathen, 874, 875.
pleading the promise of, 359.
power of, 355.
prayer for descent of, 43, 875.
prayer for return of, 383, 384, 691.
quickening, 358, 360, 522.
regeneration by, 377, 518.
sanctifying influence of, 361, 362, 372, 385.
seal of truth, 363.
source of blessings, 370.
sovereignty of, 379.
teaching, 366, 369.
witness, 374, 382, 385.
Hope in God, 584.
rejoicing in, 568.
in trouble, 626.
Hopes, self-righteous, renounced, 494
Hosanna to Christ, 248, 331, 350.
Humiliation, public, 983, 985.
sincere, 986.
Hypocrisy known to God, 133, 986.

I.

IGNORANCE deplored, 758.
Illumination by the Spirit, 356, 363, 365—369, 371—373.
Imitation of Christ, 702, 704, 799, 800.
in suffering, 221, 707.
in forgiving his enemies, 763.
Immutability of God, 131, 178, 563, 567.
Indwelling of God desired, 26.
Ingratitude, 75.
lamented, 460, 461, 476, 486, 683, 690.
Inspiration of the Bible, 386—388, 392, 396, 401.
Institution of the Lord's supper, 831.
Instruction from affliction, 590, 597.
Intercession of Christ, 216, 269, 294, 297, 298, 300, 315, 321, 345.
Interest in Christ, assurance of, desired, 382, 541, 559, 577.
Invitation to sinners, 412—433.
mutual, 425.

J.

JEWS, prayer for, 918—921.
redeemed, 923, 924.
returning from captivity, 922.
Joining the people of God, 695.
Jordan, Christ baptized in, 799, 800, 820.
of death, 791, 1146, 1173.
Joy, angels', over repenting sinners, 779. 781.
of conversion, 782.

Joy in Christ s presence, eternal, 764.
loss of, deplored, 542, 586, 614, 646, 691, 759.
soon interrupted, 7, 22.
worldly, renounced, 539, 543, 548, 576.
in the unseen Saviour, 547.
Jubilee proclaimed, 407, 432.
song, 915, 916.
Judgment day, 1130, 1139, 1141.
Christ coming to, 1132, 1135, 1136.
Christians rejoicing in, 1138.
death and, 1082, 1137.
fleeing to Christ in prospect of, 1125, 1142.
joy in Christ as a sovereign and judge, 1134.
motive to seriousness, 1133.
pleading for acceptance in, 1131, 1143.
preparation for, 1145.
saints and sinners judged, 1144.
sinner at the, 455.
welcomed, 1140.
Justice of God in condemnation of sinners, 265, 464, 479, 484, 494.
Justification, 243, 261.
free, 523.
not by works, 253, 282, 377, 494, 510.

K.

KING, Christ a, 325. 330, 332, 333, 339.
of glory, 245, 246.
Kings and priests, Christians to be, 1164, 1176.
Kingdom of Christ, 854, 879, 905, 910, 911, 915.
Knowledge, vain without love, 749.

L.

LAMB of God, behold the, 254, 273, 343, 555.
song of Moses and the, 313.
Lamb's book of life, 147, 190, 566.
Lamp, the Scriptures a, 392.
Languor in devotion, 353, 362, 758.
Latter-day glory, 899, 908, 909.
Law, conviction by the, 478.
engraven on the heart, 550.
love of the, 389, 607.
Legacy of Christ's love, 838.
Levitical priesthood fulfilled in Christ, 216.
Liberality to the poor, 738, 739, 741—748.
Life, the day of grace, 435, 436, 439, 441, 446, 451, 454.
frail, 1054—1061, 1063, 1064.
a pilgrimage, 734.
Light of the world, Christ the, 215, 217, 651.
Living to Christ, 536, 556.
Looking unto Jesus, 553.
Lord's supper instituted, 831.
Lord's supper, body and blood of Christ 264, 839, 847.
Christ's love celebrated, 268, 269, 292, 293, 297, 304, 310, 311, 313, 316, 321 833, 851.
Christ's compassion, 840.
Christ remembered, 255, 842—844, 846.
Christ's sufferings, 219—231, 255, 256 836.
Christian fellowship, 848, 1068.
communion with Christ in, 832.
enjoyment in, 849.
the Lord's festival, 835.
memorial, 845, 850.
mourning and rejoicing at, 263, 841
seal of the new covenant, 838.
self-consecration at, 834.
sense of unworthiness, 837.
Love essential to religion, 703, 749.
mutual, 694, 696—701, 790, 791, 793, 848, 1068.
of God manifested in the death of Christ, 268, 269.
Lying, 709.

M

MARTYRS, glorified, 1120, 1175, 1176, 1179.
Mediation, 216, 269, 294, 296.
praise for, 315.
Mediator, access to God through, 102, 296—298, 300, 315, 345.
Meditation, 389, 607, 629, 630.
Meeting after separation, 1069.
Mercy, God's purpose of, 405.
pleading for, 218, 479.
trusting in, 521.
acknowledged, 93, 96, 183, 610.
Mercy-seat, 636.
invitation to, 635.
waiting at, 523, 619.
Merit, human, disclaimed, 253, 834.
Messiah, Christ the true, 216.
Mighty God, Christ the, 341.
Millennium hymn, 908.
Ministers. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
Miracles of Christ, 218.
Misimprovement of time, 1054.
Missionary hymns, 82, 84, 217, 276, 333 335—337, 350, 792, 852—926.
Missionaries raised up and sent forth, 866.
charged, 880—884, 888.
charged and encouraged, 878.
encouraged, 882, 887.
commended to God, 885.
farewell of, 886, 889.
departure of, 881, 890.
death of, 1105.
Missionary meeting, 914.
Missions, the great commission, 852.
encouraging prospects of, 904, 930
invitation to aid in, 855.

M ssions, prayer for success of, 856, 862, 864, 870—873, 879, 891, 898, 903, 906, 907.
prayer for the church, 858.
prayer for the world, 859.
prayer for divine power, 857, 860, 861, 863, 876.
prayer for the heathen, 865, 867.
Spirit's influences in, 874.
Spirit's influences, prayer for, 875.
diffusion of the gospel, 276. 869, 879.
universal reign of Christ, 248, 333, 335, 336, 853, 854.
victories of Christ, 337, 868, 870, 872.
M rning hymn, 1010.
dependence on God, 1019.
devotion, 1008.
God's goodness acknowledged, 1009—1012.
gratitude and prayer, 1014, 1015.
praise, 78, 1020.
prayer, 639, 1009—1017, 1020.
Sabbath, 33—54.
thanksgiving, 1016.
and evening praise, 4, 1018.
Mortality of man, 184, 760, 1054—1061, 1063, 1064, 1071, 1073.
Mortification of sin, 686, 688, 706.
to the world by the sight of heaven, 618.
by the cross, 834.
Mysteries of Providence, 142, 148, 535.
of the gospel, 118.

N.

NARROW way, 686, 688.
National hymn, 1000.
anniversary, hymn for, 1007.
blessings, God acknowledged in, 1001.
blessings celebrated, 1005.
goodness to our forefathers, 1002.
praise and prayer, 1004.
Nation, prayer for, 1003.
prayer for national gratitude and holiness, 1006.
prayer for relief from national judgments, 987, 988.
blessings, thanksgiving for, 996.
Nativity of Christ, 201—208, 217.
Nature and Scripture, 391, 393.
and grace, 319.
Nearness to the Lord, 545, 691.
Neglect of religion, 437.
danger of, 440—443, 446, 451, 454—458.
seen from a death-bed, 437.
New covenant, 838.
Now is the accepted time, 435, 436, 451, 453.

O.

OATH and promise of God secure, 563.
Old age, sustaining grace implored in 731, 732.
trusting God in, 732.
Olivet, 219—222.
Omnipotence of God, 137, 139, 141.
Omnipresence, 130, 132, 167.
Omniscience, 133, 134, 136, 140, 641.
One thing needful, 437.
Ordination hymns.
ministers, bearers of good news, 949
ministers, prayer for success of, 946 951—954.
ministers, watching for souls, 955.
ministers, winning souls to Christ, 956.
pastor welcomed, 948, 950.
ministry, benefits of, 947.
ministry divinely appointed, 945

P.

PARDON, on confession, 495, 496.
only by the cross, 255, 256, 258, 262, 272, 279, 470, 474, 485, 494, 497, 500, 502, 504.
implored, 123, 255, 264, 265, 461—463, 470, 474, 475, 479, 480, 482—485, 498, 522, 524, 526, 527, 540.
and sanctification, 123, 550.
Pardoning love, 223, 690.
Parental entreaty, 446.
Parting of Christians, 1065.
with hope of reunion, 1066, 1067, 1090, 1105.
and reunion in heaven, 1070.
in Christian fellowship, 1068.
Pastors, origin of, 945.
prayer for, 946, 952—955.
welcome to, 948, 950.
work of, 946, 951.
Patience in suffering, 579.
Pattern, Christ our, 220, 221, 550, 551, 702, 704, 729, 763, 798—800, 802, 804, 806, 811, 812, 815, 817—823.
Peace offered through Christ, 429.
to the penitent, 489, 493.
universal, 864, 899.
Pearl of great price, 398.
Penitent, rest for the, 421.
Perseverance, 290, 294—297, 323, 510, 561, 566, 567, 708.
through Christ, 287, 561—565.
Pestilence, preservation in, 168, 173, 964
Physician, Christ a, 279, 599.
Piety, active, 737, 740.
early, 769—778.
Pilgrimage, 719.
life a, 734.
Pisgah, 1075, 1146.
Pity to the poor, 738, 739, 741—748.
Pleading in the name of Christ, 524.
Poor, kindness to the, 738, 739, 741—747.
kindness to, rewarded, 748.
Portion, God our, 174, 175, 181, 188, 189, 1055.

Praise to God, 66—116, 185, 1033.
to the Trinity, 117—125.
to Christ, 36, 111, 308—351.
to Christ as a King, 339.
to Christ the Lamb, 314, 328, 340, 343, 344, 346, 347.
to Christ as the Redeemer, 308, 312, 316, 317, 324, 334, 341, 348, 566.
to Christ a shepherd, 292.
continual, 91, 95, 103, 107, 108, 110, 112.
exhortation to offer, 1, 2, 6, 66—69, 71, 73, 74, 77, 79—90, 92, 95—97, 185.
exhortation to offer to Christ, 308, 310—322, 326, 327.
feeble, compared with God's greatness, 94, 101, 103.
offered by children, 114, 331.
resolution to offer, 70, 78, 91, 95, 108.
in the temple, 1—3, 6, 31, 74, 105.
universal, 66, 67, 77, 82—86, 92, 97, 98, 104, 907, 925, 926.
voice of creation, 75, 97, 98, 101.
and hope, 566.
Prayer, 54, 632—634.
answered, 105, 106, 501, 634, 645, 754, 782, 984.
at the beginning of worship, 9, 16, 21, 22—31, 47, 52, 53, 59, 60, 288, 375, 480.
at the close of worship, 63—65.
at baptism, 798, 801—803, 805, 807—811, 813—818, 820, 822—824.
at dedication of places of worship. See Dedication Hymns.
at joining the church, 829, 830.
at the mercy-seat, 635, 636, 643.
at the new year, 1048, 1050, 1052, 1053.
at parting, 1065, 1069.
at sea, 962.
for seamen, 958.
secret, 637, 640, 641, 679.
evening, 1021, 1024—1032, 1034.
morning, 639, 1009—1017, 1020.
twilight, 637.
during the night, 679.
for access to God, 542, 646, 661.
for aid in self-examination, 490.
for aid in the expression of gratitude, 610.
in affliction, 590, 595, 597, 599, 675, 678, 680.
for assurance, 177, 532, 541, 545, 559, 577.
the backslider's, 278, 467, 468, 522, 524, 586, 682, 684, 685, 691, 692, 759.
for benefit from affliction, 582, 583, 597, 599, 675, 678.
for children, 425, 773, 774, 974, 982
of Christ in the garden, 219—222.
for the church, 43.
for a closer walk with God, 691.
for contentment, 573, 664.
Prayer for conversion of sinners, 412, 423 435, 437.
for death to sin, 536, 670, 798, 803, 807, 819, 823, 824.
for deliverance, 285, 465.
for deliverance from sin 229, 282, 683.
under desertion, 586, 612.
for diffusion of the gospel. See Missions.
for divine indwelling, 26, 41.
for elevation, 575, 576, 591, 593 626, 712.
for entire consecration, 668, 676, 689, 784, 785.
for evidence of adoption, 177, 191, 532, 541, 559.
for faith, 278, 375, 466, 468, 500, 508, 511.
feeble, heard, 614.
for a filial spirit, 559, 655.
God sought by, 646.
for grace, 134, 136, 532, 647, 677.
for grace in old age, 731, 732.
for grace in trial, 598, 675, 677.
for gratitude, 610, 689, 998, 1036.
for guidance, 606, 625, 649, 657, 666, 667, 709, 783, 830.
for the heathen, 876, 877, 913. See Missions.
for help, 432, 619, 648, 656, 678, 680, 718, 724.
for help to bear shame for Christ, 705.
for help to imitate Christ, 702, 704, 744.
for help to imitate departed saints, 728, 1062.
for help in trial, 504, 647, 678, 680.
for help to watch and pray, 716, 724.
for help in worship, 9, 16, 19, 21—30, 47, 53, 57, 58, 87, 375, 480.
for holy affections, 21, 653, 661—664, 671, 691, 712.
for the Holy Spirit, 43, 191, 352—363, 365—385, 479, 522, 691, 712, 874, 875.
for humility, 674.
for improvement of time, 1044, 1048, 1054, 1056, 1061, 1062.
for the influence of divine love, 549.
for ingraftment into Christ, 847.
invitation to, 16—18, 643, 644, 904 986.
invocation of the Trinity, 120.
for the Jews, 918—921.
for light, 57, 278, 599, 651, 876.
Lord's prayer, 656, 658.
for mercy, 218, 459, 621.
for ministers. See Ordination Hymns.
in the name of Christ, 524, 652.
for the nation, 983—985, 988, 1003, 1004 1006.
nature of, 632—634.
for all needed good, 666, 667

Prayer for pardon, 123, 255, 264, 265, 459, 461—463, 470, 474, 475, 479, 480, 482—485, 498, 522, 524, 526, 527, 540.
for a part in heaven, 318, 319, 337.
for penitence at the Lord's supper, 841.
for perseverance, 385.
for a place in the sanctuary, 604, 625.
for preparation to die, 1077, 1079, 1082, 1091, 1114.
for preparation for heaven, 1158, 1160, 1162, 1169, 1170.
for preparation for the judgment, 1124, 1125, 1133, 1142, 1143.
for the presence of Christ, 30, 288, 542, 545, 549, 667.
for the presence of God, 18, 57, 482, 543, 545, 591, 614, 618, 646, 849, 1086.
for prolonged life, 1071, 1073.
for purity, 663, 670.
for quickening grace, 522, 612, 671, 682, 691, 692.
to be remembered, 666, 667.
for renewing grace, 518.
for renovation, 467, 473, 478, 522, 765.
of the young for renovation, 771.
for repentance, 476, 488.
for resignation in every state, 177, 513, 570, 581—583, 588, 595, 631, 654, 659, 660, 664, 673, 678, 733.
for restoration, 278, 291, 467, 468, 482, 522, 524, 533, 586, 682, 684, 685, 691, 692, 759, 1042.
for a revival, 383, 384.
for safety in the judgment, 1130, 1132.
for sanctification, 61, 509, 653, 661—664, 669, 673, 691, 712.
for seamen, 958.
for self-knowledge, 630.
for sincerity, 21, 24, 686.
for spiritual improvement, 23, 393, 396—398, 403, 404.
for steadfastness, 281, 533, 536, 537, 557, 672.
for support in death, 680, 1072, 1074, 1076, 1084.
for support in temptation, 284, 647.
for the triumph of Christ, 241, 337, 856, 861, 863, 868, 871, 903, 906.
to the Trinity, 120, 123, 876, 879.
for union with the church above, 790.
for various blessings, 120, 642, 647.
thy will be done, 659, 660.
without ceasing, 4, 638, 710, 718.
Preaching, different success of, 411.
Predestination, 121, 125, 252, 293, 835.
Presence of Christ desired, 30, 288, 542, 545, 549, 667.
of God, desiring, 57, 482, 543, 545, 591, 614, 618, 646, 849, 1086.
of God delightful, 54, 681.
Preserving grace, 106, 564.
in pestilence, 168, 173, 964.
Priest, Christ a, 216, 297, 298, 321.
Priests, Christians, 1164, 1176.
Priesthood, Levitical, ending in Christ 216.
Prince of peace, Christ the, 207, 211, 215 217, 879, 899.
Privileges of the gospel, prized, 949.
Procrastination, against, 438—441, 443, 445, 451—454, 456—458, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1137.
Prodigal reclaimed, 481, 779.
Promised blessing claimed, 30, 943.
Promises, pleading the, 359, 519.
secure, 100, 160, 162, 287, 552, 561—563, 598.
Prosperity of others not envied, 579.
Protection, praise for, 106, 111.
Providences, 142, 148, 149, 190, 289, 585.
Pure in heart, blessed, 665.

Q.

QUICKENING grace, prayer for, 522, 612, 671, 682.

R.

RACE, the Christian, 608, 725, 726.
Ransom, Christ a, 224, 227—231, 243, 250.
Reading the Bible, 389, 394, 396, 397, 400, 402.
Reconciliation through Christ, 230, 256, 261, 263, 266, 267.
Redeeming love, 275, 833, 851.
Redemption, God's character seen in, 153, 318.
wonders of, 140, 210, 230, 232, 237, 302, 311.
Regeneration, by the Spirit, 123—125, 377—379.
Reliance on God, 655.
Religion, blessedness of, 624, 736, 766, 767, 772, 775, 1067.
importance of, 437, 765, 769, 1063.
support in life, 768.
Remembering Christ, 842—846.
Remember me, 666, 667.
Repentance, immediate, urged, 437—443, 445, 451—454, 456—458.
in view of Christ's compassion, 471.
in view of the cross, 463, 472, 477, 652.
in view of God's forbearance, 486.
prayer for, 476, 488.
Repenting sinner, joy over a, 779—781.
Resignation. See CHRISTIAN, resignation of.
Resolve, the successful, 433.
Rest, earthly and heavenly, 35, 39, 55
for the penitent, 419, 421.
in heaven, 1152, 1155, 1157.
Restoration from sickness, 762.
from depravity, 492.

Restoration from backsliding, 682—685, 690—692.
Resurrection, 1121, 1129.
death and, 1128.
hope of, 1122, 1127.
and judgment, 1125.
scenes of the, 1124.
of Christ, celebrated, 34, 36, 38, 233—243.
of Christ, an antidote to the fear of death, 233, 1092.
Retirement and prayer, 630, 637, 640, 641, 679
Returning to God, 468, 489, 682, 684, 690—692.
Revival, prayer for, 383, 384.
Righteous, blessedness of, 578, 607, 694, 750, 766.
and wicked, 609, 761. See CHRISTIAN.
Rock of ages, 282.
God a, 170, 171, 540, 625, 930.
Ruins of Zion rebuilt, 894, 895.

S.

SABBATH morning, 33, 35—37, 41—44, 47.
evening, 56.
day of Christ's resurrection, 34, 36, 38, 240, 241.
day of rest, 35, 37, 50—52.
delight in, 35, 41, 43, 45, 46, 50, 54.
earthly and heavenly, 32, 55.
type of heaven, 39.
welcomed, 40, 42, 44, 48.
worship on the, 43, 47—49.
blessing implored on the, 47, 52, 58—63.
Sabbath school, opening of, 965.
prayer for a blessing on, 966, 967, 969, 970.
songs of children in heaven, 968.
Sacrifice of Christ, 223—232, 254, 256, 262, 263, 266, 344, 349, 415, 426, 470, 472, 474, 485, 498, 500, 504.
Safety of Christians, 111, 168—174, 193, 194, 281, 282, 285, 290, 294, 297, 531, 535, 552, 562, 563, 613, 621, 622, 628.
Saints, general assembly of, 789.
on earth and in heaven, 790, 793. See CHRISTIAN.
Salvation, 277.
through Christ, 227, 251—277.
by grace, 252, 266, 349, 520.
Sanctified afflictions, 590, 598—600.
Sanctuary, delight in, 2, 3, 5, 10, 12—14, 43.
desiring to abide in, 604.
God present in, 14, 18, 167, 943.
invitation to, 1, 11, 68, 990.
longing for, 10, 18.
thanksgiving and praise in, 990.
earthly and heavenly, prized, 713.
Satisfaction of Christ, 255, 256, 263.
Scriptures, Christ seen in, 387.
delight and instruction from, 387—390, 394—403, 615.
excellence of, 386, 390, 615.
glory of, 396.
importance of, to the young, 770
inspiration of, 400.
light of the world, 395, 399.
love of, 389, 402, 710.
only revelation, 388.
suited to our wants, 397.
preciousness of, 392, 398, 669.
sufficiency of, 393, 397, 401, 402.
and nature, 76, 391.
Seal of grace, 360, 374, 382, 385, 838.
Seamen, hymns for, 957—964.
Christian mariner, safe, 964.
prayer at sea, 962.
prayer for seamen, 958.
save, Lord, or we perish, 960.
song of, 963.
temptation compared to a storm, 957
thanksgiving after a storm, 961.
Seasons, 1035.
spring, 1036—1039.
autumn, 1040, 1041, 1102.
winter, 1042, 1043.
Secret devotion, 630, 637, 640, 641, 679.
Secure sinner awakened, 478.
Security in God, 535, 563, 567, 620—623 628.
in Christ, 561, 562.
Seed, spiritual, sown, 411, 760, 782.
Self-admonition, 714.
consecration, 15, 260, 537, 557, 620 784, 785, 803, 811, 838.
consecration, invitation to, 425.
denial for Christ, 558, 705.
distrust, 577.
examination, 490, 577.
righteous hopes renounced, 253, 494
Senses, assisting faith, 845, 850.
Sheep, wandering astray, 231.
Shepherd, God a, 195—200.
Christ a, 290—292.
Shortness of time, 1044, 1057—1060, 1064 1073.
Sickness and recovery, 762.
and death, comfort in, 624.
sweetness of submission in, 627.
Sin, against the law and the gospel, 484
confession of, 264—266, 432, 462, 480 495, 496.
crucified, 670.
grieves the Holy Spirit, 381.
indwelling, lamented, 473, 475, 478 487.
original, 492, 500.
renouncing, 486, 670.
sense of, 464, 476, 487, 492.
Sinai and Zion contrasted, 789.
Sincerity, 986.
want of, known to God, 133.
prayer for, 21.
Sinners, Christ pleading with, 434.
awakened, 459, 460, 491.

Sinners, entreated by the mercies of Christ, 416.
expostulation with, 434—458.
glad tidings for, 449.
invited by Jehovah, 412, 414, 448.
invited to Christ, 273, 275, 413, 415—417, 423, 426, 428, 453, 550.
invited and warned, 79, 81, 439.
invitation and resolve, 433.
not just before God, 464.
room for, 410, 418, 420, 424, 428.
turning to Christ, 432.
joy for conversion of, 779—781.
prosperity of, brief, 755, 761.
God just in their condemnation, 265, 464, 479, 484, 494.
at the judgment, 455, 1132, 1136, 1144.
their doom, 439, 440, 443, 451, 456, 607, 609, 686, 688, 1125, 1152.
Sloth, spiritual, deplored, 353, 362, 758.
Song of Moses and the Lamb, 313.
Soul, immortality of, 1083—1087, 1089, 1090.
saved or lost, 1081, 1082, 1125, 1133, 1143.
Sovereign grace, 349, 510.
Spirit. See HOLY SPIRIT.
Spiritual conflicts, succor sought in, 724.
temple, progress of, 565.
Strait gate, 686, 688.
Strength derived from Christ, 503, 546.
Success of the gospel. See MISSIONS.
Surrender, entire, 537, 784, 785.
Sympathy of Christ, 298.

T.

TABLE, the Lord's, 832, 835, 837, 839, 850.
Temptation, desiring support in, 284, 285, 724.
compared to a storm, 957.
hope under sharp, 563.
Tempted, Christ's sympathy with the, 298.
Tender conscience, 589, 676.
Thanksgiving, sacrifice of, 991.
public, 989—999.
Thirsting after God, 591, 614, 618, 710, 712.
Threatenings, 434, 438—447, 451, 454, 455—458, 1134—1136, 1139, 1145.
Throne of grace, 102, 280, 296—298, 614, 643.
Tidings, glad, to sinners, 449.
Time, the accepted, 412, 435—441, 445—447, 451, 453.
flight of, 1044.
frailty of life, 1054—1056, 1058, 1064, 1073.
importance of the present, 445, 1063.
reflections on past generations, 1062.
season to prepare for eternity, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1137.
swiftness of, 1057, 1059, 1060.
Time and eternity, 1123.
Title, a clear one to heaven, 1156.
Trinity, rejoicing over the conversion of sinners, 779.
praise to the, 117—125.
prayer to, for light, 876, 879.
prayer to, for pardon, 123.
Triumph of Christ, 245—248. See MISSIONS.
of faith, 294.
over death, 1072, 1076, 1087, 1128.
Trouble, resorting to God in, 176, 560, 604.
Trumpet, the gospel, 422, 430.
the judgment, 1130, 1132, 1138, 1139, 1143, 1145.
Trust, in Christ, the only refuge, 178, 253, 254, 258, 260, 266, 268, 269, 272, 296, 498, 548, 783.
in God, 569—571, 585, 594, 598, 624, 625, 718.
and submission, 605.
Types of Christ, 216.

U.

UNFRUITFULNESS under the word, 758.
Unholy souls, shut out of heaven, 1153.
Union of the church, 696—700, 789.
on earth and in heaven, 790, 791, 793 796, 1066.
family. 694, 1069.
of friends, 697—700, 1068, 1070.
Unity of God, 1, 6.
and trinity, 117—125.

V.

VANITY of the world, 444, 532, 539, 543 575, 576, 580, 751, 752.
and happiness of heaven, 756, 757, 1149, 1152.
Veil, looking within the, 629, 727.
Victory, of Christ. See MISSIONS.
over death, 1072, 1076, 1087, 1128.
of faith, 287, 294.
Vows made, 15, 537, 582, 801, 830.
recognized, 825, 954.

W.

WALKING with God, 691.
by faith, 506, 515.
Warfare, the Christian, 616, 717, 720—724
Warning from the tomb, 1079, 1081, 1091
Watch and pray, 716, 717.
Watchfulness, blessedness of, 715.
Watchman's report, 893.
Way, truth and life, Christ the, 280.
to heaven, strait, 686, 688.
Weak Christians, encouraged, 298, 560—567.

Weakness, our own and Christ's strength, 546.
Welcome to ministers, 949, 950.
to the Sabbath, 40, 42, 44, 48.
Widow and fatherless, care of, 739.
Winning souls, 956.
Witness of the Spirit desired, 366, 374, 382, 385.
Word, blessing on the, desired, 9, 16, 28, 29, 47, 58—60, 62, 63.
of God. See SCRIPTURES.
Works, good, 738, 739, 741—748, 1151
not saving, 282, 377, 494, 510.
World, vanity of, 444, 532, 539, 543, 575, 576, 580, 751, 752.
retirement from, 711.
Worship, absence from, deplored, 586.
anticipating, 8, 711.
Christ present in, 30, 288.
delight in, 3, 7, 13, 20, 32, 43, 45, 46, 192, 711.
dismission from, 64, 65.
elements of, acceptable, 19, 21, 49, 51, 167, 202.
invocation of a blessing in, 9, 16, 19, 21—31, 43, 47, 53, 57, 58, 87, 375, 480.
reverent, of God, 89.
Worship, unfruitfulness in, 758.
Worthies, following the departed, 727 728, 927, 1062.

Y.

YEAR, close of, 1045—1048.
new, 1049—1053.
Yoke of Christ easy, 417.
Young exhorted to religion, 446, 772, 776, 778.
importance of the Bible to, 770.
importance of religion to, 765, 769 1041.
prayer of, 771, 971, 972.
prayer for, 425, 773, 774, 974—982.

Z.

ZEAL, 714—726.
want of, lamented, 684, 758.
Zion, encouraged, 896, 902, 930.
God's love to, 315, 795, 928.
prospects of, 894, 895.
prosperity of, 792, 897.
safety of, 794, 795, 797.

INDEX OF SCRIPTURES.

Hymn.

GENESIS.
i. 2, 3, ...875, 876
i. 3—8, 31, ...938
ii. 3, ...35, 37
iii. 16—19, 23, ...492, 500
iii. 19, ...1082
iii. 24, ...102
v. 22, ...691
v. 24, ...691
vi. 3, ...438
vi. 9, ...691
viii. 9, ...613
viii. 21, 22, ...997
ix. 11, 12, ...997
xii. 1—4, ...506
xvi. 13, ...130, 132, 134, 136
xvii. 18, ...974—976, 978, 979
xviii. 23—32, ...984
xix. 17, 22, ...436, 439—441, 443, 453
xxii. 5, ...31, 849
xxii. 14, ...155, 289, 585
xxiv. 31, ...826, 827
xxiv. 56, ...812
xxiv. 63, ...637
xxvii. 36—38, ...482, 483
xxviii. 15, ...964
xxviii. 17, ...54
xxxii. 26, ...675
xliv. 34, ...979
xlvii. 9, ...1058
xlix. 18, ...589

EXODUS.
iii. 12, ...881, 882
xiii. 21, ...882
xiv. 10, ...465
xiv. 19, 20, ...882
xv. 11, ...159
xv. 18, ...149
xvii. 5, 6, ...540
xx. 11, ...35, 37
xxiii. 13, ...706
xxv. 17—22, ...619, 636
xxviii. 9—12, 29, ...567, 629
xxix. 38—43, ...254
xxxi. 13—16, ...42, 51
xxxi. 17, ...37
xxxiii. 19, ...58

Hymn.

EXODUS, (continued.)
xxxiv. 6, ...68
xxxv. 2, 3, ...51

LEVITICUS.
iii. 2, 8, ...254
x. 3, ...572, 583, 587, 596, 659, 660
xiv. 4—7, 49—53, ...470
xvi. 8—10, 21, 22, ...231, 254, 256
xix. 9, 10, ...745
xxiii. 2, ...42, 51
xxiii. 22, ...745
xxv. 8—13, ...407

NUMBERS.
x. 29, ...827
xiv. 19, ...983—985, 987, 988
xiv. 21, ...871, 907
xx. 8—11, ...540
xxi. 8, 9, ...256, 279
xxiii. 10, ...1110, 1111, 1114
xxiii. 19, ...160—162

DEUTERONOMY.
iii. 24, ...71
iv. 20, ...795
iv. 23, ...825, 830
v. 12—14, ...42, 51
vii. 6—8, ...121, 125
vii. 9, ...166
ix. 5, 6, ...252
x. 12, 13, ...19, 49
xi. 11, 12, 14, 15, ...997
xiv. 29, ...745
xvi. 7—11, ...744—746
xxiv. 19—21, ...745
xxvi. 17, 18, ...825, 830
xxix. 10, 12, 13, ...830
xxxi. 6—8, ...881, 882
xxxii. 4, ...169—171
xxxii. 6, 15, 18, ...683
xxxii. 29, ...437, 440, 441, 457, 1081
xxxii. 49—52, ...1075. 1077. 1146
xxxiii. 25, ...503, 546, 611, 623, 723
xxxiii. 27, ...153, 169—172
xxxiv. 1—5, ...1075, 1077

Hymn.

JOSHUA.
i. 6, 7, 9,.....881, 882
xxiii. 8,.....303
xxiii. 14, 15,.....100
xxiv. 15,.....412, 435, 436, 443

JUDGES.
v. 31,.....884
xi. 35,.....830

RUTH.
i. 8,.....738, 739, 742—744
i. 16, 17.....695

1 SAMUEL.
i. 11, 22, 27, 28,.....974—978
ii. 2,.....159, 166, 170, 171
ii. 3,.....133
ii. 9,.....111, 168—174
ii. 25,.....459, 464
ii. 23—25,.....979
ii. 30,.....446
iii. 1,.....392
iii. 13, 14,.....979
iii. 18,....572, 583, 587, 596, 659, 660
iv. 9,.....723
iv. 17, 18,.....788
vi. 20,.....459, 464
xii. 14, 15,.....446
xv. 22,.....19
xv. 29,.....100
xvi. 7,.....133
xxiv. 16, 17,.....683
xxvi. 21,.....683
xxx. 6,.....601, 608, 616, 623

2 SAMUEL.
ii. 5, 6,.....738, 744, 746, 748
vii. 11—16,.....161
vii. 18, 19,.....835
vii. 22,.....797
vii. 28, 29,.....162
x. 12,.....599, 723
xii. 23,.....1061, 1062, 1079, 1082
xv. 15,.....715, 726
xv. 21.....695
xv. 26,.....572, 583, 587, 659, 660
xxii. 2, 3, 32, 47,.....166, 167—171
xxii. 10—12,.....142, 148, 289, 585
xxii. 19, 33,.....176, 601, 602
xxii. 31, 32,.....169—171
xxii. 47—50,.....180
xxiii. 5,.....161
xxiv. 14,.....581, 587, 596, 597, 657, 659, 660, 733

1 KINGS.
iii. 3—12,.....975, 978
viii. 22—54,.....933, 934, 943
viii. 27,.....167

Hymn.

1 KINGS, (continued.)
viii. 51,.....795
xv. 4,.....161
xviii. 21,.....412, 435, 436, 443
xx. 31, 32,.....466, 474

2 KINGS.
ii. 8, 14,.....791
iv. 26,.....597, 605, 660
v. 10, 13,.....502
v. 13,.....416
vi. 14—20,.....194
vii. 3, 4,.....433
viii. 19,.....161
xix. 34,.....161
xx. 1,.....1054, 1055, 1057
xx. 19,.....572, 583, 587

1 CHRONICLES.
xvi. 19—22,.....1002
xvi. 23, 24,.....82, 84, 86
xvi. 25,.....797
xvi. 28—33,.....86—88
xvi. 34, 36,.....154
xvii. 16—18,.....835
xxi. 13,.....581, 587, 596, 597, 657, 659, 660, 733
xxviii. 9,.....446
xxviii. 20,.....503, 546, 611, 623, 723
xxix. 11,.....797
xxix. 14,.....689
xxix. 15,.....1054—1056, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1071
xxix. 17,.....133
xxix. 20,.....87

2 CHRONICLES.
i. 7—12,.....975, 978
ii. 6,.....167
vi. 14—42,.....933, 934
vi. 18,.....167, 665
vi. 41,.....927
xv. 2,.....446
xvi. 9,.....34, 136
xxi. 7,.....161
xxix. 23, 24,.....254
xxx. 7—9,.....79—81
xxxiii. 12, 13,.....600

EZRA.
viii. 22,.....446
ix. 6, 7,.....265, 462, 480
ix. 13—15,.....462

NEHEMIAH.
i. 4—11,.....480
viii. 5, 6,.....87
ix. 5, 6,.....87
ix. 17,.....184
xiii. 15—22,.....37 42, 51

Hymn.

ESTHER.
iv. 16.....433
viii. 6,.....979

JOB.
i. 21,.....572, 581, 583, 587, 596
ii. 10,....570, 581, 587, 595, 596, 605, 628, 654, 660, 664
iii. 17,.....1157
iv. 17—19,.....464, 529
v. 3, 4,.....755, 761
v. 6, 7,....572, 597, 599, 600, 605, 631
v. 17, 18, ...578, 582, 590, 599
v. 26,.....1100, 1102, 1103
vii. 1, ...1082
vii 6, 7, 9, ...1054—1060, 1064, 1074
vii. 16, ...1148
viii. 9, 12,.....1054—1060, 1064, 1074
viii. 13, 14,.....133, 514
ix 2, 3, 5, 20, 21,.....464, 529
ix. 25, 26, ...1054—1060, 1064, 1074
x. 1,.....1148
x. 9,.....1082
xi. 7—9,.....146
xi. 14—19,.....602
xiii. 15,.....24, 504, 617, 628
xiv. 1—5, ...1054—1060, 1064, 1074
xv. 15,.....158
xvi. 22,.....1054—1060, 1064, 1074
xviii. 761
xix. 25—27,.....1087, 1123, 1128
xx. 5—29, ...761
xxi. 7—26,.....761
xxi. 33,.....1085
xxii. 12—14,.....130
xxii. 21, ...432, 435—454
xxiii. 3—10,.....542, 646
xxv. 4—6,.....158, 464
xxvi. 6, ...130
xxvi. 7—14,.....94, 97, 98, 107, 126, 127, 129, 131, 137
xxvii. 8, 10, ...133, 514
xxvii. 13—23,.....761
xxviii. 28,.....775
xxix. 2—4,.....684, 685, 691, 692
xxix. 11—16,..737—739,741—743, 747
xxxi. 14,.....459, 1145
xxxiv. 11, ...1131
xxxiv. 21, 22,.....130
xxxiv. 23, ...581, 584, 587, 595—598
xxxvi. 18,.....438, 457, 458
xxxvi. 26, ...146
xxxvii. 23,.....146
xxxviii. 7,.....875, 938
xl. 2,.....464
xl. 4, ...475, 483
xlii. 5, 6, ...466, 476, 483

PSALMS.
i.....607, 609
ii. 1—6, ...931
ii. 6—9, ...371
ii. 12, ...622

Hymn

PSALMS, (continued.)
iii. 3, 6, 8, ...186
iii. 4—6,.....1019
iii. 5,.....1015
iv. 4, ...679, 1034
iv. 4, 8, ...1018, 1019
iv. 8,.....1023, 1028
v. 3—8, ...8
vi. 9,.....754
vii. 9, ...133
viii. .....158, 163—165
viii. 1, 2, ...114
ix. 9,.....153, 169—172
xi. 4,.....133
xii. 6, ...390, 392, 393, 395, 397, 399
xiv. 1—3, ...492, 500
xiv. 7,.....919
xv. 711, 1151
xvi. 175
xvi. 2, 3, ...743
xvi. 5,.....593, 615
xvi. 8—11,.....1087, 1122, 1127, 1128
xvii. 8,.....228
xvii. 15, ...1165
xviii. 2, 31, 46, ...166, 169—171
xviii. 7, ...464
xviii. 9, 11, ...142, 148, 289, 585
xviii. 18, 32,.....176, 601, 602
xviii. 30, 31,.....169—171
xviii. 46, 49, ...180
xix.....107, 150, 393, 1010
xix. 7—13,.....394
xx. 5, ...713
xxii. 1,.....836
xxii. 3,.....159
xxii. 19,.....617
xxii. 27, 28, ...854
xxiii.....195—200
xxiii. 4, ...545, 603
xxiv. 7—10,.....246, 794
xxv. 1, ...648
xxv. 11, ...524
xxv. 14, ...665
xxv. 15—22, ...682
xxvi. 2, 8, 9, ...133
xxvi. 8, 9, ...1143
xxvii. 194
xxvii. 1, 2, 4—6, ...604
xxvii. 8,.....18
xxvii. 8—14,.....594, 682
xxviii. 7, 8,.....153, 169—172
xxix.....72
xxxi. 3. .....170, 180
xxxi. 16, ...278
xxxii. 1—7, ...495, 496
xxxiii. 1—9, ...94
xxxiv. 1, 7, 8,.....193
xxxiv. 11—22, ...776
xxxvi. 5, 6,.....183
xxxvi. 5—9, ...151, 166
xxxvi. 6,.....148, 289
xxxvi. 9, ...57
xxxvii. 7, ...151
xxxvii. 37,....1099, 1102, 1103, 1109, 1110, 1111

Hymn.

PSALMS, (continued.)
xxxviii. 4, ...462, 166, 475, 176, 485
xxxix. 3,....849
xxxix. 4, 5, 11,....1055
xxxix. 9,....587
xxxix. 12, 13, ...1054—1056, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1071
xl 1—3, 5,....591
xl. 2, 3,....111, 539
xli. 1—3,....738, 747
xlii. 756
xlii. 1—5,....586, 591
xlii. 5, 7, 11,....628
xliii. 3, ...399
xliii 5, ...628
xliv. 21,....133
xlv. 2, ...257, 276
xlv. 3—5, ...241, 337, 868, 906
xlv. 6, 17,....333
xlvi. 144, 172
xlvi. 4,....942
xlvii. 5, 6,....248
xlviii....786, 797
xlviii. 14, ...284
l. 1, 3, 22,....1139
l. 1—6, ...1134, 1139
l. 15,....560, 590, 595, 596
l. 23, ...104
li. 475, 483, 484
li. 1—3, 7—9, ...483
li. 1, 3, 7, 8, 10,....475
li. 1—4, 7, 10—12, ...479
li. 1, 4, 9—12,....380, 479
li. 1—4, 13, 17, 19,....468
li. 1, 7, 8, 16, 17, ...470, 485
li. 1—12, ...463, 466, 467, 522
li. 5,....500
li. 6,....24
li. 8,....646
li. 9—12,....522
li. 17,....159, 525
lii. 5—8, ...609
liii. 6,....919
liii. 1—3, ...492, 500
liv. 4, ...169, 170, 175, 194, 616
lv. 1—14, ...586
lv. 6, ...543
lv. 16—23, ...761
lv. 17,....638, 1008, 1018
lv. 22, ...560, 584
lvi. 12, ...825, 830
lvii 1—3.... 584, 588, 597—599, 619, 623, 675
lvii 5, 11, ...70, 113, 342
lvii. 7—10 78
lvii. 9,....106, 108, 110, 112, 115
lvii. 10,....183, 405
lviii. 3, ...492, 500
lix. 17, ...169, 170, 175, 194, 616
lx. 11, ...874
lxi. 1—8,....648
lxi. 2, 5, ...625
lxii. 1, 5, 6, 8, ...601
lxii. 6,....169, 170, 175, 194, 616
lxiii....655

Hymn.

PSALMS, (continued.)
lxiii. 1,....177, 591
lxiii. 1, 2, 4, 5, ...18
lxiii. 1—4,....192
lxiii 4,....103, 106, 108, 110
lxiii. 6, 7, 8,....679
lxiii. 8, ...672
lxiv. 10,....602
lxv....992
lxv. 1, ...31
lxv. 1—5, ...105
lxv. 4, ...151, 602
lxv. 5—13, ...79
lxvi. 1—4,....990
lxvi. 13, ...825, 830
lxvi. 17—20, ...381, 645
lxvii....856, 858, 918
lxvii. 5,....113
lxviii. 925, 926
lxviii. 4—9, 32, ...68, 71, 72
lxviii. 5,....739
lxviii. 9, 10, ...997
lxviii. 16, ...935
lxviii. 18, ...243
lxviii. 19, ...991
lxix. 13—18, 29, ...648
lxix. 13—20, ...635, 636, 647, 648
lxix. 32, 33, ...645
lxx....648
lxxi. 3,....180
lxxi. 5, 6, 17, 18, ...731, 732
lxxi. 16,...253, 258, 262, 272, 324, 519
lxxi. 22—24, ...78, 106, 109—112
lxxii....854, 910
lxxii. 1, 6, 7, 8, ...853
lxxii. 5,....217
lxxiii. 3, 18,....755, 761
lxxiii. 24,....606, 657, 668
lxxiii. 25—28,....175, 181, 188, 535
lxxiii. 26, ...593
lxxiv. 20, ...917
lxxv. 7, ...141—147
lxxvi. 7,....455, 459, 464, 1145
lxxvii. 7—9,....383
lxxvii. 19,....142
lxxviii. 1—7, ...116
lxxix. 9, ...656
lxxx. 3—7, 14—19,....383—385, 684, 685, 692
lxxx. 18, ...353, 355, 358, 362, 363, 369
lxxxi. 1—4, ...68, 69, 74
lxxxi. 16, ...995
lxxxii. 3, 4,....737, 741
lxxxiv. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7,....5
lxxxiv. 1, 2, 4—8, ...10, 40
lxxxiv. 7, ...568
lxxxiv. 10—12, ...13, 14, 20, 40
lxxxiv. 11,....931
lxxxv. 4—8,....383—385, 684, 685, 691, 692
lxxxv. 9—13,....860, 865, 867, 869
lxxxvi. 648
lxxxvi. 5—10, ...5
lxxxvi. 15, ... 157

Hymn.

PSALMS, (continued.)
lxxxvii. 1, 2,.....935
lxxxvii. 3,.....902, 930
lxxxviii.....176, 584, 648
lxxxix. 2—4,.....161, 162
lxxxix. 5, 11—14,.....166
lxxxix. 6—14,.....131, 135, 137, 146
lxxxix. 9,.....395
lxxxix. 14,.....142
lxxxix. 15—17,.....408
lxxxix. 24—35,.....161
lxxxix. 47, 48,....1054—1056, 1058—1060, 1064
xc.....1044, 1073
xc. 1, 2,.....128
xc. 1—3, 9, 12,.....1056, 1073
xc. 1—4,.....760
xc. 2, 4, 6, 12,.....1056, 1057
xc. 5—12,.....1055, 1149
xc. 9,.....1048
xci.....622
xcii. 1—3,.....45, 46, 50
xcii. 5—7,.....1032
xciii.....141
xciii. 1—4,...138, 141, 143—145, 151
xciii. 3, 4,.....931
xciii. 5,.....159
xciv. 12—14,..578, 590, 595, 597—600
xcv.....79—82, 990
xcv. 1, 2, 6,.....11
xcv. 7, 8,.....412
xcvi.....398, 913
xcvi. 1, 2, 9—13,.....214
xcvi. 1—3,.....82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92
xcvi. 4,.....797
xcvii. 1—3,.....1134
xcvii. 1—3, 11, 12,.....138—145, 151
xcviii.....68, 69, 86, 87, 88
xcviii. 5—9,.....214
xcix. 1—3,.....71
xcix. 5—9,.....89
c.....1, 2, 6, 68, 69, 80, 85, 169, 925, 926, 990
cii. 11, 12,.....1056
cii. 13, 14,.....895
cii. 16—21,.....895
cii. 17, 18.....645
cii. 23—27,.....760, 1073
cii. 25–27,.....131, 160
ciii.....186
ciii. 1–5,.....96
ciii. 1–7,.....182
ciii. 1, 8, 11, 12,.....183
ciii. 8, 9, 13,.....600
ciii. 13—18,.....184
ciii. 15,.....1149
civ. 2—31,.....127, 129, 137
civ. 21, 27—31,.....149
civ. 33, 34,.....91, 108—110
cv. 1,.....154
cv. 8—15,.....1002
cvi. 1, 2,.....69, 77, 84, 85, 154
cvii. 23—31,.....963
cvii. 25—31.....964
cviii. 1–5,.....78

Hymn

PSALMS, (continued.)
cviii. 3, 4,.....106—108, 110—112
cviii. 5,.....70, 113
cix. 23,.....1054, 1055, 1064
cix. 30,.....106—108, 110—112
cx. 1—6,.....335
cx. 3,.....364
cx. 3, 4,.....872
cxi. 1,.....103, 106—108, 110—112
cxi. 9,.....159
cxii. 1—9,.....738
cxii. 6,...1100, 1101, 1104, 1110, 1114
cxiii. 5, 6,.....138, 158
cxiv. 7,.....159
cxv. 1,.....505, 510
cxv. 4—8,.....877, 917
cxvi. 1. 7,.....754
cxvi. 12—19,.....15
cxvi. 15,.....1104
cxvii.....84, 925, 926
cxviii. 1—4, 29,.....90, 92, 154
cxviii. 21, 28,.....103, 106—108, 110—112
cxviii. 22—25,.....787
cxviii. 24, 26,.....34
cxviii. 6,.....530
cxix.....401, 402, 692, 709
cxix. 5, 33, 35—37, 133,.....709
cxix. 9, 104, 105, 113. 116, 140, 160 } 770
cxix. 10, 11, 53, 63, 120, 158, 161, 163, 166, 174, } ...390, 589
cxix. 13, 15, 16, 32, 46, 93,.....669
cxix. 14, 30, 57, 59, 60, 71,.....615
cxix. 18,.....58
cxix. 24, 103, 105, 174,.....392
cxix. 25,.....692
cxix. 25, 107, 154, } 40, 88, 159, } ..... } 353, 355, 358, 362, 363, 369
cxix. 55, 62, 81, 147, 164,.....710
cxix. 57,.....593
cxix. 67,.....590
cxix. 71,.....578, 582, 597
cxix. 90,.....166
cxix. 92,.....589
cxix. 96,.....386
cxix. 97,.....389
cxix. 105,.....392
cxix. 135,.....278
cxix. 148,.....1008
cxix. 176,.....537
cxxi.....168, 173, 622
cxxi. 4, 5,.....1033
cxxii.....3, 12, 43
cxxii. 7,.....944
cxxiii.....168, 173
cxxv. 1, 2, 4,.....621, 622
cxxvi.....782
cxxvi. 5,.....1167
cxxvii. 3,.....974, 975
cxxx.....521, 523, 529
cxxx. 4,.....459
cxxxii. 8—10, 14,.....927
cxxxii. 13—16,.....935

Hymn.

PSALMS, (continued.)
cxxxiii. ....694, 697—701
cxxxiv. 4
cxxxv. 71, 77, 87, 90, 92
cxxxv. 7, ...179
cxxxvi. 68, 71, 72, 84, 85, 90
cxxxvii. 1—6, ...708, 922
cxxxvii. 5, 6, ...788
cxxxviii. 1, 2, ...93, 103, 106, 108 —110, 112
cxxxviii. 6, ...158
cxxxix. 1—12, 23, ...130, 132, 490
cxxxix. 1—12, ...134—136
cxxxix. 23 24, ...577
cxli. 2, ...1024
cxli. 2, 3, ...709
cxlii. 593, 756
cxliii. 2, ...464
cxliii. 10, 11, ...353, 355, 358, 362, 363, 369, 692
cxliii. 648
cxliv. 2, ...174, 175, 180
cxliv. 3, ...158, 163—165
cxlv. 108
cxlv. 8, 9, ...183
cxlv. 10, 11, ...75, 97, 99, 101, 104, 107, 185
cxlvi. 91, 95, 110
cxlvii. 1, ...95
cxlvii. 2, ...921, 924
cxlvii. 11, ...83
cxlvii. 14, ...995
cxlvii. 16—18, 20, ...1043
cxlviii. 66, 67, 104
cxlix. 4, ...83, 87, 92, 94
cl. 73, 74
cl. 1, 2, 6, ...86

PROVERBS.
i. 23, ...423, 424, 437, 447
i. 23—32, ...451
ii. 1—6, ...775
iii. 6, ...657
iii. 11, 12, ...595, 597—600
iii. 14—17, ...775
iii. 32, ...775
iv. 1—13, ...665
v. 21, ...133
vi. 9, ...457
viii. 1—21, 32—36, ...775
viii. 22—31, ...293
ix. 1—5, ...422—425
ix. 12, ...442, 446
x. 7, 25, ...1100, 1101, 1104, 1110, 1114
xi. 19, ...442, 446, 451
xi. 24, 25, ...737, 738, 744, 747, 748
xiv. 32, ...1096—1099, 1101, 1104, 1105
xv. 11, ...133
xv. 20, ...979
xv. 32, ...434, 442, 451
xvi. 4, ...147
xvii. 3, ...133, 490

Hymn.

PROVERBS, (continued.)
xviii. 10, ...169, 170
xviii. 24, ...289
xix. 17, ...738, 744, 747, 748
xxi. 2, ...133
xxiii. 15, ...980
xxiv. 12, ...133
xxv. 2, ...142
xxvii. 1, ...1055, 1061, 1063
xxviii. 13, ...496
xxix. 1, ...456, 458
xxx. 5, ...390, 39?

ECCLESIASTES.
i. 2, ...751, 1149
ii. 1—11, ...751
iii. 14, ...147
iii. 19, 20, ...1081
v. 1, ...21, 25, 29
v. 15, ...572
vii. 20, 29, ...492, 500
viii. 8, ...1060, 1079, 1082
ix. 5, ...1085
ix. 10, ...436, 438, 441
ix. 12, ...1081
xi. 1, 2, ...737, 738, 740, 744, 747, 748
xi. 6, ...740
xi. 9, ...455, 1137, 1144, 1145
xii. 1, ...769, 772, 778
xii. 1—6, ...752
xii. 7, ...1083, 1087
xii. 14, ...1131, 1142, 1145

CANTICLES.
i. 15, ...257
ii. 1, ...882
iv. 7, ...257
v. 10, 16, ...257, 304
viii. 6, ...567, 629

ISAIAH.
i. 2, 3, ...683
i. 18, ...410, 413, 421
ii. 2—4, ...899
ii. 3, ...425
ii. 4, ...864
ii. 10, 12, ...1135
ii. 12, ...1132
ii. 22, ...1057, 1064
iii. 10, ...578, 1101, 1103, 1104, 1108, 1111
iv. 5, ...408
iv. 6, ...176
vi. 3, ...159
vi. 5, ...462
vi. 6, 7, ...87
vi. 8, ...866
vi. 9, ...881
viii. 6, ...169
viii. 14, ...787
viii. 20, ...390, 398, 400
ix. 2, 6, 7, ...217

Hymn.

ISAIAH, (continued.)
x. 3,....1145
xi. 1—8,....215
xi. 9,....877, 983—985, 987, 988
xii. 5, 6,....82
xiii. 6—13,....1141, 1142
xiv. 24, 27,....147, 160, 162, 574
xxi. 11,....893
xxv. 1,....166, 537
xxv. 6,....418, 420, 422, 424
xxv. 8,....1076
xxvi. 1,....111
xxvi. 3,....624
xxvi. 4,....623, 794
xxvi. 9,....589
xxvi. 19,....1121
xxvii. 5,....405
xxvii. 8,....179
xxvii. 13,....430
xxviii. 16,....227, 787
xxix. 15,....130, 132—134, 136
xxix. 19,....665
xxx. 18, 19,....166
xxxii. 2,....284, 285
xxxii. 20,....740
xxxiii. 14,....455, 1142, 1145
xxxiii. 20—22,....786, 928, 931
xxxv. 1, 2,....286, 882
xxxv. 8—10,....1153
xxxv. 10,....882, 894, 1154, 1160, 1165, 1169, 1173, 1174
xxxviii. 1,....1054, 1055, 1057
xxxix. 8,....587
xl. 3, 4,....888
xl. 6—8,....1054—1064
xl. 11,....977
xl. 18, 25,....146
xl. 28—31,....608, 623, 725
xli. 10,....170, 174, 180, 194, 611
xlii. 1—3,....215
xlii. 6, 7,....217
xlii. 10—12,....82
xlii. 11,....907, 908
xlii. 16—20,....214
xliii. 1, 2,....571
xliii. 5, 6,....894, 909
xliii. 25,....252, 253
xliv. 2,....611
xlv. 5—7,....131
xlv. 17,....552
xlv. 19,....645, 682
xlv. 22,....256, 263, 283
xlvi. 5,....146
xlviii. 10,....795
xlviii. 22,....447
xlix. 15,....795, 948
xlix. 16,....567, 629, 788
l. 10,....619
li. 9,....857, 861
lii. 2,....894
lii. 1—10,....896, 949
liii. 1,....449
liii. 3—7,....227
liii. 4—7,....254, 528
liii. 4—12,....231

Hymn.

ISAIAH, (continued.)
liv. 2, 3,....866
liv. 10,....160
lv. 1, 2,....422, 428, 500, 550
lv. 6, 7,....436
lv. 7—9,....447
lv. 13,....213
lv. 17—19,....364
lvii. 15,....986
lvii. 20, 21,....447
lviii. 6, 7,....986
lix. 4—9,....492, 500
lix. 19,....904
lx. 1—3,....912
lx. 19—22,....924, 1170, 1172, 1174
lx. 22,....912
lxi. 1—3,....211
lxii. 6,....955
lxiii. 1—3,....336
lxiii. 3,....239
lxiii. 10,....380, 438, 442, 448
lxiii. 17,....383
lxiv. 4,....1153
lxiv. 6,....1040, 1041, 1064
lxv. 17—19,....905
lxv. 24,....634
lxvi. 1, 2,....159, 167, 665
lxvi. 22, 23,....905, 906

JEREMIAH.
i. 7, 8,....882
ii. 13,....684, 690
ii. 19,....446, 456, 458
iii. 4,....769, 772
iii. 23,....256, 258
viii. 20,....440, 454
viii. 22,....409, 497, 526
x. 6, 7,....797
xi. 4,....795
xiii. 16,....445
xiii. 21,....455
xiv. 9,....380, 384
xvii. 7, 8,....607, 609
xvii. 10,....133
xviii. 6,....147
xxii. 10,....1108, 1119
xxiii. 6,....517
xxiii. 23, 24,....130, 132—134, 136
xxiii. 29,....412
xxix. 11—14,....405
xxx. 11,....598, 599
xxxi. 33, 34,....870, 903
xxxii. 19,....133
xxxii. 27,....137
xxxiii. 15,....517
xlvi. 27, 28,....571
xlix. 11,....739
l. 4, 5,....899, 920, 921
li. 15,....127, 129, 131

LAMENTATIONS.
i. 12,....221, 223, 224, 227, 229
iii. 22, 23,....166, 1011

Hymn.

LAMENTATIONS, (continued.)
iii. 24, ...175, 537, 593, 615
iii. 27, ...588, 599, 596, 597
iii. 31—33,....562, 570, 578, 579, 595, 599
iii. 39,.....581, 587, 605
iii. 40, ...489, 490
v. 19, ...128
v. 21, ...383, 385, 482, 488

EZEKIEL.
ii. 3—7, ...881, 882, 887
iii. 4—9,.....881, 882, 887
iii. 17—21,.....950, 955
ix. 4,.....383, 384, 684
xi. 19, ...362, 518
xvi. 5—14, ...693
xvi. 63, ...252, 253
xviii. 21—23, 27, 28, 31, 32, } ..... } 447, 448
xviii. 30, ...452
xxi. 27,.....863, 865, 903
xxii. 14,.....1145
xxxiii. 7,.....955
xxxiii. 11, ...407, 447—449
xxxiii. 30, 31, ...758
xxxvi. 25—27,.....354, 362, 518
xxxvi. 21, 32, ...252, 253
xxxvi. 37,.....638, 645
xxxvii. 1—10, ...874
xxxvii. 9, ...266
xxxvii. 9—14, ...377
xxxvii. 26, 27, ...905
xlvii 1—12, ...286

DANIEL.
ii. 44,.....867, 871, 900, 903, 916
iii. 20—25, ...795
iv. 3, 34, 35,.....141, 144, 145, 149
vi. 10,.....638, 710, 718
vi. 26, ...141, 144, 145, 149
vii. 9, 10, 13,.....1132, 1134, 1136
vii. 14, 27,.....854
ix. 5, 8,.....462, 480
ix. 21, ...634, 645
x. 12,.....634, 645
x. 19 546
xii. 2, ...1121—1129, 1145
xii. 3, ...878, 884, 1132

HOSEA.
iv. 17, ...442, 446
vi. 1,.....425, 489, 490
vi. 3,.....146, 565, 568
vi. 4, ...582
x. 12,.....432, 437, 438, 441, 443
xi. 8,.....448
xiii 9, ...480
xiv. 1, 2, ...425, 489, 490

Hymn

JOEL.
i. 13, ...987, 988
ii. 12, 13,.....986
ii. 17,.....987, 988
ii. 28—32, ...874

AMOS.
iv. 12, ...1137, 1145
vi. 1, ...687
vi. 3,.....437, 452, 454, 457
ix. 2, 3,.....130, 132—134, 136

OBADIAH.
1—21,....896, 900, 903, 909, 911, 915, 916

JONAH.
i. 3, 10,.....130, 132, 134, 136
ii. 4, 7, ...682
iii. 5—10,.....985, 986, 988
iv. 2,.....182—184

MICAH.
ii. 7,.....364, 365, 367, 369, 370, 376, 379
ii. 10,.....751, 757
iii. 6, ...445
iv. 1—4,.....899
iv. 2,.....425
vi. 6—8,.....19, 49, 258
vii. 7,.....521, 523
vii. 18, 19, ...182—184

NAHUM.
i 3, ...96
i. 6, ...1145
i. 7, ...617
i. 15, ...949

HABAKKUK.
i. 13, ...464
ii. 14,.....863, 876, 877, 903
ii. 20,.....159
iii. 2,.....383. 384
iii. 17—19, ...592

ZEPHANIAH.
i. 14—18, ...445
iii. 9, 10, ...856, 865, 870
iii. 14—17,.....895, 897

HAGGAI.
ii. 6, 7,.....857, 861, 863, 867
ii. 23,.....629

ZECHARIAH.
i. 5, ...1062

Hymn.

ZEPHANIAH, (continued.)
ii. 13,.....159
iv. 6, ...518, 874
iv. 7, ...520
vi. 12—15,.....217
xiii. 1,.....274, 286, 500, 502, 544
xiii. 9, ...578, 579, 582, 588

MALACHI.
i. 11,.....874, 891, 896—898
iii. 2 .....1130, 1131, 1145
iii. 6 .....131, 178
iii. 7, ...482
iii 10,.....384, 385
iv. 1, ...1130, 1136, 1140
iv. 2, ...207, 871

MATTHEW.
i. 21, ...348
ii. 9—11,.....202, 959
iii. 7, ...491
iii. 9, ...494
iii. 10,.....456, 458
iii. 16,....799, 800, 802, 808, 810, 814
iv. 16,.....217
iv. 17,.....452
v. 5, 8,.....665
v. 7—10, ...750
v. 9, ...694
v. 16, ...706
v. 20, ...377, 1153
v. 44, ...763
v. 48,.....691, 702, 706, 709, 721, 722
vi. 6, ...637, 638, 640, 641
vi. 9—13, ...650, 658
vi. 14, 15, ...762
vi. 16—18,.....986
vi. 19, 20,.....580, 757
vi. 24,.....587
vi. 25—34,.....560, 569, 571
vi. 31—34,.....573
vii. 7—11,.....334, 644, 645, 855
vii 11,.....359
vii 13, 14. ....686, 688, 725
vii 21—23,.....1153
vii. 2,.....483
viii. 25, ...218, 960
viii. 28, ...554, 705
ix. 2, 22, 27, 29, 33, ...218
ix. 37, 38, ...866
x. 31, ...560, 569, 571
x. 32, 33, ...552, 1144
x. 35—39,.....530
x. 42, ...744
xi. 5, ...218
xi. 28, 29, ...416, 417, 419, 421, 707
xii. 8,.....34
xii. 17—21,... 215
xii. 36. 37,.... .....1082, 1131
xiii. 16, 17,.....949
xiii. 18—22, ...758
xiii 41, 42,.....1153
xiii 43, ...1164, 1175, 1176

Hymn.

MATTHEW, (continued.)
xiii. 45, ...398
xiv. 23, ...704, 1021
xiv. 27—31,.....218, 569, 960
xv. 25, ...656
xv. 30, 31,.....218
xvi. 18, ...787
xvi. 24, 25,.....530
xvi. 26,..... 434, 442, 951
xvii. 4, ...40, 54
xviii. 11,.....224, 259
xviii. 20,.....30, 288
xviii. 21, 22,.....763
xix. 13, 14, ...981, 982
xix. 23, 24,.....1153
xix. 27—29,.....530, 551
xx. 28,.....243
xx. 30—34,.....218
xxi. 5—7, ...215
xxi. 9, ...350
xxi. 15, 16, ...114, 331
xxi. 21, ...624
xxi. 42, ...787
xxii. 9, 10, ...418, 420, 422, 424
xxiii. 37, ...436, 442, 463
xxiv. 30, 31, ...1135, 1136, 1141
xxiv. 35, ...900
xxiv. 42—46, ...715, 716
xxv. 13,.....715—717
xxv. 21, 23,.....1118, 1140
xxv. 31, 32,.....1131, 1138
xxv. 34,.....1144
xxv. 40, 45,.....744, 746
xxv. 41,.....1142
xxvi. 21, 22, 25, ...577
xxvi. 26—28,.....831, 833
xxvi. 36—45, ...219—222
xxvi. 39, 42,.....219—222, 659, 660
xxvi. 41,.....715, 716
xxvi. 64,.....1132—1138, 1140, 1141, 1144
xxvii. 45—54, ...223—230, 232
xxvii. 46, ...836
xxvii. 51, 52, 53,.....224, 229
xxviii. 1, 6,.....38
xxviii. 2,.....234, 238
xxviii. 5,....234—236, 238—241, 243
xxviii. 6, ...799
xxviii. 18—20,.....852, 881, 887, 888

MARK.
i. 9—11,..709, 800, 802, 808, 810, 814
i. 15, ...452
i 32—34, ...218
i. 35, ...639, 704
i 41, ...483
ii. 28,.....34
iv. 14, ...63
iv. 15—19, ...758
iv. 24, ...408
iv. 37—41,.....569, 960
iv. 39,.....305
v. 15, 34, 41, 42, ...218
vi. 46, ...704, 1021

Hymn.

MARK, (continued.)
vi. 50,.....569
vii. 25—29,.....634
viii. 23,.....218
viii. 34, 35,.....530
viii. 36, 37,.....434, 442, 951
viii. 38,.....554
ix. 5,.....40, 54
ix. 41,.....744
x. 13, 14, 16,.....981, 982
x. 21,.....558
x. 28—30,.....530
x. 45,.....243, 254, 256, 261
x. 46—52,.....218
xi. 9, 10,.....350
xi. 25, 26,.....763
xii. 10, 11,.....787
xiii. 26, 27,...1131, 1136—1138, 1144
xiii. 31,.....900
xiii. 33, 35, 37,.....715, 716
xiv. 7,.....744
xiv. 18, 19,.....577
xiv. 22—26,.....831, 839
xiv. 32—41,.....219—222
xiv. 36,.....659, 660
xiv. 38,.....715, 716
xiv. 62,..1132—1138, 1140, 1141, 1144
xv. 24—37,.....223—230, 232
xv. 34,.....836
xvi. 2, 6,.....38, 237
xvi. 15—20,.....852, 887

LUKE.
i. 33, 79,.....217
i. 49,.....159
ii. 8—14,.....201, 203, 204—208
ii. 32,.....217
iii. 4—6,.....888
iii. 9,.....456, 458
iii. 21, 22,..799, 800, 802, 808, 810, 814
iv. 18, 40,.....218
v. 16,.....639, 704
vi. 5,.....34
vi. 12,.....639, 704, 1021
vi. 22, 23,.....750
vi. 27, 28,.....763
vi. 34, 35,.....738
vii. 21, 22,.....218
viii. 11,.....63
viii. 12—14,.....758
viii. 15,.....59
viii. 18,.....408, 758
viii. 24,.....960
viii. 35, 48, 55,.....218
viii. 43—48,.....735
ix. 23, 24,.....530
ix. 25,.....434, 442, 951
ix. 26,.....554, 705
ix. 33,.....40, 54
x. 2,.....866
x. 20,.....147
x. 23, 24,.....949
x. 34, 35,.....747
x. 42,.....765

Hymn.

LUKE, (continued.)
xi. 1,.....24
xi. 2—4,.....650, 658
xi. 9—13,.....359
xi. 28,.....408
xii. 8,.....552, 1144
xii. 22—31,.....560, 569, 571
xii. 33, 34,.....580
xii. 35,.....722
xii. 37, 40, 43,.....715, 716
xiii. 3, 5,.....452
xiii. 6—9,.....456, 458
xiii. 24,.....686, 688, 725
xiv. 22,.....418, 420, 424, 428
xiv. 26, 27,.....526
xv. 7, 10,.....779—781
xv. 12—24,.....481, 779
xvi. 13,.....557
xviii. 1,.....638
xviii. 7,.....645
xviii. 9—14,.....133
xviii. 15, 16,.....981, 982
xviii. 29, 30,.....530
xviii. 35—43,.....218
xix. 10,.....224, 259
xix. 17, 19,.....1118
xix. 38,.....350
xix. 41, 42,.....434, 452, 1132
xx. 17,.....787
xxi. 27,.....1132, 1133, 1135, 1136
xxi. 28,.....1140
xxi. 33,.....900
xxi. 36,.....715—717
xxii. 19, 20,.....831, 842—844, 846
xxii. 39—44,.....219—222
xxii. 42,.....659, 660
xxii. 43,.....678
xxii. 69,..1132—1138, 1140, 1141, 1144
xxiii. 16,.....227
xxiii. 34,.....763
xxiii. 39—43,.....274
xxiii. 42,.....666, 667
xxiii. 44—46,.....223—230, 232
xxiv. 1—3, 6,.....38
xxiv. 32,.....28
xxiv. 34,.....237
xxiv. 50, 51,.....242, 245—250

JOHN.
i. 4, 5, 9,.....215
i. 13,.....377
i. 14,.....210
i. 18,.....547
i. 29, 36,.....273, 555
i. 32—34,....799, 800, 802, 808, 810, 814
ii. 24, 25,.....133
iii. 3, 5, 7,.....123—125, 377
iii. 8,.....379
iii. 14, 15,.....256, 427, 526
iii. 16, 17,.....102, 212, 269, 270
iv. 13, 14,.....410, 418, 420—423
iv. 24,.....133
iv. 35,.....866, 901

Hymn.

JOHN, (continued.)
v. 23, ...344
v. 25, 28, 29,...1082, 1121, 1124, 1125
v. 39, ...389, 390, 393
vi. 20, ...569
vi 27....589
vi. 32, 33, 35, 48, 51, 53—58, ...283, 847
vi. 68, ...181, 538, 548
vii. 37—39, ...410, 422, 423, 431
vii. 46, ...406
viii. 12, ...215, 651
ix. 5, ...215
x. 7, 11, 14, 15, ...290—292
x. 10, ...268
x 28, 29, ...561
xi. 11, ...1109
xi. 23, 24, ...1096, 1121, 1129
xii. 13, ...350
xii. 14, 15, ...215
xii. 26, ...530
xii. 46, ...215
xii. 47, ...268, 269
xiii. 7, ...148, 289, 585
xiii. 21—25, ...577
xiii. 34, 35, ...697—701
xiv. 2, 3, ...845, 1171
xiv. 6, ...280
xiv. 7—11, ...307
xiv. 16, 17,...352, 356, 357, 361, 370, 372, 374
xiv. 21, 23, ...849
xiv. 26, ...369, 376
xiv. 27, ...62
xv. 1—5, ...847
xv. 16, ...121, 125
xv. 17, ...697, 698
xv. 26, ...352, 356, 357, 361, 370, 372
xvi. 8—12, ...361, 363
xvi. 13—15, ...355, 369
xvii. 4, ...224, 225
xvii. 5, ...362
xvii. 12, ...561
xviii. 9, ...561
xviii. 11, ...659, 666
xix. 5, ...256, 273, 555
xix. 16—30, ...223—230, 232
xix. 34, ...263
xx. 1—18, ...38
xx 22, ...352
xxi 15—17, ...577

ACTS.
i. 8, ...852
i. 9, 10, ...242, 245—250, 322
i. 11, ...322, 1135, 1138, 1140
i. 24, ...133
ii. 1—4, ...352, 367, 373, 937
ii. 16—21, ...874
ii 26, 27, ...1087, 1122, 1127, 1128
ii. 32, 33, ...247
ii. 34, 35, ...335
ii. 38, ...452
ii. 41, ...806, 813, 820

Hymn.

ACTS, (continued.)
iii. 19, ...452
iv. 11, ...787
iv. 12, ...53, 258, 262, 272
v. 31....257, 259, 272, 295, 300, 315, 321, 323, 325
vi. 48, 49, ...935, 936, 941
vii. 51, ...438, 442
vii. 55, 56, ...1159
vii. 60, ...1109
viii. 12, ...799, 802, 819, 820
viii. 22, ...452
viii. 32, ...231
viii. 37, ...798, 809, 811, 813
viii. 60, ...1109
ix. 11, ...633
x. 38, ...744
x. 43, ...274
xi. 23, ...303
xiii. 2—4, ...878, 880—883, 885, 887, 888
xiii. 38, ..256, 258—260, 264, 266, 272, 274
xv. 8—11, ...696
xv. 26, ...881, 883, 888, 1120
xvi. 30, 31, ...497
xvii. 11, ...389, 390, 393
xvii. 24, 25, ...935, 936, 941
xvii. 28, ...152, 153
xvii. 30, ...452
xvii. 31..1132, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1142
xx. 18—21, 28, 31, ...955
xx. 24, ...1156
xxi. 13, ...886, 889
xxii. 21, ...878, 880—883, 887
xxiv. 15, ...1121, 1123, 1126, 1129
xxiv. 16, ...706
xxiv. 25, ...455, 459, 491, 1145
xxvi. 16—18, 22, 23, ...878, 880—883, 887, 888
xxvi. 28, ...461, 462, 472, 686

ROMANS.
i. 16, ...388, 409, 552, 554, 881
i. 19, 20, ...97, 99, 107, 126, 127, 129
i. 21—32, ...917
ii. 4, ...486
ii. 5—10, ...1130, 1131, 1139, 1140
ii. 12, ...917
ii. 21—23, ...955
ii. 28, 29, ...377
iii. 4, ...494
iii. 10—18, ...492, 500
iii. 19, ...464, 484, 494
iii. 20—28, ...252—274, 277
iii. 22, 25, 26, ...497
iv. 5, 23—25, ...252—274, 277
iv. 7, 8, ...495, 496
v. 1, 2, ...767
v. 3, 4, ...595, 597, 733
v. 6, 8, ...223, 226, 251, 283
v. 10, ...287
v. 12, 15—19, ...492
v. 15—21, ...840

Hymn.

ROMANS, (continued.)
v. 15, 20, 21,....520
vi. 1,....670
vi. 2,....536
vi. 3—5,....803, 805, 822, 823,
vi. 5,....235
vi. 9, 10,....240, 242—245, 250, 295, 297, 317
vi. 12—22,....670
vi. 19,....537, 557, 784, 785, 803
vi 21,....539
vii. 8—12,....262
vii. 9—12, 24,....478
vii. 14—23,....473
vii. 22,....389
viii. 1,....578, 766, 767
viii. 5—8,....492, 500
viii. 14,....378
viii. 15,....261, 559
viii. 16,....360, 363, 367, 374, 382
viii. 18,....565, 629
viii. 26, 27,....633
viii. 28,..570, 581, 583, 585, 595, 597, 600, 733
viii. 33, 34,....243, 294, 519, 620
viii. 35,....567
viii. 38, 39,....303, 323, 561, 567, 708
ix. 1—3,....979
ix. 7—23,....121, 125
ix. 11, 16, 18,....252
ix. 33,....787
x. 4,....504, 527
x. 11,....227
x. 15,....949
xi. 6,....252
xi. 25, 26,....921, 923
xi. 29,....178
xi. 33,....142
xi. 36,....117, 121
xii. 5,....696
xii. 9, 10,....696, 790, 1068
xii. 14, 17, 19—21,....763
xii. 15,....597, 1068
xiii. 10,....697, 698
xiii. 11, 12,....684, 687, 691
xiv. 10, 12,....1131, 1132, 1136, 1144
xiv. 12,....1082
xv. 30,....901
xvi. 4,....881, 883, 888, 1120
xvi. 27,....564

1 CORINTHIANS.
i. 8,....564
i 9,....565
i. 18, 23,....409
i. 22—24,....307
ii. 2,....270, 271
ii. 9,....1153
iii. 6, 7,....411, 874
iii. 11,....253, 258, 262, 272
iii. 16,....355, 365
iv. 5,....133
v 7,....261, 263
vi. 9, 10,....1153

Hymn

1 CORINTHIANS, (continued.)
vi. 15,....30
vi. 19,....35
vi 20,....556, 70
vii. 29—31,..1054, 1055, 1057, 1060—1064
ix. 24, 25,....717, 719—722, 725, 726
x. 4,....540
x. 16,....827
x. 31,....70
xi. 23—26,....831, 845
xi. 25,....842—844, 846, 850
xii. 12, 13,....790, 791, 796, 827, 829
xiii. 1—3,....703
xiii. 2, 8, 13,....749
xiii. 12,....32, 336
xv. 10,....529
xv. 20,....237, 239, 1126
xv. 25,....871
xv. 26,....1087
xv. 42, 43, 49,....1121, 1122
xv. 52,....1132
xv. 55,....232
xv. 55—57,....1076, 1080
xvi. 9,....885
xvi. 13,....723

2 CORINTHIANS.
i. 12,....706
i. 18—20,....162
i. 22,..360, 363, 367, 371, 372, 374, 382
ii. 12,....885
ii. 15, 16,....411
iii. 5,....194, 546
iii. 7, 8, 16,....924
iii. 18,....568, 653
iv. 5,....956
iv. 16,....603, 729, 1080, 1086
iv. 17,....629
iv. 18,....536, 543, 586
v. 1—9,....1147
v. 5,....360, 363, 367, 374, 382
v. 6—8,....547, 1086, 1160
v. 7,....515, 1126, 1147
v. 17,....466
vi. 2,....435, 436, 440—443
vii. 5,....519
viii. 9,....207, 210, 329
viii. 23....945
ix. 9—11,....738, 739, 741—746
ix. 15,....746
x. 4,....377—379, 409, 411
x. 17,....271
xii. 9, 10,....503, 546
xii. 15,....955
xiii. 5,....490, 577, 630
xiii. 11,....1065, 1068, 1070
xiii. 14,....62

GALATIANS.
i. 4,..252, 256, 260, 262, 268, 269, 277
ii 9,....878, 880—885, 887, 888
ii 16....252, 253, 262, 266, 272

Hymn.

GALATIANS, (continued.)
ii. 19,.....556
ii. 20,.....363
iii. 13,.....275
iii. 22,.....492, 521
iii. 27,.....811, 822, 823
iii. 28,.....696, 697, 790, 791, 793
iv. 6, ...191, 261, 374, 559
iv. 9,....684, 687, 690—692, 721, 722, 726, 758
iv. 15,.....684, 685, 691
v. 6,.....514
v. 7,.....684, 687, 690—692
v. 16, 25, ...355—358, 363, 365—375
vi. 2, ...597, 739
vi. 9,.....740
vi. 14,.....253, 271, 705, 834

EPHESIANS.
i. 3,.....117
i. 4—6, 11,.....121, 125, 252
i. 7, ...251, 252, 254—256, 258—260, 261—264, 266, 270, 272
i. 10,.....790, 791, 793, 796
i. 13, 14..... 360, 363, 367, 374, 382, 559
ii. 1—3,.....492, 500
ii. 4,.....255
ii. 5, 8,.....520
ii. 8,.....505, 520
ii. 8, 9,.....510
ii. 9, 10, ...252, 253
ii. 13,.....492
ii. 19, ...789—791, 793, 796, 826—829
ii. 20—22,.....565, 787
iii. 15,.....789—791, 793, 796
iii. 18, 20,.....26
iii. 19, ...677
iv. 8,.....243
iv. 8—12,.....945
iv. 30, ...381, 383
iv. 32, ...697, 698
v. 1, ...702
v. 2,.....697, 698
v. 5,.....1153
v. 14,.....721, 722
v. 16, ...457
v. 27,.....564
v. 29—32, ...696
v. 30,.....303
vi. 1, ...776
vi. 11—17,.....722, 723
vi. 18,.....676

PHILIPPIANS.
i. 6,.....381, 520, 564—567
i. 21, 23,.....1086, 1093, 1098, 1108, 1109
ii. 5,.....702, 707
ii. 6, 7,.....207
ii. 6—10,.....302, 307, 309, 329
ii. 7, 8,.....210
ii. 9—11,.....871, 898

Hymn

PHILIPPIANS, (continued.)
ii. 12, 13,.....378
iii. 1, ...325
iii. 7, 8, ...253
iii. 8, ...558
iii. 13, 14,.....719
iii. 20,.....536, 629, 822
iii. 21,.....1122, 1123
iv. 1,.....720
iv. 3,.....826
iv. 4,.....325
iv. 13,.....546

COLOSSIANS.
i. 14,...251, 252, 254—256, 258—264, 266, 270, 272
i. 28,.....955
ii. 9,,.....307, 309
ii. 12,.....805, 822, 823
ii. 14, 15,.....670
iii. 1—3,..304, 330, 575, 580, 629, 713, 822, 1148
iii. 11,..... 299, 696
iii. 13,.....763
iv. 3,.....885

1 THESSALONIANS.
i. 5,.....408
i. 6,.....704
ii. 13,.....409
iii. 13,.....564
iv. 9, ...696—698
iv. 13,..1083, 1093, 1097—1101, 1104, 1106—1109
iv. 14, ...1109
iv. 16, 17,.....1124, 1132, 1138, 1140, 1144
v. 6,.....714—717
v. 15,.....763
v. 17,.....638
v. 19,.....381

2 THESSALONIANS.
i. 7, 8,.....1135, 1141
ii. 13,.....127
iii. 1,.....859, 860, 862, 864, 871
iii. 13,.....740

1 TIMOTHY.
i. 15,...210, 212, 221, 223, 224, 227—229, 252, 254, 256
ii. 1, 2,.....638
ii. 6, ...224, 227—231, 243
ii. 15,.....598
iii. 16,.....249, 250
iv. 16,.....955
v. 10,.....738, 739, 741, 743, 746, 747
vi. 6, ...573
vi. 7, ...572, 573
vi. 12,.....717, 722, 724
vi. 16,.....158

Hymn.

2 TIMOTHY.
i. 9, ...252, 377
i. 12,....552
i. 18, ...1130, 1131
ii. 3,....721, 723
ii. 13,....100, 160
iii. 16,....386, 395, 396, 398, 400
iv. 8,....651, 720, 726, 735
iv. 6—8, ...1098, 1104, 1116, 1118
iv. 18,....735

TITUS.
i. 2,....563
ii. 10—13,....706
ii. 14, ...256, 257, 260, 264
iii. 5,....266, 377, 516
iii. 8, ...706

PHILEMON.
4, ...638

HEBREWS.
i. 3,....307, 309, 329, 341
i. 6, ...204
i. 8,....333
i. 10—12, ...131
i. 13, ...335
ii. 1,....758
ii. 6—8,....163—165
ii. 9,....334, 340
ii. 14, 15,....233
ii. 17, 18,....298
iii. 7—11, 15,....79—82, 412
iv. 7,....79—82, 412
iv. 9,....35, 39, 55
iv. 13,....133
iv. 14, 15,....297, 298
iv. 16, ...643, 644
v. 7, ...216
v. 12—14, ...758
vi. 6, ...533, 670
vi. 10, ...748
vi. 12,....727, 728, 1062
vi. 17, 18, ...550
vi. 19,....563
vii. 19, 22, 24, ...216
vii. 25,....345, 410, 415, 426
viii. 13, ...216
ix. 9—15, ...216
ix. 12—14, 26,....254
ix. 27,....1137
ix. 28, ...1135
x. 4,....254
x. 5—10,....260
x. 11—14,....216
x. 22,....644
x. 23,....166, 611
xi. 1,....512
xi. 1, 3, 8,....506
xi. 7, 8,....515
xi. 25, 26,....534
xii. 1,....555, 719, 727, 728

Hymn.

HEBREWS, (continued.)
xii. 2, 3, ...553, 565
xii. 6, 7, 11, ...595
xii. 6—11,....600
xii. 18—24,....789
xiii. 8,....178, 581
xiii. 17, ...955

JAMES.
i. 10, 11, ...1149
i. 21,....375
iv. 14,....1064, 1149
v. 10,....727, 728
v. 13,....11, 644

1 PETER.
i. 2,....252
i. 2, ...121, 125
i. 3, 4, 5,....1126
i. 6, 7, ...578, 579, 582, 583
i. 8, ...254, 547
i. 13,....708
i. 15, 16,....159
i. 18, 19,....254
i. 24, 25, ...1149
ii. 7,....306, 787
ii. 21,....704
ii. 24,....254
ii. 25,....231
iii. 8,....697, 698
iii. 10—12, ...776
iv. 5,....1131
iv. 7,....1057, 1060
iv. 17, 18, ...455
v. 7,....560, 584

2 PETER.
i. 21, ...396, 400
iii. 10, 12,....1130, 1134—1136, 1141, 1144

1 JOHN.
i. 7, ...254, 258, 259, 262—264, 274
ii. 1,....614
ii. 2,....254, 258, 259, 262—264, 274
ii. 6,....704, 707
ii. 17,....751, 757, 1054, 1057, 1059
iii. 1,....302
iii. 1, 2,....191
iii. 3, ...514
iv. 8, 16,....155, 156
iv. 12,....547
v. 4, ...294
v. 8,....261, 266

2 JOHN.
3,....62

3 JOHN.
4, ...975, 976, 978, 979
8, ...741, 746

Hymn

JUDE.
24, 25,.....564

REVELATION.
i. 5, 6,.....316, 851
i. 7,..... 320, 321, 1132, 1135, 1136
i. 10.....39
ii. 8,.....687
ii. 10,.....730
ii. 23,.....133
iii. 1, 3—5,.....687
iii. 5, ...968
iii. 11, ...431
iii. 12,.....663, 713
iii. 20,.....434, 499
iv. 3,.....160
iv. 8,.....159
iv. 10, 11, ...311
v. 8—14,..343, 344, 346, 347, 349, 1179
v. 9, 10,.....316
vi. 13—17.....1130, 1135, 1136
vii. 9, 17,..254, 349, 1164, 1175, 1176, 1179
vii. 10,.....326, 340
vii. 20,.....326
x. 5, 6, ...1060, 1064
xi. 15,.....903, 911, 915, 916

Hymn.

REVELATION, (continued.)
xii. 10, ...519, 911, 915
xii. 11,.....727, 728
xiv. 6,.....892
xiv. 13,..1092, 1098, 1099, 1101, 1104, 1108, 1109, 1111
xiv. 15, ...878
xv. 3,.....142, 313
xv. 4,.....159
xvi. 7,.....142
xvi. 15, ...715—717
xix. 1,.....326
xix. 6,.....916
xx. 11,.....1134, 1135, 1145
xx. 13,.....1082, 1144
xx. 14, 15,.....1152
xxi. 2—4,.....574, 905, 1166
xxi. 3, 4, 22—25, ...1174
xxi. 27, ...1153
xxii. 1, 2,.....286
xxii. 2, ...1175, 1176
xxii. 3, 5,.....1174
xxii. 5, ...1113, 1174
xxii. 13,.....178
xxii. 16,.....959
xxii. 17,.....431
xxii. 7, 20,.....431, 873

THE

PSALMIST.

WORSHIP.

1 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

All Nations exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;—

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

2. L. M. WATTS.

The Sovereign Jehovah.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people ; we his care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day"!

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

4 C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high;
Send your admiring thoughts, by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheer your hearts
With rays of quickening grace:
'Tis he that spreads the heavens abroad,
Whose presence fills the place.

5. L. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

6. L. M. WATTS

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being, give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

7. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

8. C. M. WATTS.

Anticipating Worship.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye; —

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

9. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

10. H. M. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode | With warm desires
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; | Who love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God, our King, | Our willing feet.

11. S. M. E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

12. S. P. M. WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear.
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell,
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

13. H. M. WATTS.

Enjoyment in Worship.

1 TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door
I love it more | Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He will bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves, —
From pure and upright souls.
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

14. C. M. WATTS.

God present in the Sanctuary.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

15. C. M. WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, — forever thine, —
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

16. C. M. NEWTON.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

17. C. M. H. M. Williams.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

18. C. M. Watts.

Longing for the House of God.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray
And tune my lips to sing.

19. 7s. J. Taylor.

Elements of acceptable Worship.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee and all mankind.

20. L. M. WATTS.

Joy of public Worship.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day;
God is our shield — he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

21. C. M. SACRED POETRY.

Prayer for Sincerity.

1 LORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

22. C. M. STEELE.

The Presence of God sought in his House.

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

23. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Spiritual Improvement.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear, —
Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before, —
Full enjoyment, —
Holy bliss, forevermore.

24. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Invocation for a Blessing in Worship.

1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must, to thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee;
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give — what thine eye delights to see —
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone.

5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

25. 7s. HAMMOND.

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

26. L. M. WATTS.

The Indwelling of God desired.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

27. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

A Blessing sought.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

28. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for a Blessing on public Worship.

1 TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

29. C. M. PRESB. COL.

Prayer for special Favor.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

30 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Claiming the Promise.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

31. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Devout Worship of God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy spirit gave;
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust?
Who, but our God, has power to save?

3 Eternal source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

4 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, — the love of thee.

5 Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

6 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

32. S. M. URWICK'S COL.

Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

6 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

THE SABBATH.

33. C. M. EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

34. C. M. WATTS.

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

35. L. M. J. STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

36. C. M. KELLY.

Christ risen.

1 AND now another week begins;
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose who bore our sins,
For so his word records

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great, victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys, O, may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King;
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour! thee we hail,
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

37.

10s. W. MASON.

The Sabbath a Day of holy Rest.

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

38.

H. M. COTTERILL.

The Resurrection celebrated.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay,
Come, bless the day | The type of heaven's
That God hath blest | Eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads | And reaps the fruit
Our cause above, | Of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, | Through endless years
That once was slain, | To live and reign.

39. C. M. De Courcy's Col.

The Sabbath a Type of Heaven.

1 COME, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven, —
A type of that eternal rest
Which saints enjoy in heaven.

40. S. M. Watts.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

41. L. M. EPIS. COL.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

42. 10s. BROWNE.

Spiritual Longings.

1 HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends!

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
O, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

43. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Joy of Worship.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

44. H. M. HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

45. S. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Enjoyment in Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring;

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell;—

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

46. C. M. MRS. FOLLEN.

Love of Sabbath Service.

1 HOW sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven"!

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From Him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessèd day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven!

47. 7s, 6 L. NEWTON.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day, —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

48. S. M. BULFINCH.

Sabbath Worship.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

49. L. M BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 O, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee!

50. L. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

51. C. M. BARBAULD.

The World banished.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

52. L. M. BATHURST.

Improvement of the Sabbath.

1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own;
O, let us, then, his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free,
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our grovelling thoughts employ,
But Faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

53 H. M. BREVIARY.

A Blessing sought on Worship.

1 HERE, gracious God, do thou
In mercy now draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, | This holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore, —
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

54. L. M. RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven

55. L. M. DODDRIDGE

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place,
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;—

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

56. 7s. S. F. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

57. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Light of God's Countenance.

1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.

2 Light in thy light, O, may we see
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

58. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.

1 FATHER of all, in whom, alone,
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
O, fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here, by faith, we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

59. C. M. C. WESLEY

Seeking a Blessing.

1 ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known;
Apply the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
O, let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

60. 7s. KELLY.

A Blessing desired.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice, —
Hear it, and return to God.

61. 7s. SALISBURY COL.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 GLORIOUS in thy saints appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart; —

2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

62. 8s & 7s. NEWTON

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

63. 8s, 7s & 4. JAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

64. L. M. HART.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

65. 8s, 7s & 4. BURDER

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven, —
Glad the summons to obey, —
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

PRAISE TO GOD.

66. C. M. HEMANS.

Invitation to offer Praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; on every height
Songs to his glory raise;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise.

2 O fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of his will;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil; —

3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food; —

4 Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high;
O youths and virgins of the land;
O age and infancy; —

5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given,
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

67. H. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, | From nothing came,
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

68. H. M. DWIGHT.

God's Goodness and Truth.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power;
With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word,
With wide command, | O'er every sea
He spreads his sway | And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live:
With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

69. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Lands.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

70. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise to the great Jehovah.

1 BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

71. 11s & 8s. CH. PSALMODY.

The Lord is great.

1 THE Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great; his majesty how glorious!
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
He rules and reigns forevermore.

3 The Lord is great; his mercy how abounding!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords;
O, praise our God, with voice and harp resounding,
The King of kings and Lord of lords.

72.

10s & 11s. GRANT.

God glorious.

1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

5 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

73.

7s. WRANGHAM.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 PRAISE the Lord; his glory bless;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires;
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord our Righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

74 6s & 4s. W. Goodr.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name ;
Praise through his courts proclaim ;
Rise and adore ;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame ;
There let the harp be found ;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string :
Sweet the accord !
He vital breath bestows :
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose :
Praise ye the Lord.

75 L. M. Mrs. Opie.

The Voice of Creation.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power ;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general anthem raise.

2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst Nature's loud acclaim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name ?
All Nature's debt is small to mine,
For Nature soon shall cease to be ;
But — matchless proof of love divine —
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

76. L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
O, bless the world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

77. 8s & 7s. DUBLIN COL.

Praise the Lord.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

78. C. M. BARLOW.

A Morning Offering.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise ;
Awake, my harp, to sing ;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame ;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above,
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

79. S. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

80. L. M. WATTS.

Praise and holy Fear.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures by his word:
He is our Shepherd: we, the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew

4 Come, let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near;
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Come, seize the promise while it waits
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

81. C. M. WATTS.

Praise and holy Fear.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time — he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

82. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Universal Praise.

1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Let all the cheerful nations join
To spread his glory round.

2 Thou city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong; —

3 Till, 'midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all, combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

83. C. M. WATTS.

Praise from Jews and Gentiles.

1 ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amid the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

84. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

85. C. M. WRANGHAM.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fulness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

2 His love is great, his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord.

86. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise and Gratitude.

1 O, PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

87. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

88. C. M. WARDLAW.

Praise to God.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

89. S. M. WATTS.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

90. H. M. TATE & BRADY

Praise from Heaven and Earth.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

91. L. P. M. WATTS.

Praise at all Times.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last
Or immortality endures.

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

92. H. M. STEELE.

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise, | A general song
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

93. L. M. STEELE.

Mercies acknowledged.

1 AWAKE, my soul, awake, my tongue;
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend, and join the blissful song.

94. L. M. BLACKLOCK

Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

95. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God for his Perfections and Providence.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

96. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise for Mercies.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

97. C. M. ROWE.

Praise from all Nature.

1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.

3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
To deck with gold the opening morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony; —

6 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

98. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph rides th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who decked your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man — by nobler passions swayed —
Let man — in God's own image made —
His breath in praise employ,
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

99. C. P. M. H. Moore.

The Love of God.

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright, on high, its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil:
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

100. C. M. Watts.

A faithful God.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing —
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer, God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand inscribed the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Recorded by eternal love,
Each promise clearly shines;
Nor can the powers of hell remove
Those everlasting lines.

5 His word of grace is sure and strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 O, might I hear his heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
The gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

101. L. M. WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

102. C. M. WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

103. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

104. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah! — 'tis a glorious word;
O, may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

105. C. M. WATTS.

Worship of God in his Temple.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 O Lord, our guilt and fears prevail;
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

106. L. M. Watts.

Praise for divine Protection.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

107. C. M. Luth. Col.

Goodness of God seen in his Works.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good;
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the solemn shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God, still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see,
O, may our hearts, great God, be led,
Through all thy works, to thee.

108. L. M. WATTS.

All Praise due to God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

109. 8s & 7s. FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

110. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise at all Times.

1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

111. C. M. WATTS.

Protection from spiritual Enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

112. C. M. WRANGHAM.

Constant Praise.

1 TO thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to thee.

4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all his goodness prove.

5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
And thy dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

113. L. M. WATTS.

God worthy of all Praise.

1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

114. L. M. WATTS.

The Hosanna of Children.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

115. 7s. SALISBURY COL.

Perfect Praise in Heaven.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

116. C. M. WATTS.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

117. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 BLEST be the Father and is love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 All praise to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood —
The fount of life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore —
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

118. H. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love, —
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own | To die for sins
Eternal Son | That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where Reason fails, | There Faith prevails,
With all her powers, | And Love adores.

119. C. M. WATTS

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us, rebels, live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty, join
One general song to raise;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

120. 6s & 4s. DOBELL'S COL.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

121. H. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him who formed | Are endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
The tribute of our tongues:
Our lips address | With equal praise,
The Spirit's name, | And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise | When earth and time
His honors high, | Grow old and die.

122. S. M. C. Wesley.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, power, and praise, receive,
For thy creating love.

2 O thou incarnate Word,
Let all thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 The grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"

123. L. M. Bickersteth's Col.

Prayer to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Eternal Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

124. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he — and we'll adore his name —
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

125. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

ACTS AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

I.—IN HIMSELF.

126. C. M. WALLACE.

God seen in his Works.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is every where.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

127. C. M. WATTS.

God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And decked with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

128. C. M. WATTS.

Eternity of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

129. L. M. 6L. MOORE

All Things are of God.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

130. L. M. NOEL'S COL.

Omnipresence of God.

1 WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view,
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
One lonely wild, where thou art not?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, O God, and know each heart
With every idol bid us part;
Make us to keep thy holy ways,
And live to utter forth thy praise.

131. C. M. Tate & Brady

God unchangeable.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

132. L. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

Omnipresence of God.

1 FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

133 C. M. WATTS.

God searching the Heart.

1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Whate'er the guise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

134. C. M. WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

135. C. M. H. K. White.

God over all.

1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

136. L. M. Watts.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

137. C. M. Martineau's Col.

Omnipotence of God.

1 'TWAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies,
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning sky;
Loud thunders round him roar,
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.

4 He speaks, — great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

138. H. M. Watts.

Perfections of God's Government.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their fell designs:
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

139. C. M. H. K. White.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

140. L. M. Needham.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O, what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

141. L. M. WATTS.

Dominion, Eternity, and Immutability, of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At his rebuke, the billows die.

4 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

142. L. M. WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

143. L. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

144. 10s & 11s. WATTS.

Dominion of God.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King ; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign ;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods, arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more ; ye floods, be still
And all the world submissive to his will ;
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand ;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

145. S. P. M. WATTS.

The Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall calm their fury down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true ;
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

146. L. M. KIPPIS.

God incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

147. C. M. WATTS.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Before his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And casts the monarch down.

6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes —
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

148. C. M. COWPER.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

149. C. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

Providence kind and bountiful.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine ;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God — delightful theme ! —
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

150. C. M. GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ; —
A Spring whose blessings never fail ;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen :
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

151. L. M. WATTS.

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

152. L. M. S. S. Cutting.

God of all Goodness.

1 GOD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven, with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start, —
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases, at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross — its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life — the whole of heaven.

153. C. M. Steele.

Wonders of God's Love.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-belovéd Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

154. H. M. WATTS.

Wonders of Creation and Grace.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his name adored:
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God —
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

155. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

God is Love.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthy cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

156. C. M. G. BURDER.

God is Love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And O that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love!

5 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

157. H. M. J. YOUNG.

God's wondrous Love.

1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the sovereign love, of God.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

5 O for a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

158. C. M. STEELE.

Condescension of God.

1 ETERNAL Power, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this dark world thy notice bend, —
These seats of sin and woe?

4 How strange, how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise.

159. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

160. C. M. BEDDOME.

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.

3 The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away;
But he is still the same:
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

161. C. M. WATTS.

Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler promise sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

162. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

ACTS AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

II. — WITH REFERENCE TO HIS CREATURES.

163. C. M. WATTS.

Condescension of God.

1 O LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let every tongue proclaim.

2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so? —

3 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form, —
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

4 Let him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed his head to death,
And be his honors sounded high
By all things that have breath.

5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

164. S. M. WATTS

Divine Condescension.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies, —

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms, —
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That, from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

165. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God's Condescension.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight, —
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light, —

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?

4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

166. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Truth and Goodness of God.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

167. C. M. DRENNAN.

God present with his People.

1 THE eaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms and worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

168. C. M. WATTS.

God our Keeper.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

169. C. M. PITT.

God our Guardian.

1 ON God we build our sure defence;
In God our hopes repose;
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our foes.

2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloa's peaceful flood,
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

3 We to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely will resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God.
Our succor and support.

170. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Defence.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

171. L. M. ANON.

God a Rock.

1 WHEN thickly beat the storms of life,
And heavy is the chastening rod,
The soul, beyond the waves of strife,
Views the eternal rock — her God.

2 What hope dispels the spirit's gloom,
When sinking 'neath affliction's shock?
Faith, through the vista of the tomb,
Points to the everlasting Rock.

3 Is there a man who cannot see
That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chastening love.

4 Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand,
Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock
And show them, in the promised land,
The shelter of th' eternal Rock.

172. L. M. WATTS.

God the Refuge and Portion of his People.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

173. H. M. WATTS.

God our Preserver.

1 TO heaven I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid, —
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :

God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly ; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
Which never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

174. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our all.

1 HOW firm the saint's foundation stands!
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

175. C. M. WATTS.

God our Portion.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwel before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

176. C. M. BEDDOME.

God our Support.

1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose;
In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

177. C. M. STEELE.

God our Father.

1 MY God, my Father, — blissful name, —
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise
O, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

178. 8s. HART.

Our God forever and ever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

179. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

180. C. M. ANON.

God our Safety.

1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our deliverer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
Makes every soul in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

181. C. M. DOANE.

None but God.

1 LORD, should we leave thy hallowed feet,
To whom should we repair?
Where else such holy comforts meet,
As spring eternal there?

2 Earth has no fount of true delight,
No pure, perennial stream;
And sorrow's storm, and death's long night,
Obscure life's brightest beam.

3 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,
And undecaying peace;
For thou canst teach us so to live,
That life shall never cease.

4 Thou only canst the cheering words
Of endless life supply,
Anointed of the Lord of lords,
The Son of God most high.

182. S. M. WATTS.

Mercy of God to Soul and Body.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his belovéd Son.

183. S. M. WATTS.

Greatness of God's Mercy.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

184. S. M. Watts.

Kindness to our Frailty.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

185. L. M. Doddridge.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite, —
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 But, O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

186. L. M. WATTS

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue, with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

187. C. M WATTS.

God's Goodness.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

188. C. M. WATTS.

God all in all.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

189. S. M. BEDDOME.

Daily Mercies.

1 GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

190. C. M. HERVEY.

God our Wisdom

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives, — supremely good, —
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

191. S. M. WATTS.

Abba, Father.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

192. L. M. WATTS.

Recognizing God as a Father.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

193. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Security in God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

194. 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in God.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

195. S. M. WATTS.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade
My Shepherd 's with me there

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

196. H. M. CONDER.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep;
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where silent waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shaded valley through;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

197. L. M. 6L. ADDISON.

Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

198. C. M. WATTS.

The watchful Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come —
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

199. L. M. WATTS.

The faithful Shepherd.

1 THOUGH I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

2 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

200. 11s. MONTGOMERY.

The Care of the good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

CHRIST.

201. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest — glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

202. 11s & 10s. HEBER.

The Infant Saviour.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

203. H. M. REED'S COL.

Joy at Immanuel's Birth.

1 HARK ! hark ! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains :
Some new delight in heaven is known ;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh ;
The joyful hosts descend ;
The Lord forsakes the sky ;
To earth his footsteps bend :
He comes to bless our fallen race ;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show :
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim :
Angels and men, wake every string :
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

204. 8s, 7s & 4. MONTGOMERY.

Call to worship the new-born Saviour.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you; break your chains:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

205. C. M. E. H. SEARS.

A joyous Event.

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Aloud with anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

206. H. M. SALISBURY COL.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still, | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day."

3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

207. 7s. C. WESLEY.

Song of the Angels.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim.
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth

4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

208. S. M. WATTS.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song: —

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs: —

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

209. 8s & 7s. EPIS. COL.

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

210. C. M. STEELE.

Humiliation of Christ.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high, —
Surprising mercy! love unknown! —
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man, — O, wondrous grace! —
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

211. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Design of Christ's Advent.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

212. L. M. WATTS.

Object of Christ's Advent

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

213. C. M. WATTS.

Effects of the Mission of Christ.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

214. C. M. WATTS

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let new seraphic joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

215. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-belovéd Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness,
And meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 He is the Light of men;
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

216. C. M. WATTS.

Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

217

C. M. C. WESLEY.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwe t
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

218.

C. M. CURTIS'S COL.

Miracles of Christ.

1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see?
Thou Son of David, hear — O, hear —
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
O, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
For thou alone canst save.

219. L. M. W. B. Tappan.

Christ in Gethsemane.

1 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

220. 8s & 6. S. F. Smith

The Prayer of Agony.

1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above —
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain —
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

221. C. M. HAWEIS.

Agony in the Garden.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed, —

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

222. C. H. M. HEMANS.

The Agony in Gethsemane.

1 HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow him;
That he who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all, — the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod?
"Save, or we perish, Son of God."

223. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

224. C. M. S. Wesley, Sen

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Upon the shameful tree:
How great the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The gate of death in sunder breaks:
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished; now the ransom 's paid;
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he 'll break death's tyrant chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

225. 8s, 7s. & 4. Francis.

The expiring Saviour.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
'It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" — O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

226. L. M. STEELE.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain, —
Unmoved by either love or pain!

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

227. 8s & 7s. BICKERSTETH'S COL

Sufferings of Christ.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
Lo, he dies upon the tree:
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, believers, — yes, 'tis he.

2 'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David's Son and David's Lord,
Sacrificed to bring us favor;
'Tis a true and faithful word.

3 Tell us, ye who heard him groaning, —
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.

4 Many hands conspired to wound him ·
None would interpose to save;
But the heaviest stroke that found him
Was the stroke that justice gave.

5 Mark the sacrifice appointed;
See — who bears the awful load?
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man and Son of God.

6 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice which cancels guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on thee their hopes have built.

228.

7s & 4. G. E. Head

Calvary.

1 HARK! from yonder mount arise
Notes of sadness — Jesus dies!
On the cross the Lord of lords
Love for guilty man records;
Sinner, sinner,
Hear your dying Saviour's words.

2 "Mortal, for your guilt I die, —
Guilt that dared your God defy;
Blood for you I freely give;
Death I taste that you may live;
Will you, sinner,
Free salvation now receive?"

229.

C. M. S. Wesley, Jr.

Death on the Cross.

1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
And why do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonished shake,
And nature sympathize,
The sun, as darkest night, be black;
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood:
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God.

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail;
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

230. L. M. C. STENNETT.

Christ expiring upon the Cross.

1 "'TIS finished!" — so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished! — yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! — this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 'Tis finished! — Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished! — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished! — let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

231. S. M. WATTS.

Christ suffering for our Sins.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And let him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

232. L. M. WATTS.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies! — the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach! — the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

233. 7s. COLLYER

Resurrection of Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

234. 7s. GIBBONS.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

235. 7s. CUDWORTH.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

236. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold, th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
With joy they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
"The Lord, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"The Lord, who bled, | No more to die."

237. S. M. KELLY.

Redemption completed.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

238. L. M. BUTCHER.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

2 Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.

4 Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell.

239. C. M. S. Wesley, Jr.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Exult; he banishes your fears;
Your rising God adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death;
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He died and suffered as a man;
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, and seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

240. C. M. Watts.

The Resurrection Morning.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent prisoner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring.

241. H. M. E. Scott.

Resurrection of Christ celebrated.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great Prince, thy sword;
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

242. C. M. Watts.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

243. H. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

Captivity led captive.

1 THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

244. L. M. WATTS.

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation, of Christ.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay; —
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

245. 7S. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Conqueror's Welcome.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold;
Let the King of glory in."

2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing: —

3 "He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world; —

4 "He who God's pure law fulfilled;
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed; —
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

5 "Who shall up to that abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain; —

6 "They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love; —
They shall dwell forever here."

246. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Triumphant Ascension.

1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; — see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 "Who is this King of glory? — who?"
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty, — o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; — see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 "Who is this King of glory? — who?"
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

247. L. M. Watts.

Christ's Triumph.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

248. C. M. WATTS.

Ascension and Reign of Christ.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout, and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

249. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ seen of Angels.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known;
On earth ye knew | His beauteous face
His wondrous grace; | In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the holy Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Supremely meek and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God, | For such a birth,
And peace on earth, | Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled,
And joyed to crown | When Satan fled
The Victor's head, | Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes | Had dropped it there
Have known a tear, | In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then rolled the stone, | Your rising Lord
And all adored | With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God,
And waved around | And struck your strings
Your golden wings, | Of sweetest sound.

250. C. M. FANCH & TURNER.

Sympathy of Angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering, starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 The host of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 And when he stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

4 In all his toils and conflicts here
Their Sovereign they attend,
And pause, and wonder how, at last,
This scene of love will end.

5 When all the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their wondering eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.

6 As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.

7 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conquering majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

8 They brought his chariot from the skies,
To bear him to his throne,
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

251. L. M. WATTS.

The Grace of God in Christ.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

252. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation through Christ only.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell, — we bless his name, —
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
He rose, and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

253 L. M. WATTS.

Depending on Christ's Righteousness.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

254 S. M. WATTS.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

255. L. M. WATTS.

Pardon through the Sufferings of Christ.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice know n,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

256. L. M. FAWCETT.

Salvation by Christ.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

257. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer 's he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

258. L. M. C. STENNETT.

Atoning Blood.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

259. C. M. GIBBONS.

Salvation by Christ.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 From heaven to sinful earth he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find;
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 He saves our souls from sin and hell,
His words are true and sure,
And on this Rock our faith may rest
Immovable, secure.

260. C. M. WATTS.

Redemption by Christ.

1 BEHOLD what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

261. H. M. C. WESLEY.

Justification by Faith.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

262. S. M. BEDDOME.

Hope from the Gospel only.

1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies:
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

263. L. M. ANON.

Christ our Salvation.

1 COME, guilty sinners, come and see
Your great atoning Sacrifice:
Behold, on yonder gory tree,
The King of kings for rebels dies.

2 How gracious, how severe thou art,
Just God, in thy redeeming plan!
The spear that pierced Immanuel's heart
Revealed the fount of life for man.

3 Hail, hallowed cross, accursed no more;
Rich tree of life to all our race;
Blest tree of Paradise, which bore
The choicest fruit — the gift of grace.

4 Lord, shall our grief or joy prevail?
Our heart is rent amidst their strife;
Shall we the Victim's death bewail,
Or hail it as our way to life?

5 Thy dying, living, boundless love,
While here below, shall tune our tongue,
And, when we join the choir above,
Thy love be our triumphant song.

264. 7s. C. WESLEY.

Cleansing Blood.

1 JESUS, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

2 Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

265. 7s. RAFFLES.

Confession of Sin.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

266. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Grace.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

267. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord:
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his atonement, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

268. C. M. Watts.

Christ's Commission.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wound
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

269. S. M. Watts.

Christ's Mediation.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

270. L. M. ANON.

The Cross.

1 INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup; —

3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

271. Ss & 7s. BOWRING.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

272. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

273. C. M. HOSKINS.

Behold the Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Behold th' atoning, precious blood
That for our sins he spilt.

2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood:
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

274. C. M. COWPER.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

275. 7s. LANGFORD

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above, —
Join to praise redeeming love.

276. S. M. ANON.

Christ precious.

1 O CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine!
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life, and peace divine.

2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.

5 One blissful anthem then
Around the earth shall roll,
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

277. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

278. 7s. TOPLADY.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiant Sun divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

279. L. M. STEELE.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is Nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?

3 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow :
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

280. C. M. DOANE.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 THOU art the way ; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

2 Thou art the truth ; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou, only, canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

281. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ our Guide.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor, thou art;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

282. 7s. TOPLADY.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure, —
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne, —
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

283. S. M. HOSKINS.

Christ the Bread of Life.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God:
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste; this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

284. L. M. 6 L. ENG. BAP. COL.

A Support in Temptation.

1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Support by thy almighty hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
O Saviour, in that trying hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

285. 7s. C. WESLEY.

A Refuge.

1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

286. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Fountain of Life.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy, bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning;
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion —
Endless life with glory crowned.

287. L. M. STEELE.

Christ our Life.

1 WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word —
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself — that last of foes —
Shall break a union so divine.

288. L. M. COWPER.

Christ ever present in his Churches.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell within the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

289. C. M. SWAIN.

Christ a Friend.

1 A FRIEND there is — your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name —
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

4 And, if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still.

5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys;
His word its rage restrains.

290. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ a Shepherd.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give;
And while my throne unshaken stands
Shall all my chosen live.

5 "This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence?"

6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry;
"My heart can on this promise live, —
Can with this promise die."

291. S. M. STEELE.

The kind Shepherd.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

292. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to the Shepherd.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine? —
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here.
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears.
And lulls my cares to rest.

293. S. M. URWICK & COL.

The Grace of Christ.

1 WE sing the Saviour's love,
Who pitied wretched man,
Delighting in the thought of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.

2 We see its smiling beams,
Forthshining at his birth,
And trace its lustre day by day,
While he sojourned on earth.

3 But, in his closing hour,
How infinite his grace,
When, bowed beneath the curse, he died
To save the chosen race!

4 Ten thousand thousand songs,
With high, seraphic flame,
Fall far below the boundless praise
Of our Immanuel's name.

294. L. M. WATTS.

Faithfulness.

1 HE lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

3 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

295. L. M. PRATT'S COL

Christ a living and almighty Saviour.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives, eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears ;
He lives, to wipe away their tears ;
He lives, their mansions to prepare ;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears ;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
The contrite sinner he receives :
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

296. L. M. STEELE.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

1 HE lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

297. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

High Priest.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned, —

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn, —
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

298. C. M. WATTS.

Christ a merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

299. L. M. 6 L. URWICK'S COL.

Christ All and in All.

1 JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust, and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame our glory and our crown; —

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

300. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The triumph of his cross.

301. H. M. WATTS.

Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | The Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came, —
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
O, make us sit | Beneath thy feet.

302. C. M. STEELE.

A Name above every Name

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name
What glories meet our eyes!
Thou art the seraphs' lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 And didst thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes?

4 O, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

303. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Vital Union to Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

304. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

1 O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt —
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

305. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ precious.

1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

5 Through every age he's still the same;
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

306. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there, —
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

307. C. M. WATTS.

God in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

308. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — O, amazing love! —
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

309. C. M. STEELE.

Condescension of Christ.

1 THE Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

310. C. M. STEELE.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may his love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

311. C. M. BEDDOME.

Wonders of Redemption.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns, —
Those crowns which Jesus gave, —
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore,—
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O, let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

312. S. M. BEDDOME.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 YE angels, bless the Lord,
And praise his sacred name;
Diffuse his glories all abroad,
His gracious acts proclaim.

2 Praise him, ye heavenly powers,
And make his goodness known;
Christ is your Head, as well as ours,
And ye surround his throne.

3 Praise him, ye hosts of light,
In accents sweet and high;
To him you owe your power and might;
At his command you fly.

4 Ye wingéd seraphim,
Your grateful voices raise;
Created and preserved by him,
Let him have all your praise.

5 The lofty song begin,
And tune your harps anew;
While we in sacred concert join,
And strive to vie with you.

313. S. M. HAMMOND.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes, above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

314. 6s & 4s. PRATT'S COL.

Worthy is the Lamb.

1 COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

315. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for Mediation.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

4 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

316. C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O, SING to Him who loved and bled,
Ye heaven-born sinners, sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered in your stead,
Own him your God and King.

2 He washed us, in his precious blood,
From every guilty stain;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.

3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
Sing to him here, then sing above,
Of all that he bestows.

4 To him that loved us when depraved.
When guilty, blind, and poor;
To him that loved, and died, and saved,
Be glory evermore.

317. 6s, 8s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

Praise to Christ.

1 PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days
To live and reign:
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with his blood,
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Saviour God.

2 The Son of God adore;
Ye ransomed, spread his fame;
With joy and gladness, evermore
Laud his great name:
Let every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
And every creature join to bless
Th' incarnate Word.

3 All honor, power, and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
The sacred song:
"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
"That on the cross was slain;
But now, ascended up on high,
He lives to reign."

4 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeemed by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing,
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Saviour King.

318. C. M. WATTS.

The divine Character exhibited in the Gospel.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms, —

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs chant Immanuel's name
And try their choicest strains.

6 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

319. L. M. WATTS.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O, may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

320. 6s & 4s. KINGSBURY

Christ's final Triumph.

1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power,
Praise him forevermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

321. L. M. WATTS.

Christ the Redeemer and Judge.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

322. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Christ's Humiliation and Triumph.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And feel his quickening power,
Unite, with one accord,
His goodness to adore:
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

2 He left his throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died:
The pangs he bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and he..?

3 He burst the grave; he rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant, to the throne of God.

4 Soon he again will come —
His chariot will not stay —
To take his children home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

323. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Kelly.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

324. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to God the Saviour.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

325. H. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ our King.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud;
Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given:
Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud;
Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.

3 He every foe shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud;
Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear | The trump of God
Th' archangel's voice; | Shall sound; rejoice

326. 10s & 11s. WINCHELL'S SEL.

God's Servants should praise Him.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right, —
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

327. 8s & 7s. KELLY.

Universal Adoration.

1 HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life is given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme — a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

328. 6s & 4s. Sac. Lyrics.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad, —
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

329. C. M. Steele.

The incarnate Lord.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms,
Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms.

3 To dwell with sorrow here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And stooped to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

330. C. M. STEELE.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, their raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

331. L. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! — and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

332. C. M. WATTS.

The Reign of Christ.

1 LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice; the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made our Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.

5 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown.
And a rich harvest bear.

333. L. M. WATTS.

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

334. 8s & 7s. PRATT'S COL.

Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee, —
Thee, our Saviour, — thee, our God;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

335. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

336. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

1 LOOK, ye saints; — the sight is glorious: —
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

337. C. M. WALLIN.

The Victories of Christ.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give!
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And, when thy victories are complete, —
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace, —

5 O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng;
And I with them thy praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

338. C. M. DUNCAN.

The spiritual Coronation.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, —
A remnant weak and small, —
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

339. 7s, 6 L. KELLY.

Glory to the King.

1 GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath his head;
Jesus is the name we sing —
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join, —
Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine forevermore.

340 8, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Glory to the Lamb

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Sound his glory,
While the soul with transport glows.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

341. 8s & 7s. ROBINSON.

Praise to God the Saviour.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature, —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought, —
For the wonders of creation, —
Works with skill and kindness wrought, —
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow, —
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption, —
Bright, though veiled in darkness long, —
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die; —

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives; —
Flow, my praise, forever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thy own.

342. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ supremely exalted.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thy wondrous love reveal;
Let angels spread thy name abroad,
And men thy glories tell.

2 Let all, with sweet and cheerful voice,
Harmonious anthems raise;
Be thou the spring of all their joys,
The life of all their praise.

3 Be thou exalted in the heavens,
And o'er this earthly ball;
Let creatures into nothing sink,
And Christ be all in all.

343. C. M. WATTS

A new Song to the Lamb.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

344. L. M. Watts.

Blessing and Honor to the Lamb.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

345. 8s & 7s. Lock Hosp. Col.

Jesus exalted to the Throne.

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

346. C. M. WATTS.

The Lamb of God worshipped.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

347. 11s. DE FLEURY.

Praise to the Lamb.

1 COME, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme most sublime of the angels above;
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,
And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

2 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet;
Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise;
O, give him the glory and praise that are meet,
And join the ful chorus that gladdens the skies.

3 Behold to what honors the Saviour is raised;
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all;
By man once rejected, by seraphs now praised,
While powers and dominions, him worshipping, fall.

4 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their loftiest songs never equal his love:
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

5 Yet even our service he will not despise,
When we join in his worship and tell of his name.
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
And, trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the Lamb."

348. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise, —
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

349. L. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

The Song of Heaven.

1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2 Firm, on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm,—

4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed;
Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

350. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

351. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Son.

1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless th' incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honor of my Lord!

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore th' eternal Son.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

352. 8s, 6 & 4. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

353. C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's lov
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate, —
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

354. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit invoked.

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

355. C. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Spirit's Power.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

356. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

357. L. M. BEDDOME.

The indwelling Spirit.

1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place;
O, make my sinful heart thy home,
And consecrate it by thy grace.

2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And drive thy foes forever thence;
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy, dispense.

3 My wants supply; my fears suppress;
Direct my way, and hold me up;
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

358. L. M. BURDER'S COL.

Quickening Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

359. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry, —
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply, —
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 O, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love:
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

5 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

360. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Reviving Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

361. S. M. HART.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

362. S. M. BEDDOME.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

363. S. M. ANON.

Seal of Truth.

1 THOU, Holy Spirit, art
Of truth the promised seal;
Convincing power thou dost impart,
And Jesus' grace reveal.

2 O, breathe thy quickening breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

364. L. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down:
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2 That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

365. 8s & 7s. JAY.

Indwelling Spirit.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

366. 7s. BATH EAST.

The teaching Spirit.

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

367. C. M. HAWEIS.

Source of Life and Light.

1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise ;
Complete redemption bring ;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside ;
Exulting, then, we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

368.

L. M. BROWNE.

Our Guide.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness — the road
Which we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ — the living way ;
Nor let us from his pastures stray ; —

4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —
To be with him forever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —
Fulness of joy forever there.

369.

L. M. BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blesséd Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
O, show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

370. 8s & 7s. NOEL'S COL.

Source of Blessings.

1 HOLY Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blesséd Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days,
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

371. 7s. STOCKER.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit — Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

372. 7s. REED.

The Sanctifier.

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

373. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit desired.

1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit, from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, refreshing showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

374. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.] Toplady

The Witness.

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfil;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, O, deign to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
O, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

375. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Prayer for Edification.

1 THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive th' ingrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And, often since, our life had failed,
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look; to thee we bow;
To thee for help we call;
Our life, our resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

376. L. M. WATTS.

The Spirit enlightening and renewing.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

377 C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath

378. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

God working in the Soul.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
The power by which we act is his,
And his the glory too.

379. C. M. BEDDOME.

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

1 THE blesséd Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please:
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy:
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

380. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received, —
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved, —

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

381. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Holy Spirit grieved.

1 THE God of grace will never leave
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2 If noisy war, or strife, abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.

4 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

382. C. M. WATTS.

The Earnest of Heaven.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them, heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness, with my hear ,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safely bear me home.

383. L. M. T. SCOTT.

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?

2 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess our longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed;
Be this thine everlasting rest.

384. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone —
Alone thy people be.

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, — for we wait thy power divine
Let us thy mercy share.

385. C. M. Bathurst.

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And when we tremble at thy frown,
O, bring thy comforts near.

2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
O, let thy grace remove;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

THE SCRIPTURES.

386. C. M. WATTS.

Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below —
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

387. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

1 NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blesséd word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
There lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Til time and nature are no more.

388. L. M. WATTS.

A written Revelation.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blesséd truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

389. C. M. WATTS.

Love of the Scriptures.

1 O, HOW I love thy holy law
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

390. S. M. BEDDOME.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

1 O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright ;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear;
O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

391. S. M. WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

392. C. M. FAWCETT.

Preciousness of the Bible.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

393. C. M. Epis. Col.

Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

394. L. P. M. Watts.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessèd gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

395. C. M. COWPER.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

396. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Glory of the Word.

1 A GLORY in the word we find,
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And veiled the heavenly light.

2 When God the Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The Author is divine.

3 How blest are we with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace
Reflected in thy word!

4 O, teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above.

397. C. M. STEELE.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

398. C. M. WATTS.

Value of the Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My Guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

399. C. M. EVAN. MAG.

Revelation welcomed.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

400. L. M. WATTS.

Divine Authority of the Bible.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

401. C. M. STENNETT.

The Riches of God's Word.

1 LET worldly men, from shore to shore.
Their chosen good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

402. C. M. WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

403. S. M. WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

404. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Gospel originating in sovereign Mercy.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace, of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O, grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

405. S. M. WATTS.

God's Purpose of Mercy.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.

2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To his recovering grace.

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Their righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
Thou wilt pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

406. L. M. BOWRING.

The Teaching of Jesus.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

407. H. M. TOPLADY.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

408. C. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

409. L. M. WATTS

The Power of Truth.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind —
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

410. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Fountain of living Waters.

1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

411. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel a Savor of Life or Death.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word:
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath:
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

412. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Sinners called by Jehovah.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls;
Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind

2 If he in thunder speak,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But milder accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

3 O, harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day;
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

413. 7s. BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitation.

1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

414. L. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Wanderer invited.

1 WANDERER from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears; thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully, he forgives.

415. 7s. Winchell's Sel.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

1 YE who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

416. 8s, 7s & 4. Hart.

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able —
He is willing — doubt no more.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
"It is finished;"
Heaven's atoning sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him — venture wholly.
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

417. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

418. C. M. HUNTINGDON'S COL.

Yet there is Room.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

419. L. M. 6 L. Epis. Col.

The Gospel adapted to give Peace and Rest.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Saviour — glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

420. C. M. Steele.

Yet there is Room.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls — he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold there yet is room.

3 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

421. L. M. STEELE.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

422. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind, —

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die, —
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

423. C. M. STEELE

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss, impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

424. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

All Things ready.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, taste the dainties of the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

425. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Mutual Invitation.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their memory e'er efface.

4 O, may our children ever haste
To seek their fathers' God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

426. 7s, 6 L. HAWEIS.

Come and welcome.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear! —
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

427. 7s, 6 L. ANON.

Look to Christ.

1 WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree
Pouring out his life for thee:
There the dreadful curse he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

428. C. M. WATTS.

None excluded from Hope

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come;
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

429. 7s. CONVERT'S COMP

Offered Peace.

1 WEEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

430. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 YE trembling captives, hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar:
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far, to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

431. S. M. Epis. Col.

The Spirit inviting.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

432. S. M. Pratt's Col.

Returning to Christ.

1 YE sons of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day;
Redeem the time — be bold — be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel grace
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Saviour, Lord of all,
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
O, bid us turn and live.

4 Our former years misspent
Now let us deeply mourn,
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return.

433. C. M. E. Jones.

The Invitation and the Resolve.

1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve : —

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

ENTREATY AND EXPOSTULATION.

434. C. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

The Saviour at the Door.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

435. S. M. DOBELL.

Now the accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

436. S. M. SELECT HYMNS.

Now the Day of Grace.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

437. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

One Thing needful.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

438. 11s. SACRED SONGS.

Delay not.

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade.
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

439. 8s, 7s & 4. REED.

The Sinner invited and warned.

1 HEAR, O sinner! Mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

440. S. M. DWIGHT.

Come to-day.

1 YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners, then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

3 Then, while 'tis called to-day,
O, hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While pardon may be found.

441. 7s. T. Scott.

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

442. S. M. Hyde

Danger of Neglect.

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

443. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Danger of Delay.

1 ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow 's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.

2 O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word, — "Depart."

444. 7s. URWICK'S COL

Expostulation.

1 SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

445. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to work while it is Day.

1 THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

446. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Parental Entreaty.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord;
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found;
O, seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

447. C. M. Fawcett.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 SINNER, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your soul of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

448. 7s. J. Wesley.

Sinners entreated.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why —
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

449. 8s, 7s & 4. ALLEN.

Glad Tidings.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believéd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

450. L. M. WATTS.

Expostulation.

1 O SINNER, why so thoughtless grow?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains, —
Forever telling, yet untold.

451. L. M. DWIGHT.

Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

452.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

453.

6s & 4s. SAC. SONGS.

The Saviour calls.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls.
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
O, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

454. 12s & 11s. J. B. Hague.

"The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended."

1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee.
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despiséd, rejected, at length he may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him:
O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart; make haste to adore him;
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

455. 7s. S. F. Smith.

The Sinner at the Judgment.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

456. C. M. Epis. Col.

The barren Fig-Tree.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads,
The barren tree to spare;
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 "Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.

5 "But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

457. 7s. Epis. Col.

The Sinner entreated to awake.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

458. C. M. Harbottle

The fruitless Fig-Tree.

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown;
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down.

3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."

4 Sinner, beware! — the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware, O barren tree!

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

459. C. M. ADDISON.

Solemn Apprehension.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face, —
O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward terror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought, —

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul, —
O, how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

460. C. M. MIDDLETON

Painful Recollections.

1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

461. C. M. STEELE.

Sense of Ingratitude.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;—
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

462. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Confession of Sin.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent; —

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain; —

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

463. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Repentance in View of the Cross.

1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

464. S. M. WATTS.

Holy Fear of God.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

465. S. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Prayer for Deliverance.

1 LIKE Israel, Lord, am I;
My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, a host behind,
And rocks on either hand.

2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance; and, through the sea,
Create a new-made way.

3 The time of greatest straits
Thy chosen time has been
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.

4 O, send deliverance down;
Display the arm divine;
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

466. C. M. ANON.

Burden of Guilt.

1 WITH guilt oppressed, bowed down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh;
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burdened sinner, lo! I come,
In dread of death and hell;
O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.

3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find
Till thy dear cross I see;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

467. L. M. WATTS.

The Backslider's Supplication.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

468. L. M. WATTS.

Returning to God.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

469. C. M. NEWTON.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive,
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

470. L. M. WATTS

Relying on the Atonement.

1 O LORD, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
No human power could cleanse me so.

4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

471. S. M. BEDDOME.

Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

472. C. M. WATTS.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

473. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 O, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been —
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin?

3 Yet, I remember, thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
I feel that what my God demands
Is his most rightful due.

4 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve:
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

6 Break, sovereign grace, O, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

474. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Pardon implored.

1 DEAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed —
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

475. L. M. BEDDOME.

Burden of Guilt.

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.

2 Here on my soul the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

476. 7s. C. Wesley.

The penitent Inquirer.

1 DEPTH of mercy! — can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget? —
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

477. 7s, 6 l. Har. Sac.

Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

1 HEART of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, O, break, my bleeding heart

478. C. M. WATTS.

Conviction by the Law.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

479. S. M. TATE & BRADY.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy thy favor gives
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

480. S. M. ANON.

Confession.

1 ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry,
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

481. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Prodigal's Return.

1 THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The long-lost son is found!

482. C. M STEELE.

Contrition.

1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return"?

3 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

483. S. M. BEDDOME

Mercy implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

484. L. M. WATTS.

Pardon penitently implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

485. C. M. WATTS.

Pleading the Death of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call;
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

486. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance in View of divine Patience.

1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening terror rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear,"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

487. L. M. STEELE

Sense of Sin.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

488. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Repentance.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow,
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 O Lord, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

489. L. M. COLLYER.

Returning to God.

1 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

490. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret Self-Examination.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

491. S. M. COWPER.

Trembling Solicitude.

1 MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

492. C. M. LOGAN.

Sense of Depravity.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

493. C. M. JERVIS.

Peace to the Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace, —
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth, like this,
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart thy grace can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
True peace within my breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

494. C. M. WATTS.

Self-righteous Hopes renounced.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

495. S. M. WATTS.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

1 O, BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

496. L. M. WATTS.

Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
How keen the pangs of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses at thy feet;
When floods of strong temptation roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And, when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

497. L. M. WATTS.

A Remedy for Sin found in the Gospel.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty sufferer find
A balm to soothe his anguished mind?

2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.

3 Be this the pillar of our hope;
This bears the fainting spirit up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

4 Then let his name, who shed his blood
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In every land, by every tongue.

498. C. P. M. TOPLADY.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

499. C. M. STEELE.

Surprising Grace.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall Mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace! — and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has it no soft, no tender part?
Must Mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 O Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt my sin away.

500. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word —
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

501. C. M. WATTS.

Deliverance from deep Distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a gloomy pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet —
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

502. H. M. BEDDOME.

The efficacious Fountain.

1 FROM thy dear, piercéd side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul | Till every stain
There I would lay, | Is washed away.

2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then, I'll bathe, | Till not a wound
And bathe again, | Or woe remain.

3 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount | Come, sinners, come;
Will I repair; | There's mercy there.

503. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Sufficiency of Grace.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint:
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

3 What though my griefs are not removed?
Yet why should I despair?
For, if my Saviour's arm support,
I can the burden bear.

4 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform,
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

504. C. M. PRESB. COL.

Confidence in atoning Blood.

1 O LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.

3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.

4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous laws;
Christ hath expired for me.

505. S. M. BEDDOME

Office of Faith.

1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

506. C. M. WATTS

Faith the Evidence of Things not seen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

507. C. M. TURNER.

Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

508. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Faith the Gift of God.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies.

509. C. M. STEELE.

Effects of Faith.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Unseen whom I adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But, ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears arise between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray;
Break, radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

510. C. M. BEDDOME.

Salvation by Faith.

1 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

511. C. M. BATH COL.

Prayer for strong Faith.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe! —

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God; —

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt; —

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile; —

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

512. S. H. M. ANON.

Excellence of Faith.

1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

513. S. M. NOEL'S COL.

Living by Faith.

1 IF on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

514. C. M. WATTS.

A living Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

515. L. M. WATTS.

Walking by Faith.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

516. S. M. WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cruel chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

517. L. M. WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light —
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

518. C. M. STEELE.

Dependence upon the Spirit.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

519. C. M. NEWTON.

Pleading the Promise.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love! — to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

520. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound —
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

521. C. M. COTTERILL'S COL.

Trusting in the Mercy of God.

1 OUT of the deeps, O Lord, we call,
While guilty fears oppress;
Do thou, with ear attentive, hear
The voice of our distress.

2 If thou our sins severely mark,
And strict account demand,
O, who, of all the sons of men,
Before thy face shall stand?

3 But, Lord, 'tis thine to spare and save —
With mercy souls to win;
For mercy binds the grateful heart,
And makes it fear to sin.

4 We trust in thee; in thee, O Lord,
Is full redemption found;
Thy mercy pardons every sin,
And closes every wound.

522. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 O, TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapped in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.

3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace

523. L. M. WATTS.

Waiting at the Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Dispensing pardons freely there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 His love is great, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

524. L. M. 6 L. COLLYER.

Pleading in the Name of Christ.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
O, hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
O, deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile;
And when I bow before the throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea —
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry:
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

525. L. M. COLLYER.

Genuine Contrition.

1 SOFT be the gently-breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
And soft as tuneful lyres above:
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar,
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;
Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To Him who bled upon the tree.

526. L. M. T. Scott.

Relying upon Grace.

1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold, the Prince of glory dies:
He dies, extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Blest Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear —
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart,
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

527. S. M. Rippon's Col.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

528. 7s. Anon.

Sufficiency of Grace in Christ.

1 WEEPING saint, no longer mourn;
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Jesus, best of friends, for thee,
Numbered with transgressors, see!

2 He the wine-press trod alone ;
Hear the Man of sorrows groan ;
Mocked, and bruised, and crowned with thorns,
He his Father's absence mourns.

3 All thy sins, when Jesus bled,
Met on his devoted head ;
All thy hope on Jesus place ;
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 At his feet thy burden lay ;
Christ shall smile thy fears away ;
He thy guilt and sorrow bore ;
Weeping saint, lament no more.

529. C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Dependence upon Mercy.

1 GREAT God, wert thou severe to mark
The deeds we do amiss,
Before thy presence who could stand ?
Who claim thy promised bliss ?
But, O, thou merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought ;
A gracious Saviour has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay ;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad dayspring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured ;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored ;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin, and death,
And grief, shall flee away.

530. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

531. L. M. WATTS.

Security in the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love, —
Beneath the droppings of thy blood, —
Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, — for that's my last defence, —
If I must perish, there to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear,
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy justice will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name.

532. L. M. STEELE.

Desiring Assurance of the divine Favor.

1 IN vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile;
Deluding world! its brightest day —
Dream of a moment — flits away.

2 To nobler bliss my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill these large desires
With power, and light, and love divine;
O, speak, and tell me thou art mine.

3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heavenly hope, serenely bright,
Illume and cheer my darkest night.

4 So shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Then dwell forever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

533. C. M. STEELE.

Renunciation of the World for Christ.

1 YE earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove;
For Christ alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

4 Great God, forbid: O, bind this heart,
This roving heart, of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

534. C. M. STEELE.

Parting with All for Christ.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown, —
O name divinely sweet! —
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
True wealth and honor meet.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

4 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let me call thee mine.

535. C. M. BEDDOME.

Security and Comfort in God.

1 THIS world would be a wilderness,
If banished, Lord, from thee;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.

2 My Friend art thou where'er I go
The object of my love,
My kind Protector here below,
And my reward above.

3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.

4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

536. C. M. Doddridge

Living by Faith on the Son of God.

1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

537. S. M. Beddome.

Entire Surrender.

1 O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.

3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.

4 My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints
And rest with them above

5 Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

538. C. M. J. Ryland.

Delight in God.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

539. L. M. Watts.

Parting with carnal Joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

540. S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

Filial Confidence.

1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

541. C. M. STEELE.

Seeking All in God.

1 SOURCE of eternal joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O, could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O, speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

542. S. M. ANON

Longing for a View of Christ.

1 I LANGUISH for a sight
Of Him who reigns on high, —
Jesus, my soul's supreme delight:
For Him alone I sigh.

2 O that I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode!

3 Near to his mercy-seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at his feet,
And tell him all my pains.

4 The arguments I'd use
My troubles shall suggest;
Nor can my blesséd Lord refuse
The cause of the distressed.

5 O Saviour, bring me near;
New life, new strength impart;
Cast out at once my slavish fear,
And dwell within my heart.

543. C. M. WATTS.

Parting with earthly Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4 O for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Saviour's love;
There shall I dwell with God.

544. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

Repairing to Christ, the Fountain of Life.

1 HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring;
The waters never fail;
Still they endure, | For all our woe
And still they flow, | A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart.
Who all in anguish died,
Such favors to impart;
His sacred blood | From every sin,
Shall make us clean | And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come;
And thither, from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, | On all their tongues,
With rapturous songs | Thy praise may speak.

545. S. M. BEDDOME.

Nearness to the Lord.

1 WHEN sorrows round us roll,
And comforts we have none,
Dear Saviour, say that thou art ours,
And all our griefs are gone.

2 Is there no friend to cheer
In times of deep distress, —
A smile from thee will help to bear,
Or make the burden less.

3 Though in the gloomy vale
Of death, we fear no harm,
Supported by thy powerful grace,
Reclining on thine arm.

4 This is our utmost wish,
O Lord, — that thou wouldst be
Forever, ever near to us,
And keep us near to thee.

546. L. M. Watts.

Deriving Strength from Christ.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

547. S. M. Watts.

Christ unseen, yet beloved.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And, when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above,
To mansions in the skies.

548. L. M. Steele.

Trusting Christ the only Refuge.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

549. L. M. GERHARDT.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

550. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by promise, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In that rich fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

551. C. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

The guiding Star.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

552. C. M. WATTS.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

553. 6s & 10s. MRS. MILES.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality, —
Thy blesséd labors done,
Thy crown of victory won, —
Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

554. L. M. Grigg.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be —
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! — that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! — when I blush, be this my shame, —
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! — yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be, —
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

555. C. M. Anon.

Behold the Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy guilt upon the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

2 Behold him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His piercéd feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Behold him, till his dying love,
Thy every thought control;
Its vast, constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Behold him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

556. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living to Christ.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee —
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live —
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

557. C. M. BOURNE'S COL.

Self-Dedication.

1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour take,
And fill with love divine

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

558. C. M. BEDDOME.

Self-Denial for Christ.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

559. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Desiring Evidence of Adoption.

1 THOU Lord of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a child would raise its cry,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my believing heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 By such a heavenly signal cheered,
Unwavering I believe,
And Abba, Father, humbly cry
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

560. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Casting all Care on God.

1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love:
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

561. C. M. WATTS.

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

562. C. M. WATTS.

Security in Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
The kingdom of his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Christ and his flock are one:
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smile my heart has lived,
And heavenly joy possessed:
I'll render thanks for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

563. L. M. WATTS.

Security in God.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

564. S. M. WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

565. C. M. Noel's Col.

The Progress of the spiritual Temple.

1 THE God of grace and glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

2 Jesus, the Herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

566. C. M. Beddome.

Praise and Hope.

1 O LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand, —

2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

567. 8s. TOPLADY.

The Believer safe.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring;
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase:
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

568. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

569. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

"It is I; be not afraid."

1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove —
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know or know him not.

4 And when the last, dread hour shall come,
While trembling Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead —
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

570. C. M. REL. SOUVENIR.

Trust in God.

1 O FATHER, good or evil send,
As seemeth best to thee,
And teach my stubborn soul to bend
In love to thy decree.

2 Whatever come, if thou wilt bless
The brightness and the gloom,
And temper joy, and soothe distress,
I fear no earthly doom.

3 Life cannot give a cureless sting;
Death can but crown my bliss,
And waft me far, on angel's wing,
To perfect happiness.

571. C. M. Aveling.

Fear not

1 WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials whelm the mind,—
When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find,—
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up the trembling tear,
And hush the low, complaining sigh:
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

2 When dark temptations spread their snares,
And earth with charms allures,
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world's assault endures,
Then let thy Father's friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

3 And when the final hour shall come,
That calls thee to thy rest,
To dwell within thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest,
Be calm; though Jordan's waves may roll,
No ills shall meet thee there;
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

572. C. M. Watts.

God the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessèd be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

573. 7s. ANON.

Holy Contentment.

1 LORD, my times are in thy hand :
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee I live :
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not ;
Happy is my humble lot :
Anxious, busy cares, away ;
I'm provided for to-day.

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

574. 6s, 8s & 4s. OLIVER.

The holy Triumph of Assurance.

1 YES, God himself hath sworn, —
I on his oath depend, —
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

2 Though nature's strength decay,
And death and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

3 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin:
The Prince of peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

5 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

6 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.

575. L. M. STEELE.

Sufficiency of Grace.

1 IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

3 Arise, my thoughts; my heart, arise;
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There purest joys forever last,
When seasons, days, and hours, are past.

4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart;
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wing of time.

576 C. M. BEDDOME.

Vanity of the World.

1 BE thou, O Lord, my treasure here,
And fix my thoughts above;
Unveil thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love.

2 The world how mean, with all its store,
Compared with thee, my Lord!
Its vain and fleeting joys how few!
How little they afford!

3 The goods of earth are empty things,
And pleasures soon decay;
Its honors are but noisy breath,
And sceptres pass away.

4 Ye vain and glittering toys, begone;
Ye false delights, adieu;
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

577. 7s. Newton.

Self-Distrust.

1 'TIS a point I long to know, —
Oft it causes anxious thought, —
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

578. C. M. Hudson.

Supporting Grace.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures will ascend
To everlasting day.

579. H. M. BENGEL.

Faith and Patience in Suffering.

1 I'LL think upon the woes,
Most spotless Lamb of God,
To which thou didst expose,
Upon th' accurséd wood,
Thyself for mine iniquity,
And bless thee still in chastening me.

2 Why should my will complain,
When all he means is kind?
Though great my grief and pain,
To him I'll be resigned;
Yes, wait and hope, as me behoves:
The Father chastens whom he loves.

3 I cannot take amiss
These sufferings as too great;
Thou'rt good, though they increase;
Still patiently I'll wait:
Ill it becomes me to repine;
Make me in life and spirit thine.

4 My heart shall envy none
Who seem to prosper more;
Only may I be one
Of thine who so endure,
That here in piety they thrive,
Till heavenly perfectness arrive.

5 Thou fount of all delight,
And secret of my joy,
Though many a tearful night
May still my heart employ,
Yet will I hope one day to see
A blest eternity with thee.

580. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Anon.

Looking to Things unseen and eternal.

1 O, LAY not up upon this earth
Your hope, your joy, your treasure;
Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path,
And blights each opening pleasure.

2 Earth's joys, like dew-drops, fade away;
Like clouds its visions vanish;
Above, no night can chase the day;
Those joys no change can banish.

3 All, all below must fade and die;
The dearest hopes we cherish,
Scenes touched with brightest radiancy,
Are all decreed to perish.

4 Then, man, be wise; thy constant care
To purer joys be given,
Nor let delusive objects share
The place of bliss and heaven.

5 Let things unseen, with potent force,
Alone possessing merit,
Lead upward to its holy source
Thy pure, immortal spirit.

581. C. M. Haweis.

Submission.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

582. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

An Afterthought of the Afflicted.

1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.

4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

583. C. H. M. CONDER.

Blessedness of Submission in Trials.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 O, blessèd be the hand that gave, —
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be he who smites to save, —
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

584. C. M. Drummond

God our only Hope.

1 BEREFT of all, when hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
O, what can save us from despair?
What dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But one alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul, to Jesus flee;
To him thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

585. L. M. 6 l. Bowring.

Trust in God.

1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will:
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery,
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar —
Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown.
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled;
What though some flattering dreams are gone:
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

586. C. M. WATTS.

Desertion and Hope.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

4 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

587. C. M. T. GREEN.

Holy Resignation.

1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my faithful God, —
Thrice blessèd be his name, —
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please;
To thee I all resign.

588. C. M. Merrick's Col.

Holy Resignation.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And, O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

589. C. M. Watts.

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face:
O, let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
Thy holy law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

590. C. M. WATTS.

Benefit of Affliction.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word
Nor wander from thy way.

591. C. M. STEELE.

Thirsting after God.

1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.

2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

592. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply; —

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be; —

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy —
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

593. C. M. STEELE.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

594. C. M. WATTS.

Confidence in God.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

595. C. M. EDMESTON.

Asking Mercy in Affliction.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 O, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown

3 Then, though thou bow my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

596. C. M. BEDDOME.

Submission in Trials.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

597. C. M. ANON.

The Benefit of Affliction.

1 O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe,
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms; ye billows, roar;
My heart defies your shock;
Ye make me cling to God the more —
To God, my sheltering Rock.

598. 8s. SEARLE.

The Promise of God sure.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

599 8s. Bath Col.

Our Salvation in Trouble.

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my sad heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

600. S. M. Sac. Songs.

Affliction blessed.

1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

601. L. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God for Protection.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

602. C. M. NEWTON.

Divine Favor.

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord, —
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers and guides them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

2 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

603. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Guidance.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace —
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With such a sinful race.

2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course
Will soon convey me home.

4 With joy my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the messenger of death,
That bids it rise to God.

604. C. M. WATTS.

God resorted to in Trouble.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

605. L. M. NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

1 MY God, I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let humble faith adore thy will.

606. 8s, 7s & 4. OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

607. S. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of the Righteous.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands
Nor takes the scorner's place, —

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

608. C. M. CAMPBELL'S VOL

They shall walk and not faint.

1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The workings of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the sinking heart,
And courage, in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

609. L. M. WATTS.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HOW blest the man whose cautious feet
Avoid the way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

610. 8s & 7s. Robinson.

Mercies gratefully acknowledged.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

611. C. M. Beddome.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
For mercy like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm will all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 "Fear not" the want of outward good;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's relentless sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

612. C. M. WATTS

Pleading with God.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail:
O, bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
That dare reproach my hope.

4 Is not my faith thy gift, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

613. S. M. EPIS. COL.

Ark of Safety.

1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

614. L. M. STEELE.

Breathing after God

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 He hears the breathings of desire:
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

615. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in God and his Word.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God:
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O, save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

616. C. M. WATTS.

Divine Help.

1 FOREVER blesséd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

617. C. M. STEELE.

Comfort in God.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

618. L. M. Watts.

Heavenly Aspirations.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high;
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!

3 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

619. C. M. Steele.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

620. C. M. Watts.

Safety.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

621. C. M. WATTS.

Protection and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be, —
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

622. 7s. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

Safety in God.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh;
Wide his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have nought to fear.

623. C. M. Watts.

Strength and Protection from God.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin or raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And dooms their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

624. C. M. Heginbotham.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each phantom pleasure flies;
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my sou',
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
Securely on his God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

625. S. M. WATTS.

Security and Comfort in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

626. C. M. B. W. NOEL.

Hope in Trouble.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born Faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that troubled conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

5 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

627. C. M. TOPLADY.

Sweetness of Submission.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away; —

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above; —

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own; —

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend; —

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

628. C. M. COTTON.

Safety in God.

1 WHY, O my soul, O, why depressed,
And whence thine anxious fears?
Let former favors fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears.

2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

3 On him I trust and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod:
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While he is still my God.

629. C. M. WATTS.

Converse with Heaven.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil:
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessèd Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

630. L. M. WATTS.

Holy Aspirations.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

631. C. M. ANON.

Trust amid the Severities of God.

1 THOU Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest; they must be best,
Because they are thy will.

2 Then all I want, — O do thou grant
This one request of mine, —
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

632. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

633. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 O Thou, by whom we come to God, —
The life, the truth, the way, —
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

634. C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

635. 11s & 10s. SPIR. SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy-Seat.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure.
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

636. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blo vs,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads —
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

637. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

638. 7s & 6s. Edin. Lit. Rev.

Pray without ceasing.

1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare —
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

639. S. M. Sac Lyrics.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light, —
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

640. C. M. Anon

Secret Prayer.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

641. C. M. RIPPON'S COL

Secret Devotion.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 May that observing eye survey
My faithful homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While fervent vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So wilt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

642. S. M. NEWTON.

Blessings sought in Prayer.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

643. C. M. COBBIN.

A Throne of Grace.

1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

644. C. H. M. ANON.

Come, let us pray.

1 COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace — let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O glorious thought! — come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But, hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel;
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant; then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

645. S. M. MEDLEY.

The Answerer of Prayer.

1 COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
With joy to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

2 Your mournful cry he hears;
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

4 Then blessèd be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.

5 No; still he bows his ear
In gentle pity down;
For praying breath he loves to hear,
And praying souls he'll crown.

6 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

646. C. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

647. C. M. URWICK'S COL.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

5 Let earthly joys and cares depart;
Let pain and sorrow cease;
Be thou the portion of our heart;
In thee may we have peace.

648. S. M. Pratt's Col.

Prayer for divine Help.

1 MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help, but thee.

2 O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace,
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3 Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

4 O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
To thee I lift my soul.

649. C. M. Cappe's Col.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Conduct us safely, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
And place us, when that journey 's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God.

650. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy belovéd Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

651. 8s & 7s. TOPLADY.

Prayer for Light.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thy appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour,
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

652. 7s. GRANT.

Prayer in the Name of Jesus.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee, —
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes, —
O, by all thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God, —
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

653. 8s & 7s. C. Wesley.

Desiring Sanctification.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

654 C. M. Raffles.

A submissive and docile Spirit.

1 THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind, —
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 Then may we close our eyes in death
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

655. S. M. WATTS.

Reliance on God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy — to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this, —
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

656. C. M. MILMAN.

Help, Lord.

1 O, HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

657. C. M. EXETER COL.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign,
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

4 Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,
O, guide my wandering feet;
And, when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

658. C. M. JUDSON.

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

659. 8s & 6. [PECULIAR.] ANON.

"Thy Will be done."

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will, my God, be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

660. C. M. Percy Chapel Col.

"Thy Will be done."

1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

661. C. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Desires for Holiness.

1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

662. S. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

Christ our All.

1 MY Saviour, fill my soul
With holiness and peace;
Arise with healing in thy wings,
Bid sin and doubting cease.

2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more;
Be thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.

3 In thee all treasures lie;
From thee all blessings flow;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.

4 O, come and make me thine,
A sinner saved by grace:
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place.

663 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Purity of Heart.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

664. C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for Submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace.
Let this petition rise : —

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

665. S. M. MASON.

Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

666. C. M. ANON.

"*Remember me.*"

1 "REMEMBER me," my Saviour God,
Whilst here on earth I stay ;
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
And faith to watch and pray.

2 "Remember me," when fortune smiles,
And scenes are bright and fair,
Lest I should fall, through Satan's wiles,
Beneath his baneful snare.

3 "Remember me;" thy voice I'll greet
In all thy dealings here;
O, let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.

4 "Remember me;" stand near my side,
Where'er my lot may be;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
O Lord, "remember me."

667. C. M. HAWEIS.

"Lord, remember me."

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame.
O Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
O Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

668. S. M. ANON.

Consecration to God.

1 LORD, help me to resign
My doubting heart to thee,
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this, —
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care;
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.

4 So will I firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still.
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

669. C. M. WATTS.

Pious Resolutions.

1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

670. S. M. Watts.

Renouncing Sin.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

671. C. M. Steele.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call —
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God, I ask thy love —
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
O Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms;
For safety must be there.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
In thee I'm ever blest.

672. L. M. J. F. Oberlin.

Christian Stability.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

673. C. M. Steele.

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God," permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name

674. 8s & 7s. PRATT'S COL

Prayer for Humility.

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim,
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

4 Thus the transient world despising,
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys, from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.

675. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The heart to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart —
"I will not let thee go."

676. S. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Self-Consecration.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly! —

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

677. C. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Supplies of Grace.

1 THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved, by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 To thee our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open, Lord,
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Renew us by thy quickening word,
And from thy fulness fill.

678. 8s, 6 & 4. HEMANS.

Imploring Succor.

1 FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son, —

2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this grief.

3 And thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done," —

4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

679. C. M. WATTS.

Secret Communion with God.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 While I lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 I strive to mount thy holy hill;
I walk the heavenly road;
Thy glories all my spirit fill,
While I commune with God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wing;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
And I thy praises sing.

680. 6s & 4s. [Peculiar.] Hemans.

Prayer for Help in Necessity.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine, —
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God.

4 While trembling o'er the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

681. C. M. Watts.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

682. S. M. WATTS.

Backsliding and Repentance.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
From every deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

683. S. M. Watts.

Ingratitude deplored.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe? —
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

684. L. M. Kelly.

Backsliding and Returning.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee:
O, cast us not away, though vile.
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

685. H. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Seeking Restoration.

1 WHERE is my Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heavy grief oppressed:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My gracious Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

686. L. M. WATTS.

The Road to Life and to Death.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new —
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

687. 6s, 8s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

The Warning.

1 THE awful message came;
The Lord of spirits said,
"I know thou hast a living name,
But thou art dead.
Thy dying gifts revive,
And strengthen what remain;
Repent, remember, watch, and strive
To live again.

2 "But if thou wilt not hear
This warning of my grace,
Nor bow, with penitential fear,
Before my face,
Lo! as a thief I come, —
The hour thou canst not tell, —
To drive thee from thy peaceful home
In flames to dwell.

3 "The undefiled shall see
My promise fixed and sure;
And he who conquers walk with me
In garments pure:
Recorded by my love,
His name I will declare
Before my Father's throne above,
And angels there."

688. C. M. WATTS.

Difficulty and Dependence.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed.
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

689. S. M. STEELE.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart, —
The gift, alas! how poor!

4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

5 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

690. C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

691. C. M. COWPER

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

692. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

693. C. M. ADDISON

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But, O, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

694. S. M. Watts.

Union and Peace.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

695. 7s. Montgomery.

Joined to God's People.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns, —
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

696. S. M. BEDDOME.

All one in Christ.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found —
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

697. C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly Love.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word! —

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart! —

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

698. L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian Affection.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

699. C. M. WATTS.

Christian Harmony.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love! —

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole!

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

700. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

Christian Unity.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity:
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life forevermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

701. C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

1 SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills, —

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

702. C. M. BEDDOME.

Imitation of Christ.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

703. L. M. Watts.

Religion vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All hat is done in heaven and hell, —
Or could my faith the world remove, —
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor, —
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

704. L. M. Watts.

Following the Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

705. C. M. KIRKHAM.

Bearing Shame for Christ.

1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

706. L. M. WATTS.

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

707. 7s, 6 L. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

708. S. M. TOPLADY.

Encouragement.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

709. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for Direction.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From folly turn away my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands, —
'Tis a delightful road, —
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

710. C. M. WATTS.

Communion with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

711. 8s & 7s. J. Taylor.

The Fount of Blessing.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

712. C. M. Bowring.

Holy Aspirations.

1 THE Saviour now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light:
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

2 Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

713. C. M. Doddridge.

Gratitude and Hope.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through every winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in his long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But, O, I burn with strong desire
To dwell with thee above.

5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

714. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Self-Admonition.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene;
See how thy foes encamp around,
And treason lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These hostile powers assail:
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Then to the work of God awake;
Behold thy Master near;
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.

4 The awful register goes on;
Th' account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night,
May bear me to my doom.

5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

715. S. M. Doddridge

The watchful Servant.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! — 'tis your Lord's command
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

716. C. M. Campbell's Col.

Watch and pray.

1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

717. S. M. HEATH.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

718. S. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God.

1 I LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace

719. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.] Cennick

The Christian Pilgrimage.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Th' better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

720. L. M. Watts.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain, 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on, —
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

721. C. M. Watts.

The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

722. C. M. Anon.

The whole Armor.

1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

723. S. M. C. Wesley.

The Christian Soldier.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God: —

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high
And takes the conquerors home.

724. C. M. STEELE.

Succor implored in spiritual Conflicts.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
O, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

725. L. M. Watts.

The heavenly Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint; —

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

726. C. M. Doddridge.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye; —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

727. C. M. WATTS.

Following departed Worthies.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

728. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Following departed Worthies.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most prec ous blood
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

729. C. M. BARBAULD.

Following Christ.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

730 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Encouragement to Faithfulness.

1 OUR Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

731. C. M. WATTS.

Sustaining Grace in old Age implored.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love.

732. C. M. WATTS.

Trusting God in old Age.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

733. C. M. Sab. Recreations.

Resignation.

1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

734. C. M. Watts.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply —
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew

735. C. M. WATTS.

Looking from Earth to Heaven.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days so sluggish move,
Nor my salvation come?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend,
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

736. C. M. H. H. HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1 THERE is a hope, a blesséd hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

737. S. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Active Piety.

1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

738. C. M. Watts.

Kindness to the Poor.

1 HOW blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands!

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

739.

L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Care of Widows and Orphans.

1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O may we always thus be poor.

3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

4 Thou God of hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

740.

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Active Effort to do Good.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land; —

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

741. C. M. BARBAULD.

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found—
Free mercy from above;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

742. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Kindness.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And, in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
For us he shed his precious blood —
A balm for every wound.

743. C. M. BODEN.

Kindness to the Afflicted.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
And kindly checks the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
The goodness feeble man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
We'll cheerfully repair,
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferers there.

5 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

6 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

744. C. M. W. CROSWELL.

Imitation of Christ's Kindness.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

745. 8s. & 7s. [PECULIAR.] ANON.

Leaving a Portion for the Poor

1 WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scattered ears behind:
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

2 When thine olive-plants, increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the boughs again:
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

3 When thy favored vintage, flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But the vines the poor shall glean:
So thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

746. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Kindness to Christ's Brethren.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O, rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

747. C. M. BEDDOME.

Tender Regard for the Poor.

1 HAPPY, forever happy he
Whose heart is cleansed from sin;
His life is from reproaches free,
His conscience is serene.

2 Remote from anger, noise, and strife,
Submissive and resigned,
He leads a holy, peaceful life
Is loved of all mankind.

3 With tender pity for the poor,
He hears their plaintive cries,
And, out of his increasing store,
Their urgent want supplies.

4 In sickness God will soothe his grief,
And be his constant Friend;
At death will yield him kind relief,
And crown his journey's end.

748. C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Works of Piety rewarded.

1 HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

749. C. M. WATTS.

The Importance and Influence of Love.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But they can never love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

750. L. M. WATTS

Blessedness of the Righteous.

1 BLEST are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God — the God of peace.

4 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Eternal life is their reward.

751. C. M. WATTS.

Earthly Pleasures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceiving light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood, —
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

752. 8s & 4s. ANON.

Vanity of the World.

1 ALAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here! —
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.

2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

4 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

753. 8s, 7s & 4. FAWCETT.

Hope encouraged.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

754. C. M. WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

755. L. M. WATTS.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy faithful word hath taught me so!
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

756. L. M. Watts.

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord;
But I will call thy grace to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

757. C. M. Doddridge.

Earthly and Heavenly Good compared.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost
We fondly call our own;
We scarcely can possession boast,
Before we find them gone.

3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In fair and fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

758. C. M. WATTS.

Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
And still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love.
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

759. C. M. NEWTON.

Mourning over departed Comforts.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

760. C. M. WATTS.

Support in God.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust, —
" Return, ye sons of men ; "
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

761. S. M. WATTS.

God's Favor preferred to the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy holy rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

762. C. M. Doddridge.

Sickness and Recovery.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast,
And waited for my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

763. C. M. Boden's Col.

Forgiveness of Enemies.

1 "FATHER, forgive," the Saviour cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

3 By thine example ever swayed,
We for our foes will pray;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings, will repay.

764. C. M. Watts.

Beatific Vision of Christ.

1 FROM thee, O God, our joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of our souls
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where our blesséd Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
We'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Blest Saviour, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

5 Haste, our belovéd, bear our souls
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for our spirits long to see
Our Saviour and our God.

765. C. M. FAWCETT.

Importance of Religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.

3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope our souls inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

766. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Benefits of Religion.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
"The Son of God is mine"!
Happy, though humbled in the dust —
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall forever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow
And endless vigor give.

3 That life we ask with bended knee;
Nor will the Lord deny,
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

4 That life obtained, for praise alone
We wish continued breath;
And, taught by blest experience, own
That praise can live in death

767. S. M. WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

768. S. M. LUTH. COL.

Religion a Support in Life.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade, —

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer our every gloomy hour,
And calm our every grief.

769. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Importance of Religion to the Young.

1 WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

3 He will in safety guide thy course
O'er life's uncertain sea,
And bring thee to that peaceful shore
Where happy spirits be.

770. C. M. WATTS.

Importance of the Bible to the Young.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

771. S. M. FAWCETT.

The Bible the Guide of the Young.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined:
O, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

772. C. M. EPIS. COL.

Early Piety.

1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose, —

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved; —

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways; —

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

773. C. M. HEBER.

Early Religion.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

774. C. M. COWPER.

Youthful Piety.

1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made;
O, join the public prayer:
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear.

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

775. C. M. LOGAN.

Early Instruction.

1 HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

776. L. M. WATTS.

Religious Education.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue:
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints;
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God, with his grace, is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears; he counts their groans;
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones;
They in his praise employ their breath.

777. 8s, 7s & 4. UNION MINSTREL.

Children exhorted.

1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight:
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

778. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Remember thy Creator.

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear:
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

779. L. M. Watts.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return, —
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

780. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The Lost found.

1 O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hear
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

781. S. M. SWAIN.

Joy in the Conversion of Sinners.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays? —

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice, meet
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

782. C. M. WATTS.

The Change effected by Grace.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

783. 6s & 4s. R. PALMER.

Christ our Confidence.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above, —
A ransomed soul.

784. C. M. C. WESLEY

Self-Consecration.

1 ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, O, let us be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved, by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

785. C. M. ANON.

Devoting all to Christ.

1 ETERNAL Saviour, God of love,
Abused, insulted Friend,
O, from thy lofty throne above,
Thy saving mercy send.

2 Here lies my naked, guilty heart,
Before thy piercing eye;
To me thy healing touch impart;
O, reach me, for I die.

3 All that my future life shall know
Of love, and joy, and light,
Shall burn for thee, and shine and glow
By thine effectual might.

4 Thus to thy claim my trembling soul
Her sweet submission brings,
And thus, while changing ages roll,
Shall rest beneath thy wings.

THE CHURCH.

786. S. M. WATTS.

Gospel Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well, —

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows, —
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die —
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

787. C. M. WATTS

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood;
Ye must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

788. S. M. DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

789. C. M. Watts.

The general Assembly of Saints.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

790. C. M. Montgomery.

Saints on Earth and in Heaven.

1 IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

791. C. M. C. Wesley.

One Church.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream —
The narrow stream — of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 O Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

792. 11s. [Peculiar.] Anon.

The Church victorious.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

793. C. M. C. Wesley.

The Saints above and below.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone·
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

794. S. M. Watts.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

795. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

God the Defence of Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded —
Zion, kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine !

2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee —
God, thine everlasting light.

796. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Church triumphant.

1 A HOST of spirits round the throne
In humble posture stand,
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.

2 From different regions of the globe
These happy spirits came ;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

3 One glorious body now they make, —
More glorious far their Head ;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake ;
Their sorrows all are fled.

4 Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise,
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

797. S. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

BAPTISM.

798. S. M. S. F. SMITH.

Baptism into Christ.

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

799. L. M. BALDWIN.

Imitation of Christ.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

800. C. M. FELLOWS.

Delight in Obedience.

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

801. C. M. Anon.

Obedience to Christ.

1 LORD, I am thine, and in thy aid
I place my firmest trust:
How large a price thy love has paid
For vile polluted dust!

2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.

3 I stand before the sacred flood;
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!

4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
Support me all my days;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

802. C. M. Beddome.

Following Christ.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain, —
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, b.est Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

803. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to Him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

804. L. M. JUDSON.

Christ's Example.

1 OUR Savio ır bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod —
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

805. L. M. WATTS

Baptism an Emblem.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

806. 8s & 7s. J. FAWCETT.

Following Christ.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

807. L. M. JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

808. C. M. S. F. Smith.

The emblematic Dove.

1 MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blesséd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

809. S. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Obeying Christ.

1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

810. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Baptism of Christ.

1 HOW calmly wakes the hallowed morn!
How tranquil earth's repose! —
Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn,
When, early, Jesus rose.

2 How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast! —
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Saviour passed.

3 Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed:
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.

4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine;
We come thy rite to seal;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

811. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Baptism an Act of Worship.

1 'TIS God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath,
In answering praise, ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod:
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

5 O that our conscious souls may own,
With joy's serene survey,
Inscribed upon his judgment throne,
The transcript of this day.

812. C. M. J. Ryland.

Hinder me not.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be, —
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death
I'll gladly go with thee.

813. L. M. Beddome.

Cordial Obedience.

1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey:
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.

2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more

814. H. M. FELLOWS.

The Holy Spirit sought.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own:
Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
Our works are vain; | Acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view | And, dove-like, flew
Thy form came down, | The King to crown.

3 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine;
Do thou our souls inspire:
Thou wilt attend | "Till time shall end,"
On all thy sons: | Thy promise runs.

815. 8s, 7s & 4. S. S. CUTTING.

Christian Profession.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee;
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us —
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

816. L. M. BEDDOME.

Spiritual Blessing desired.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

2 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the bride invite.

817. 8s, 7s & 4. J. E. Giles.

Buried with Christ by Baptism.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

818. S. M. S. F. Smyth.

The Baptism of Christ.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

819. 8s & 7s. Fellows.

Following Christ.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

820. L. M. S. P. Hill.

Invocation.

1 COME, saints, adore your Saviour, God,
Who led your willing footsteps here;
Walk in the blesséd paths he trod,
Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.

2 Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave;
Now with this scene thine influence blend,
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

821. S. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Delight in Obedience.

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led; —

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

822. C. M. Doddridge.

Christians buried and risen with Christ.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies, —
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

823. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Separation from the World.

1 O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.

3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

824. C. M. Jas. Newton.

After Baptism.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove —
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

825. L. M. Doddridge.

Vows recognized.

1 'TIS done; the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

3 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

826. L. M. KELLY.

Receiving Members.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

5 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

827. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Welcome to Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break, —
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness, —
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

828. L. M. NEWTON.

On receiving new Members.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered, for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

829. L. M. BEDDOME.

Admission of Members.

1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice, both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 Do Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

830. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Pledge of Fidelity.

1 YE men and angels, witness now, —
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow, —
A vow we dare not break, —

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

831. L. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes, —

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake! —

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

832. S. M. WATTS.

Communion with Christ.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

833. L. M. WATTS

Christ's Compassion celebrated.

1 OUR spirits join to praise the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

834. L. M. WATTS.

Consecration in View of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

835. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel Feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

836. L. M. WATTS.

Sufferings and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

837. C. M. J. Stennett.

Humble Communion.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place; —

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

838. C. M. Watts.

The new Covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good,"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the promise to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pardoning grace,
And glory, shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

839. C. M. S. STENNETT.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accurséd tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free —
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

840. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Compassion.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

841. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Mourning and Rejoicing.

1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced, —
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

842. C. M. B. W. Noel.

Remembering Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie; —
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh; -

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed! —
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

843. 11s. E. Y. Reese.

Remembering Christ.

1 "DO this," and remember the blood that was shed,
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

2 Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn,
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side
When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.

3 Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave:
He liveth forever, his people to save:
O, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love, —
The foretaste of rapture eternal above

844. L. M. KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

845 L. M. WATTS.

The Memorials of Grace.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

846. C. M. WARDLAW.

Remembering Christ.

1 REMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

847. 7s. CONDER.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

848. C. M. E. Taylor

Christian Fellowship.

1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where, met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

849. L. M. Watts.

Enjoyment in the Service.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

850. C. M. ANON.

Coming to the Table of the Lord.

1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way!

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us, with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
T' obey his holy word.

851. C. M. SCOTCH COL.

Praise to Christ.

1 TO Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God, —

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

MISSIONS.

852. L. M. WATTS.

The great Commission.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

853. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

854. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song:
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

855. L. M. VOKE.

Missions to the Heathen.

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

856 S. M. Eng. Epis. Co.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above,
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.

2 Through all the earth below
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blesséd name.

3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise,
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise.

4 O, let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far-distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

5 Then earth, thy grace confessed,
Shall pour its fruits abroad;
By thee thy numerous church be blest,
O Lord, our gracious God.

6 Thy blessing shall extend,
Thy saving grace appear,
And all, to earth's remotest end,
The Lord our Saviour fear.

857. L. M. Anon.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 AWAKE, all-conquering Arm, awake,
And Satan's mighty empire shake;
Assert the honors of thy throne,
And make this ruined world thy own.

2 Thine all-successful power display;
Convert a nation in a day;
Until the universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

858. C. M. LYTE.

Prayer for the Church.

1 BE merciful to us, O God;
Upon thy people shine;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live be thine.

2 Give light and comfort to thine own;
And let that light extend
Till thy prevailing name be known
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord;
Let all their homage bring;
From sea to sea be thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.

859. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS

Prayer for the World.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

860. L. M. SLINN.

Prayer for the Display of Power.

1 ARISE in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That al the world thy power may own.

861. L. M. BURDER'S COL.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

862. C. M. W. WARD.

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

863. H. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy, show:
Fulfil thy word; | Let heathen live,
Thy Spirit give; | And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace, | Fill earth with joy,
Thy power employ; | And heaven with praise.

864. C. M. GIBBONS.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

865 L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O, bid the morning star arise;
O, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night:
Bid every nation hail the light.

866. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

Heralds of Mercy.

1 MOST gracious to fulfil thy word,
Almighty to defend, —
To reap thy ripened harvest, Lord,
Thy chosen servants send.

2 Send to the east the valiant band;
Send to each distant pole;
Send to the west; o'er every land
Salvation's current roll.

3 Heralds of peace, we come! we come!
On love's swift wings we fly;
Ye dead in sin, O, live; ye dumb,
In hallelujahs cry.

4 O Zion, spread more wide thy tent;
Stretch forth thy straining cords;
The promise dawns; the clouds are rent;
Earth, thou shalt be the Lord's.

5 Haste, haste, ye years of toil and woe;
Heaven, earth, break forth and sing,
"The kingdoms of the world are now
Thy conquest, peerless King."

6 Amen, amen; let echoing praise
Swell like the sounding sea;
To God, to God, those rapturous lays,
That tide of praise, shall be.

867. H. M. BURDER.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
O, chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright, millennial day!

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

868. 8s, 7s & 4. J. RYLAND.

Victories of Christ.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combines with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To insure thy blesséd conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

869. L. M. BACON.

Diffusion of Gospel Light.

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

870. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Prayer for Christ's Victory.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And Earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

871. 8s & 7s. URWICK 881.

Desiring Christ's Triumph.

1 O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness;
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name."

3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling —
As at first, the Lord's delight.

872. H. M. E. SCOTT.

Prayer for Christ's Victory

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still doth thine arm | And monuments
New trophies wear, | Of glory rear.

2 O, haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O, may it bless | And bear our shouts
Our longing eyes, | Beyond the skies.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold, the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time | Thy throne shall stand
Are known no more, | Forever sure.

873. 7s. CONDER.

The Latter Day.

1 HASTEN, Lord, thy promised hour;
Come in glory and in power:
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.

2 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with thy bride, say, "Come,
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign forevermore."

874. 8s, 7s & 4. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit,
O'er the world thy influence shed.

875. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the Word : that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

5 Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

876. 6s & 4s. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer to the Trinity.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
" Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
" Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace ;
And in earth's darkest place
' Let there be light."

877. 8s, 7s & 4. T. COTTERILL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
O'er the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine; thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Alway, to the end of time.

878. L. M. A. BALFOUR.

The Missionary charged and encouraged.

1 GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume

3 Go to the hungry — food impart ;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high ;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

879. S. M. WARDLAW'S COL.

Universal Extension of Christ's Kingdom.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blesséd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O, all ye nations, rise ;
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

880. 7s. MARSDEN

The Messengers of God.

1 GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly·
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

881. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth
Go proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth

2 Of his gospel not ashaméd,
As "the power of God to save,"
Go where Christ was never naméd,
Publish freedom to the slave —
Blesséd freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

882. L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Missionaries encouraged.

1 YE Christian heralds — go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more —
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

883. 8s & 7s. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Missionaries charged.

1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given —
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature —
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

884. 6s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

The Gospel preached to every Creature.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Swiftly, on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep.
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand —
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Ye soon shall shine.

885. C. M. MORELL.

Missionaries commended to God.

1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

886. C. M. ANON.

Missionaries' Farewell.

1 KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say, "Farewell"?
How, — when our swelling sails expand, —
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To Him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when, our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With warm desire our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
"Farewell," then we can say, "farewell,
Our friends, our native land."

887. S. M. Voke.

Missionaries encouraged.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

888. C. M. Morell.

Fidelity enjoined.

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name
Salvation bought with blood.

2 Go, with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful strength bestow
And on your labors shine.

3 He who has called you to the war
Will soon reward your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross

889. 8s, 7s & 4. S. F. Smith.

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely —
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly —
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died — the blessèd Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

890. 7s & 6s. NOEL'S COL

Departure of Missionaries.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

3 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

4 O, be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O, be they still with thee.

891. 8s, 7s & 4. P. WILLIAMS.

Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blesséd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer — never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

892. 7s & 5s. S. F. Smith.

The missionary Angel.

1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard placed;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward fly;
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh:
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight —
'Tis the time decreed:
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
"God is all in all."

893. 7s. BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

894. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Returning to Zion.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

895. C. M. WATTS.

Zion's Prospects.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
These ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
All nations bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits, a Sovereign, on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise and trust the Lord

896. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Zion encouraged.

1 ZION, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

897. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Zion's Prosperity.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream far abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne, | In nobler spheres
Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

898. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

899. C. M. LOGAN.

The Glory of the Latter Day.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

900. 10s. POPE.

Gentiles coming into the Church.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fixed his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

901. 6, 7s & 8. H. Y.

The Gospel Summons.

1 HARK! hark! a shout of joy!
The world, the world, is calling;
In east and west, in north and south,
See Satan's kingdom falling.

2 Wake! wake! the church of God,
And dissipate thy slumbers;
Shake off thy deadly apathy,
And marshal all thy numbers.

3 Trust, trust the faithful God;
His promise is unfailing;
The prayer of faith can pierce the skies;
Its breath is all-prevailing.

4 Look! look! the fields are white;
And stay thy hand no longer;
Though Satan's mighty legions fight,
The arm of God is stronger.

5 See! see! the cross is raised;
The crescent droops before it;
The pagan nations feel its power,
And prostrate ranks adore it.

6 Joy! joy! the Saviour reigns;
See prophecy fulfilling;
The hearts of stubborn Jews relent,
In God's own time made willing.

7 Pray! pray! then, Christian, pray;
Though faint, be yet pursuing,
And cease not, day by day, the prayer
Of lively faith renewing.

8 Soon, soon your waiting eyes
Shall see the heavens rending,
And rich and richer blessings still
From God's bright throne descending.

902. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Zion encouraged.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing —
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

903. L. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Subjection of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

1 SOON may the last, glad song arise,
Through all the myriads of the skies —
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

904. 8s, 7s & 4. Kelly.

Encouraging Prospects.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

905. C. M. WATTS.

Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And fled the rolling skies.

2 From highest heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing, —
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode, —
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

906. 12s, 11 & 8. S. F. SMITH.

The Prince of Salvation.

1 THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour;
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall reëcho the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

907. 7s & 6s ANON.

Universal Hallelujah.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

908. H. M. ANON.

Millennium Hymn.

1 ISLES of the south, awake!
The song of triumph sing;
Let mount, and hill, and vale,
With hallelujahs ring:
Shout, for the idol 's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
Your shackled sons are free;
No mother wails her child
'Neath the banana-tree:
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore;
The clank of chains is heard no more.

3 Shout, vales of India, shout!
No funeral fires blaze high;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves.

4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
The crescent head lies low;
No Moslem flings his chain
Around the Christian now;
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Saviour, God the Son.

5 Shout, hills of Palestine!
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine-press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane?

6 Hail, glad, millennial day!
O, shout, ye heavens above!
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love:
Redeeming love the song shall be:
Hail, blesséd year of jubilee!

909. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Glory of the Latter Day.

1 ARISE, arise; with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way," ye heralds, cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

910. 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing —
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is love.

911. L. M. WATTS.

The seventh Trumpet.

1 NOW let the angel sound on high;
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, that once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

912. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Success of the Gospel.

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing, —
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

913. L. P. M. Watts.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

914. L. M. Collyer.

Missionary Meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line — to either pole —
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

915. 7s. BATON.

The Song of Jubilee.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King:"
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns forevermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

916. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Jubilee Song.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!

2 See, Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed his sword: — he speaks — 'tis done
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! — let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

5 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

917. 7s & 6s. HEBER.

Condition of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand, —
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand, —
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain, —
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

918. S. M. TATE & BRADY.

Prayer for God's Chosen.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine; —

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 O, let them shout and sing
Glad songs of pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

919. 7s & 6s. LYTE.

The Salvation of Israel.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee

920. L. M. ANON.

Prayer for Israel.

1 O THOU, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found, —
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.

2 Bid their departed light return;
Thy holy splendor round them burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

921. S. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Israel.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfilled, —
Thy family complete.

922. L. M. Pratt's Co.

Israel returning from Captivity.

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string? —
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

923. C. M. W. B. Tappan

Israel redeemed.

1 HARK! 'tis the Prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near:
The night of death and bondage flies;
The dawning tints appear.

2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

3 To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.

4 From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine;
His banner is unfurled.

5 The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

6 Again in Bethl'em swells the song;
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
"Good-will and peace to men."

924. C. M. Moore.

Spiritual Restoration of the Jews.

1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now?

2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie, —
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye, —

3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.

4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

925. S. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure, —
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

926. L. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to universal Praise.

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CONSTITUTION OF A CHURCH.

927. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

928. H. M. PRATT'S COL.

God's Love to Zion.

1 FIXED on the sacred hills,
Its firm foundations rest;
The Lord his temple fills,
With all his glory blest:

He waits where'er His saints adore, | But loves the gates Of Zion more.

2 O Zion, sacred place!
Thy name shall spread around;
The city of his grace,
His wonders there abound:

Thy glories will Thy God declare, | And earth thy fame Resound afar.

929. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Christian Fellowship.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O Thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

6 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

930. 8s & 7s. Newton.

The Church God's chosen Residence.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

5 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

931. L. M. WATTS.

The Church the Palace of God.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect his brightest praise

DEDICATION HYMNS.

932. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The House of Prayer and Praise.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest; —

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! — earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! — hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

933. H. M. FRANCIS.

Prayer for God's Presence and Blessing.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

934. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Blessing implored.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone,
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

935. L. M. Watts.

A House for God.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Here sinners, waiting at his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word."

936. C. M. Dobell's Col.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold a temple raised for thee;
O, meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.

937. C. M. REED.

The Spirit's Presence desired.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,—
The wings of peaceful love,—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

938. L. M. WILLIS.

The Temple of Nature.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rung,
The morning stars together sung.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.

939. C. M. J. D. KNOWLES.

A Blessing supplicated.

1 O GOD, though countless worlds of light,
Thy power and glory show, —
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow, —

2 Yet oft to men of ancient time
Thy glorious presence came,
And in Moriah's fane sublime
Thou didst record thy name

3 And now, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

4 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

5 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.

6 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart, now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

940. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

A House of Prayer for all People.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care | For us to raise
Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, | And find our home,
To thee we come, | And rest secure.

3 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend their song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, | To join the choir
Till earth conspire | On Zion's hill.

941. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Condescension.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

942. L. M. H. S. Washburn.

The divine Blessing implored.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy constant care
Hath been our sure support and stay,
And hither gladly we repair,
Our early sacrifice to pay.

2 Accept our vows; in humble trust
This house we consecrate to thee:
O, may thy promise to the just
Forever, Lord, our portion be.

3 And may that stream which maketh glad
The city of our God below,
Revive the drooping, cheer the sad,
As still its healing waters flow.

4 So let thy people here enjoy
The blessings which thy grace hath given,
That they may hail, with purer joy,
The unseen, perfect bliss of heaven.

943. C. M. Shepherd's Col.

Divine Condescension.

1 WILL God in very deed descend,
And dwell with men below?
An ear to mortal worship lend?
To us his glory show?

2 While heaven's exalted spheres resound
With hymns which angels sing,
Will God in mercy so abound,
T' accept the praise we bring?

3 Allowed within thy courts to meet,
Thy presence we implore;
Smile on us from thy mercy-seat,
And we desire no more.

4 Here let thy gospel be declared;
Here make thy power be known;
May every heart, by grace prepared,
Be the Redeemer's throne.

5 Here make thyself a glorious name,
And form us for thy praise;
Thy promised presence, Lord, we claim,
And supplicate thy grace.

944. C. M. J. R. Scott

Divine Blessing solicited.

1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

ORDINATION HYMNS.

945. L. M. Doddridge.

The Ministry of divine Appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Conferred his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While numerous churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

946. L. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

947. 8s & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

Benefits of the Ministry.

1 BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far,—
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.

3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love —
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.

4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Spirit divine, to thee,
When they, whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

948. C. M. M. A. Collier.

Welcoming a Pastor.

1 THE sun, that lights yon broad, blue sky,
May see his radiance dim;
The stars, that circle bright and high,
May hush their joyous hymn; —

2 The spring may breathe her balmy airs,
Yet earth no verdure show;
The purest love a mother bears
May lose its wonted glow; —

3 But still within the Saviour's breast
There dwells a quenchless flame:
The earth may sink, the hills depart, —
It lives, it burns the same.

4 O ransomed church, the Son of God
Still loves thy children well;
For thee the paths of death he trod;
'Tis thine his grace to tell.

5 Saviour, thy messenger we greet
Within this hallowed spot;
O, may we here thy presence meet:
Our God, forsake us not.

949. S. M. Watts.

Ministers the Bearers of good Tidings

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!—
'Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

950. L. M. Montgomery.

A Pastor welcomed.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above

951. L. M. S. F. Smith.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

1 'TIS done — th' important act is done —
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know;
Its fruits, when time its race has run,
Shall through eternal ages flow.

2 The covenants of this sacred hour,
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal;
Spirit of grace, diffuse thy power,
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.

3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love;
His lips inspire; each effort own;
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove.

4 Behold his charge: what wealth shall dare
With its most priceless worth to vie?
Suns, systems, worlds, how mean they are,
Compared with souls, that cannot die!

5 The sun may set in endless gloom,
The planets from their stations flee
Creation fill oblivion's tomb,
But souls can never cease to be.

6 O, when, before the judgment seat,
The wicked quake in dread despair,
May we, all reverent at thy feet,
Pastor and flock, find mercy there.

952. 6s & 4s. J. Young.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

1 O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray:
To thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring —
Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy word success;
And this thy servant bless;
His labors own;
And, while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day:
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

4 O Lord, our God, arise;
And now, before our eyes,
Thy arm make bare;
Unite our hearts in love,
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its fulness prove,
And praise thee there.

953. L. M. S. F. Smith.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 SPIRIT of peace and holiness,
This new-created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.

2 Saviour, who carest for thy sheep,
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be —
Dead to the world, alive to thee.

4 O thou, whose love doth never fail,
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
And may it, from this hour, appear
That thy reviving power is here.

5 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony;
Accept our praise, our sins remove,
And fit us for thy courts above.

954. L. M. S. F. Smith.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

1 AND now the solemn deed is done;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun;
Seal thou, O God, the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

2 The shepherd of thy people bless;
Gird him with thy own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Saviour led

4 Come, Spirit, here consent to dwell;
The mists of earth and sin dispel:
Blest Saviour, thy own rights maintain;
Supreme in every bosom reign.

5 O, let our humble worship be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee;
And may these hallowed scenes of love
Fit us for purer joys above.

955. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego, —
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

956. 7s. HAMMOND.

Winning Souls to Christ.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;-

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede —
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven, —
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

HYMNS FOR SEAMEN.

957. L. M. COWPER.

Temptation compared to a Storm.

1 THE billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

958. C. M. SEL. HYMNS.

Prayer for Seamen.

1 WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

959. L. M. H. K. White.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore, —
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

960. 12s. Heber.

"Save, Lord, or we perish."

1 WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, — "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow, —
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish.'

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeeméd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer, — "Save, Lord, or we perish."

961. C. M. MADAN'S COL.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

1 OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tost,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost, —

2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved, —
Our Saviour and our King.

962. L. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at Sea.

1 PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea, —

4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

5 Nought, nought appears but sea and sky;
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee!

963. L. M. WATTS.

The Seaman's Song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

964. C. M. ADDISON.

The Christian Mariner safe.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

965. 8s & 7s. W. G. CLARKE

Opening of the School.

1 WE have met in peace together
In this house of God again,
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing;
May the Spirit of salvation
Come with healing in his wing.

2 We have met, and Time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

3 He will aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest:
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

966. 7s. GRAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blest;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

3 Shed abroad in every mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith, and holy love.

967. L. M. UNION COL.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

968. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Songs of Children in Heaven.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

969. C. M. STRAPHAN.

Pleasures of Teaching.

1 BE ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

2 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace!

3 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

970. H. M. PRATT'S COL.

United Praise of Teachers and Children.

1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise:
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless:
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

971. 7s & 6s. Anon.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 TO thee, O blesséd Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 O, may thy precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine.
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

972. C. M. Union Col.

Youthful Praise.

1 GREAT God, in whom we live and move,
Accept our feeble praise,
For all the mercy, grace, and love,
Which crown our youthful days.

2 For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord, what can we impart?
Thou dost require one gift alone —
The offering of the heart.

3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory face to face.

973. C. M. Union Col.

Teachers' Success.

1 HOW should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labors with success,
Among the rising race!

2 Their joyful tongues unite to praise
His all-redeeming love,
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove.

MATERNAL HYMNS.

974. S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Solicitude for the Conversion of Children.

1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart;
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend;
O, come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

5 Our laboring bosoms bleed
Till thou our griefs dispel;
Sure is the promise which we plead,
In all things ordered well.

6 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

975. C. M. Sel. Hymns.

A Hymn for a Maternal Association

1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond, maternal care;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give;
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3 This is the burden of our prayer —
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

976. 7s. Campbell's Col.

Prayer for the Salvation of Children.

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share —
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer — in mercy hear.

977. C. M. Doddridge.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

978. C. M. Mothers' Hymns.

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

979. C. M. Ch. Psalmist.

Parental Solicitude.

1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 O, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw:
Save them from every sin.

980. S. M. Fellows.

Prayer for Offspring.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits be ıd,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify:
Remember now thy gracious word:
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine;
We give them back to thee:
O, lead them, by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

981. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ blessing Children.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

982. C. M. ANON.

Christ blessing Children.

1 ON, through Judea's palmy plain,
By Jordan's silv'ry shore,
The Saviour leads the thronging train,
Who follow to adore.

2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid,
He marked the listening child;
His hand upon its head he laid,
And blest in accents mild.

3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form
Can greet our children's sight,
Grant that, whilst life their breasts shall warm,
Thy word may guide them right.

4 They may not feel thine earthly touch;
But be thy Spirit given,
To make them holy; "for of such
The kingdom is of heaven."

FAST AND THANKSGIVING.

983. C. M. HART.

Public Humiliation.

1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod, —
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

984. C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Public Supplication.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued, —

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land:
Forsake us not, O God.

985. L. M. DYER.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore, —
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power, —

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

986. C. M. BREVIARY.

Humility under Affliction.

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

987. C. M. WATTS.

Relief from national Judgments implored.

1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold, thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

988. C. M. RIPPON'S C[illegible]

Judgments for national Sins deprecated.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

989 S. M. E. Scott.

The Sacrifice of Gratitude.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 O, may this sacrifice,
While at thy feet we bend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
To thee, the Lord, ascend.

4 Well pleased our God will view
The products of his grace;
With endless life will he fulfil
His kindest promises.

990. 11s & 8s. Montgomery

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people; his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

991. 8s & 7s. CROSSE.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean.
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

992. L. M. PRESB. COL.

Goodness of God celebrated.

1 JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

993. 6s & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

Praise to the God of Harvest.

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty, — but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

994. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade;
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise.

995. L. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Joy in Harvest.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest," we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low; —

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

996. L. P. M. ROSCOE.

Praise to the Author of National Blessings.

1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them, and they fall;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own.

2 To thee, with grateful hearts, we raise
The tribute of exulting praise,
Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend·
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last,
And e'er thy sheltering care extend.

997. C. M. ANON.

A Harvest Hymn.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

998. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of all Grace.

1 GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours —
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

999. 7s. SAC. LYRICS

Thanksgiving.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey, —
Never feel oppression's rod, —
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

1000. 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
Thy name — I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1001. L. M. PRESB. COL.

God acknowledged in national Blessings.

1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod, —
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

1002. C. M. Anon.

God's Kindness to our Forefathers.

1 TO Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.

2 'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless.

4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

1003. C. M. Wreford.

Prayer for our Country.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

1004. L. P. M. KIPPIS

National Praise and Prayer.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
Through every age, O, may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign,
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

1005. P. M. H. S. WASHBURN.

The Goodness of God to our Country celebrated.

1 LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye reverend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice;
For he is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne;
For he is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

1006. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for national Gratitude ana Holiness.

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

1007. 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

Hymn for the national Anniversary.

1 AUSPICIOUS morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 When on the tyrant's rod
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'Twas not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal,
But, Lord, in thee.

3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land.

4 Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

MORNING HYMNS.

1008. C. M. ANON.

"I will be glad in the Lord."

1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away, —
Bright tear-drops of the night, —

2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.

4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.

5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

1009. C. M. WATTS.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread.
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

1010. L. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

1011. L. M. Watts.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1012. C. M. Sac. Offering.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord;
O, teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.

5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
O, sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

1013. 7s. Epis. Col.

A Morning Prayer.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would abor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last:
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

1014. 7s. Ch. Psalmody.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh:
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
O, preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

1015. C. M. STEELE.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

1016. S. M. DWIGHT.

Morning Thanksgiving.

1 SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept — and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

3 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

1017. L. M. KENN.

A Morning Invocation.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

1018. C. M. KIPPIS

Morning and Evening Praise.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The pleasing work pursue,
And thee alone will praise, to whom
All praise is ever due.

1019. C. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hosanna.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his guardian wings.

1020 6s & 5s. ANON.

Praise to God.

1 THROUGH thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning:
O thou great One in Three,
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising thee,
God of the morning.

2 God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.

EVENING HYMNS.

1021. 12s & 11s. CHURCHMAN

An Evening Hymn.

1 SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean,
The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea;
O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.

2 Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave:
Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain
Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given:
One God, ever blessèd and praisèd, thou art.

1022. L. M. ANON.

Evening Reflections.

1 STILL evening comes, with gentle shade,
Sweet harbinger of balmy rest,
From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts
Revolving in the pensive breast.

2 Refulgent day in darkness sets;
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep;
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease;
The scene obscured inspires my eye,
And darkness marks the loved retreat
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
And undisturbed by human voice,
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

1023. L. M. WATTS.

Evening Reflections.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

1024. C. M. WATTS.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

1025. L. M. STEELE.

Evening Reflections.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

1026. 7s. Epis. Col.

Communion with God.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

1027. 7s & 6s. Sac. Songs.

Reflections at Sunset.

1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake.

1028. S. M. Curtis's Col.

Flight of Time.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blesséd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

1029. C. M. Sac. Offering.

Recognition of daily Mercies.

1 ETERNAL God of love and power,
I will thy praise resound,
And tell how every passing hour
Is with thy goodness crowned.

2 Throughout the day, thy tender care
Has all my wants supplied,
And deigned from every baneful snare
My erring steps to guide.

3 But, O, my tongue in vain essays
Thy bounty to declare;
It ne'er can tell, in mortal lays,
How great thy mercies are.

4 But yet thine all-discerning eye
My grateful heart can see;
And all its warm emotions lie,
O Lord, exposed to thee.

5 Now, while mine eyes are closed in sleep,
Wilt thou my Guardian be,
And deign my wearied frame to keep
From every danger free.

1030. 6s & 5s. ANON

Seeking Protection.

1 O THOU who hearest prayer,
Through his submission
Who did our sorrows bear,
Hear our petition:
Lead us in thine own way;
Grant us, we humbly pray,
For all our sins this day,
Holy contrition.

2 They shall lie down in peace,
Lord, whom thou keepest;
Thy mercies never cease;
Thou never sleepest:
Guard us till morning's ray
Bids us again essay
Who shall pour forth the lay
Loudest and deepest.

1031. L. M. KENN.

Trusting God.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

1032. 8s & 7s. EDMESTON.

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

1033. 8s. HOGG.

Praise to God.

1 BLESSED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the glorious Giver:
Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
Thou of every good the Giver,
Blesséd be thy name forever.

1034. C. M. WATTS.

Evening Devotion.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

THE SEASONS.

1035. C. M. WATTS.

Seasons.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

1036. C. M. STEELE.

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing.
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

1037. H. M. DWIGHT.

Spring.

1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!

Bright suns arise, | And beauty glows
The mild wind blows, | Through earth and skies

2 The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:

The evening breeze | His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.

3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms,
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:

His gifts divine | And round the year
Through all appear; | His glories shine.

1038. C. M. W. B. PEABODY.

Spring.

1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
Wha prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

1039. C. M. NEWTON.

Spring.

1 AT length the wished-for spring has come:
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

2 O, let my inmost soul confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

3 Inspired to praise, my heart would join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

4 My faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise
Our gracious God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

1040. 7s & 6s. Brit. Mag.

Autumn.

1 THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away:"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky:
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner, to salvation,
An exile, to his home;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

1041. 8s & 7s. Horne.

Autumn.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you, —
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed:
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1042. C. M. STEELE.

Winter.

1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

1043. C. M. WATTS.

Winter.

1 THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

2 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
God pours the sounding hail,
The man that does his power defy
Shall find his courage fail.

3 God sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

1044. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Flight of Time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea —
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid streams are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

1045. C. M. ANON.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run, —
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1046. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close, the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

1047. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

1048. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

1049. 7s. NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

1050. 5s & 12s. C. Wesley.

The new Year.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue —
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

1051. L. M. Doddridge.

A Song for the opening Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

1052. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

New Year. Providential Goodness.

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

1053. C. M. NEWTON.

New Year. Prayer for a Blessing.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

1054. C. M. WATTS.

Brevity and Frailty of Life.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

1055. C. M. Watts.

Life short, and Man frail.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures — earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1056. L. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

Brevity of Life.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

1057. C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Swiftness of Time.

1 HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by —
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was — time shall be — but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

6 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

1058. S. M. Watts.

Man hastening to the Grave.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That formed our body first;
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace;
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

1059. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Life rapidly passing away.

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us —
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us:
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

1060. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.] J. Burton

Life a Winter's Day.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1061. C. M. Watts.

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things! —
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1062. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on past Generations.

1 OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor, gone!

2 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

1063. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Importance of To-day.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The agéd and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

1064. C. H. M. JANE TAYLOR.

What is your Life?

1 O, WHAT is life? — 'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on:
Death comes and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O, what is life? — 'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow;
But while we look, they die:
Life fails as soon: — to-day 'tis here;
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? — if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

MEETING AND PARTING.

1065. 7s. NEWTON.

Parting of Christians.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

1066. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Parting Gift.

Hope of Meeting.

1 WHEN forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a painful anguish prove, —
We feel a pang of sorrow.

2 But who can e'er describe the tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If doomed to part for months, for years, —
To part, perhaps, forever?

3 Yet, if our aims are fixed aright,
A sacred hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.

4 Then let us form those bonds above
Which time can ne'er dissever,
Since, parting in a Saviour's love,
We part to meet forever.

1067. C. M. L. S. Hill.

Hope of Reunion above.

1 WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

1068. S. M. FAWCETT.

Christian Fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

1069. C. M. REED.

Gratitude for Preservation.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To Great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

1070. 6s & 5s. [Peculiar.] Sel. Hymns.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again? —
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes —
Never — no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never — no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never — no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never — no, never!

DEATH.

1071. L. M. WATTS

Men die, but the Saviour lives.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare, gracious Lord, O, spare, we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage —
"Our Father and our Saviour lives;
Thou art the same through every age."

4 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

1072. L. M. WATTS.

Death disarmed.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1073. L. M. Watts.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne e'er heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just —
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life 's a dream —
An empty tale — a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

1074. C. M. Collyer.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command, —

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

1075. C. M. WATTS.

God's Presence makes Death easy.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

1076. C. M. WATTS.

Victory over Death.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing —
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die
Through Christ, our living Head.

1077. C. M. Beddome.

Preparation for Death.

1 IF I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood
The blood that saves from sin and guilt
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die. — and die I must, —
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

1078. L. M. Watts.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

1079. C. M. Watts.

Meditation on the Tomb.

1 HARK! from the tombs a warning sound;
My ears, attend the cry —
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure? —
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

1080. P. M. Pope.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! — they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"
What is this absorbs me quite? —
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath? —
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

1081. C. M. HEBER.

A Warning from the Grave.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn: thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven — or hell.

1082. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to All.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

1083. 7s. Montgomery.

The Summons.

1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:"
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest:"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls —
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

1084. 7s & 4. Mrs. Gilbert.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
Light me through the gloomy way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day; —

2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Then, triumphant,
I will join th immortal choir.

1085. 8s & 4. MONTGOMERY.

The Grave.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

1086. 8s. COWPER.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power, —

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline, —

5 O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored

1087. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

1088. L. M. STEELE.

Death of an Infant.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

1089. 7s. TOPLADY.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies —
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought.

2 Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Lo! he beckons from on high:
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

4 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

5 Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

6 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him —
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

7 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

8 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

9 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

1090. S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

Friends separated by Death.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1091. C. M. STEELE.

The Death of a young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 O, let us fly — to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

1092. C. M. WATTS.

Death of Christian Friends.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1093. 7, 6s & 8. NOEL'S COL.

The Land of Rest.

1 BROTHER, thou art gone to rest;
We will not weep for thee;
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit longed to be.

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away;
Thy Saviour called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer —
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

1094. C. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Burial of a Friend.

1 AS, bowed by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes,
In silence there to rest.

2 No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath bell.

3 Yet, if, in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song, —

4 No more we'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join him there.

1095 L. M. Epis. Col.

Death of an Infant.

1 AS vernal flowers that scent the morn,
But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away.

2 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires —
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

4 This blesséd theme now cheers my voice;
The grave is not the loved one's prison;
The "stone" that covered half my joys
Is "rolled away," and, lo! "he's risen."

1096. 8s & 7s. S. F. Smith.

Interment of a pious young Female.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

1097. C. M. DALE.

Death of a Christian.

1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear;
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4 The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

1098. 7S. J. H. BANCROFT.

The Christian's Burial.

1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept:
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

1099. S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Christian's tranquil Death.

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with its cares, away;
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death —
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss:
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross:
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

1100. L. M. J. N. BROWN.

Address to the Dying Christian.

1 GO, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home:
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks, and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

1101. 7s & 8s. [Peculiar.] Doane.

Weep not.

1 LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth:
Up, where blesséd saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth:
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth·
Full the song of triumph swelleth:
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing.

2 They who die in Christ are blest:
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

1102. C. M. Peabody.

Peaceful Death of the Pious.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

1103. L. M. BARBAULD.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

1104. C. M. WATTS.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

1105. L. M. 6 L. WINCHELL'S SEL.

The Hope of Christian Friendship.

1 SWEET is the thought, the promise sweet,
That friends, long-severed friends, shall meet —
That kindred souls, on earth disjoined,
Shall meet, from earthly dross refined,
Their mortal cares and sorrows o'er,
And mingle hearts to part no more.

2 But for this hope, this blesséd stay,
When earthly comforts all decay,
O, who could view th' expiring eye,
Nor wish, with those they love, to die?
Who could receive their parting breath,
Nor long to follow them in death?

3 But we have brighter hopes: we know
Short is this pilgrimage of woe;
We know that our Redeemer lives;
We trust the promises he gives;
And part in hope to meet above,
Where all is joy, and all is love.

1106. 12s & 11s. HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

1107. 8s & 7s. Bap. Memorial.

Burial of a Christian Brother.

1 BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er, and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow:
Rest; thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake; the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake; for He who loved thee,—
He who died that thou mightst live,—
He who graciously approved thee,—
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

1108. L. M. Norton.

Blessedness of the pious Dead.

1 O, STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 O, stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

1109. L. M. Mrs. Mackay.

Asleep in Jesus.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep —
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

1110. C. M. Anon.

Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death:
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye:
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave —
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain —
A home above the sky:
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we like him may die.

1111. L. M. BATHURST.

The Christian's parting Hour.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

1112 8s & 7s. Collyer.

Comfort in the Death of the Christian.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

1113. C. M. Doddridge.

The Christian's Farewell.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Will there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
With that unvaried day.

1114. S. M. Ch. Psalmody.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give —
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

1115. C. M. Doddridge.

Death of a Minister.

1 WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead; —

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The agéd and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue; —

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart:
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what He gives,
Who lives forevermore.

1116. 10s. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave: —no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

1117. 8s & 7s. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Death of a Pastor.

1 PASTOR, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save, —
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep, baptismal wave, —

3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conquering faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

1118. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Death of an aged Minister.

1 "SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease:
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

1119. 8s & 9s. BACON.

Death of a Missionary.

1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high,
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given;
O, weep not for him: he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave;
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

1120. 6s. LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last:
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, triumph-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name.

RESURRECTION.

1121. C. M. SCOTCH COL.

Death vanquished.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake, —
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake, —

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled —
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

1122. S. M. Watts.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1123. C. M. Steele.

Time and Eternity.

1 LIFE is a span — a fleeting hour.
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

1124. C. M. WATTS.

Scenes of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just:
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades;
The dawn of heaven appears;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O, may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white:
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

1125. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb? —
With triumph, or regret? —
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart — to hell.

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die, —
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery, —

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

1126. C. M. WATTS.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

1127. C. M. WATTS.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 I SET the Lord before my face ;
He bears my courage up ;
My heart, my tongue, their joy express ;
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are,
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see destruction there.

3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne ;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give ;
Thy presence, joys unknown.

1128. L. M. WATTS.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
To yonder throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

1129. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Journeying through Death to Life.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, — this little dust, —
Our Father's care shall keep,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise!

JUDGMENT DAY.

1130. L. M. W. Scott.

The great Day.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away! —
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day? —

2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

1131. 7s. T. Von Celano.

Pleading for Acceptance.

1 ON that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
And before the Maker stand
All the creatures of his hand.

2 Then shall all the nations meet
At th' eternal judgment-seat,
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of man shall lie.

3 O, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.

4 Hear, and pity; hear, and aid;
Spare the creatures thou hast made;
Fold us with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand.

1132. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Luther.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Before his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

1133. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Contemplation of Judgment.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure —
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

134. L. M. Watts

Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge.

1 HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

1135. L. M. Heber.

The Lord will come.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came, —
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led, —
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

1136. 8s, 7s & 4. OLIVER.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
"Come to judgment! —
Come to judgment! — come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

1137. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Day approaches.

1 THE day approaches, O my soul, —
The great, decisive day, —
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour —
One precious hour — remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor 'et it pass in vain.

1138. 7s. KELLY.

Christ coming to save his People.

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

1139. 10s & 11s. [PECULIAR.] WATTS.

The last Judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day;
Behold, the Judge descends: his guards are nigh:
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes; O, now be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend:
Then join the saints; wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

1140. 8s, 7s & 4. RIPPON'S COL.

The Judgment welcomed.

1 LO! he cometh: countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father;
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

1141. S. M. BEDDOME.

The Lord cometh to Judgment.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

1142. C. M. Watts.

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come, —
Th' appointed hour makes haste, —
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

1143. C. P. M. Rippon's Col.

Pleading for Acceptance.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But — can I bear the piercing thought? —
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place.
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

1144. 8s, 7s & 4. NEWTON.

Saints and Sinners judged.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine:
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd:
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

1145. S. M. Doddridge.

Preparation for the Judgment.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HEAVEN.

1146. C. M. Watts.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove, —
Those gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes, —

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

1147. C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Mansion.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present Lord, with thee.

1148. 11s. MUHLENBURG

Longing for Heaven.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no — welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God —
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1149. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Heaven alone unfading.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true —
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1150. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS

Celestial Prospects.

1 BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes —
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

2 All hail, ye fair, celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day;
A rich delight your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things
In those dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

1151. 7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Righteous only may hope for Heaven.

1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one; —

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained; —

4 He who trusts in Christ alone;
Not in aught himself has done; —
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

1152. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Rest for the weary Soul.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found —
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

1153. C. M. WATTS.

Holiness of Heaven.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace :
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

1154. L. M. WATTS.

The Sight of God and Christ the Joy of Heaven.

1 O FOR a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.

3 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo, from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!

4 When shall the day, O Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

1155. C. M. WATTS.

Rest from Sin and Trouble in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
And, like a raging flood,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And force us from our God.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 Fulfilling there his high commands,
Our cheerful feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 We there shall ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
While heavenly raptures fire our hearts
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

1156. C. M. Watts

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage.
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

1157. C. M. Beddome.

The final Adieu.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

5 I long to see my Father's face,
And sing his praises too:
Adieu, companions, dearest friends;
Vain world, once more adieu.

1158. C. M. STEELE.

Heaven anticipated.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue:
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

1159. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Home in Heaven.

1 MY Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

3 O, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love —
The bright inheritance of saints,
My glorious home above

1160. C. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Treasure in Heaven.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store —
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight!

1161. 8s & 6s. Kelly.

Termination of the Christian Warfare.

1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore, —
Blesséd thought! — no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

1162. C. M. MOORE.

Heaven desired.

1 THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
Where idler warblers roam; —

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee; —

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

1163. 8s. DE FLEURY.

Songs of Heaven.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
O, tune your soft harps to his praise.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

3 He snatched you from hell and the grave;
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you he is mighty to save,
And faithful to bring you safe there.

4 O, when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here;
For I to your Saviour belong.

5 I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

1164. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Victory of the Saints.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns which never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,
With their robes made white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, which made them so.

5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering, felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
And when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high.

1165. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian's Prospect.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream — an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

1166. C. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

The Society of Heaven.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see

1167. C. M. W. B. Tappan.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

1168. 8s & 6s. W. B. Tappan.

Heaven anticipated.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, —
The heart no longer riven, —
And views the tempest passing by.
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

169. C. M. STEELE.

Longing for a View of Heaven.

1 O, LET our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

170. C. M. STEELE.

Glories of Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! — could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know —
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

1171. C. M. R. Turnbull.

My Father's House.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies; —
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side, —
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide, —
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away, —
The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

1172. L. M. Anon.

The better Land.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught; —

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain,
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

1173. C. M. STENNETT.

Heaven in Prospect.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight! —
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

1174. L. M. Tuck.

The Dwelling-Place of God.

1 THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale, —
For there are known no evening hours.

3 No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

5 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.

1175. C. M. Watts.

The Martyrs glorified.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
These robes, which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every lip to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Their thirst and hunger ever flee;
Their joys forever last;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

1176. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song? —
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

1177. 7s. RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

1 HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise —
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

1178. C. M. TOPLADY.

Happiness of the Saints in Glory.

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 With wondering joy their lips recount
Their fears and dangers past,
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them home at last.

5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me, like them, be given;
And I, like them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

1179. L. M. Sac Lyrics.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand,
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise;
To him their loud hosannas raise.

5 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

1180. L. M. Berridge.

Perfect Felicity in Heaven.

1 O, HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white!
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more

2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
And welcomed to an endless life,
Their souls have now begun to prove
The height and depth of Jesus' love.

3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,
They tell the wonders of his grace,
And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
They bow, adoring, at his feet.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

4. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

6. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

7. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eterna. as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8. 8s & 7s, 6 L.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting three in one:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

9. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation, —
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation, —
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

10. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

11. L. P. M.

NOW to the great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

12. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

13. 6s & 4s.

TO God — the Father, Son,
And Spirit — three in one —
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth — in heaven.

14. 7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE SCRIPTURES.

1 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Newton

Precious Bible.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford! —
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world 's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Though it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying Christ I feed;
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines, here I find;
To the promises I flee;
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the Scripture truths are sure,
Fron his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me;
Satan trembles at his word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made;
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich; 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

PROVIDENCE.

2. 7s. DR. RYLAND.

Our Times are in God's Hand.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand —
All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief, —

5 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love, —
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

7 O thou gracious, wise, and just,
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still,
I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrendered stand,
Know that thou art God alone;
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all times, will I bless,
Having thee, I all possess.
How can I bereavéd be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

3. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Wisdom of God.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terror of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

4. L. M. RIPPON'S SEL.

Providence equitable and kind.

1 THROUGH all the various, passing scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou giv'st, with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up; —

5 Thy powerful consolations cheer;
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be:
"Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed, O God, my soul on thee."

5.

C. M. PRES. HYMNS.

Gratitude for Providential Care.

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all,
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in my way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

6. L. M. METH. HYMNS.

Trusting in Providence.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various depths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head, —

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither, should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find —
The heaven of serving thee alone.

7. S. M. J. WESLEY.

Casting all Care on God.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands, —

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet;
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends thy softest prayer.

5 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

CHRIST.

8. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation of Christ.

1 MORTALS, awake; with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet, seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy, was new;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.

6 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above.
And mingle with their lays.

7 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die."

8 Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

9. 8s & 7s. PRES. HYMNS.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth, abaséd,
Friend of Sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

10. S. M. WATTS.

Christ's Intercession.

1 WELL, the Redeemer 's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the burning throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath, comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
"Hosanna to the God of grace,
Who lays his thunder by.

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

11. L. M. CENNICK

Christ the Way to Heaven.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone —
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view; —

2 The way the holy prophets went;
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness —
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners roun
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

12. L. M. 6 L. GRANT.

Christ the Hope of the Disconsolate.

1 WHEN gathering storms around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile.
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

13. C. M. NEWTON.

Christ precious to Believers.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

14. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ worthy to be loved.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each curséd idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

15. 7s & 6s. NEWTON.

Christ the great Physician.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length, this great Physician —
How matchless is his grace! —
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him, —
For sin my eyes had sealed, —
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only, Look and live.

16. 7s. TOPLADY.

Christ the Source of Happiness.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
I to happiness aspire
Only to be found in thee.
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die;
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows,
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

3 Whilst I see thy love to me
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O, may I walk with thee,
Then into thy presence hie.
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real bliss I then shall prove, —
Heaven below, and heaven above.

17. 7s. SPIR. SONGS.

Fulness of Christ.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

AWAKENING.

18. L. M. HYDE.

My Spirit shall not always strive.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit shall not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

19. C. P. M. WESLEY.

Anxious Desires.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

20. C. P. M. OCCUM.

The awakened Sinner.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go.
O'erwhelmed in sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again"
Stil. sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain;
"The sinner must be born again"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load.
Alas! I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
And felt his pity move.
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

To heaven the joyful tidings flew;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise:
"All hail the Lamb that once was slain;
Unnumbered millions, born again,
Shall sing thine endless praise."

21. L. M. STEELE.

Eternity.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity! — tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But, O, if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer —
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, my peace with God.

4 Search, Lord, O, search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart:
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

22. 12s & 8s. S. F. SMITH.

The Harvest is past.

1 WHEN the harvest is past and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare, —
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe
How suffer the night of despair?

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love, —
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

INVITATIONS.

23. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

1 O JR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care —
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

24. H. M. BODEN.

Yet there is Room.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinners, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

25. 8s, 7s & 4. VA. SEL.

Invitation and Prayer.

1 COME, ye sinners, come to Jesus;
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pitied your condition;
He has sent his gospel word:
Mercy calls you;
Mercy flows in Jesus' blood.

2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love;
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest:
O, receive us!
Let us find thy promised rest.

26. 7s & 6s. [PECULIAR.] NEWTON.

Invitation.

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call;
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds!
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See from all his bursting veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayst live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once, like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, "There yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

27. 7s. PRES. SEL.

Invitation accepted.

1 AM I called? and can it be!
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched, as I am,
Has he named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I;
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not, disobey;
Here I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat;
Thine I am, and thine alone;
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? What shall I bring,
As an offering to my King?
Poor, and blind, and naked, I
Trembling at thy footstool lie:
Nought but sin I call my own;
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called? — an heir of God!
Washed, redeemed, by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

28. 12s. THORNBY.

Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, for every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O, flee to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy; 'tis infinite favor:
Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain;
His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on, triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation —
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

29. 11s & 10s. [PECULIAR.] A. BROADDUS

The wandering Sinner invited to return.

1 RESTLESS thy spirit, poor wandering sinner,
Restless and roving: O, come to thy home!
Return to the arms, to the bosom, of mercy:
The Saviour of sinners invites thee to come.

2 Darkness surrounds thee, and tempests are rising,
Fearful and dangerous the path thou hast trod;
But mercy shines forth in the rainbow of promise,
To welcome the wanderer home to his God.

3 Peace to the storm in thy soul shall be spoken,
Guilt from thy bosom be banished away;
And heaven's sweet breezes, o'er death's rolling billows
Shall waft thee at last to the regions of day.

4 But, O, if regardless of God's gracious warning,
Afar from his favor your soul must remove! —
May you never hear, never feel, the dread sentence,
But live to his glory, and die in his love.

30. 7s. DOVER SEL.

Converting Grace.

1 SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done;
He redeemed my soul from hell;
Of a rebel made a son:
O, I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin,
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In a kind, propitious hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke;
Touched me by his Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke:
Then I saw and owned my guilt;
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
"Fear not; I my blood have spilt;
'Twas for such as thee I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart: —
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?
"Thou hast greatly sinned," he said,
"But I freely all forgive:
I myself thy debt have paid;
Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try;
Jesus' heart is full of love;
O that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove!
He has sent me to declare
All is ready, all is free.
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

31. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

The converted Thief.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed: —

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

32. C. M. COWPER.

The contrite Heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer,
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

33. L. M. WESLEY.

The Burden of Sin.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would ; but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear, in my poor heart appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

34. C. M. ANON.

Lord, remember me.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend ;
As such I look to thee :
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace ;
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans ;
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile ;
But thy salvation 's free :
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God,
I pray, remember me!

35. S. M. WESLEY.

The Soul given up to Christ.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign.
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good, below.

6 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

36. C. M. NEWTON.

The Prodigal Son.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinched him sore.

3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinned; but, O, forgive!"
"Enough!" the father said;
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

37. L. M. KELLY.

Converting Grace.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my spirit, calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas for those! — the day is near
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then may they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared;
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own
That, if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That conquers oft its proudest foes.

38. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 LORD, shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.

39. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance at the Cross.

'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

2 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God —
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

4 Whilst with a bleeding, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

40. 7s. Spir. Songs.

Deep Contrition.

1 JESUS, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone.
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

41. L. M. Doddridge.

Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.

1 JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While Faith contends with Unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O, let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust,
Nor see that Faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name,
And put all anxious doubt to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

42 8s. TOPLADY.

Faith fainting.

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace, —
The Rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries —
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harassed and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designed
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
Come, succor and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

43. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in me."

44. 7s. RIPPON'S SEL.

Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin:
On thy mercy I rely;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe:
Lord, I know thou canst not lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son!
Jesus, to thine arms I fly;
Come and save me, or I die.

45. 6, 8, 4. OLIVER.

The Covenant of God.

1 THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
Forever blessed.

2 The God of Abram praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praise
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend;
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

46. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

47. L. M. MEDLEY.

The loving Kindness of the Lord.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, O, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, O, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy va_e,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

48. 7s. CENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

49. L. M. STENNETT.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

1 TO God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and soothed my grief;
Poured joy divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

50. 11s. RIPPON'S SEL.

The Mercy of God.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all da·
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

51. [PECULIAR] SELECT HYMNS

The Joy of Assurance.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed
O, what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
The Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see.
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

7 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die.

8 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

52. 7s. Spir. Songs.

The Penitent's Prayer.

SAVE me, Lord, in this distress;
Clothe me in thy righteousness;
Good and merciful thou art;
Heal this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence;
Be my hope, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth to guide,
Leave me not to turn aside;
On thy holy hill I'll rest,
In thy courts forever blest:
There to God, my Love, my Joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

53. 8s & 7s. Episcopal Sel.

Praise for divine Love.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray,
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth, thy praise.

54. 7s, 6 L. Newton.

Prayer for a filial Spirit.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive,
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own, —
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

55. C. H. M. Spir. Songs.

Watch and pray.

1 GO watch and pray; thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs, and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er thy tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath :
Pride, sink thy lifted eye !
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie :
The heavenly warning now obey ;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

56. 7s. SEL. HYMNS.

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer, —
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise, —
O, how sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally !

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations from above ;
While we worship in this place
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

CHRISTIAN EXERCISES.

57. L. M. STEELE.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced.

1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
Unworthy dwelling, glorious Guest !
Favor astonishing, divine !

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light ?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise cheers my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My Life, my Treasure, and my Trust?

7 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

58. 10s & 11s. NEWTON.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me, at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation, or pain? He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

59. C. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy lamented.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

6 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
O, let me sit beneath thy cross,
And never lose the sight.

60. C. M. COWPER.

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both —
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth?

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway,
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

61. L. M. COWPER.

Return of Joy.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
  And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
  Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O, let me, then, at length, be taught —
  What I am still so slow to learn —
That God is love, and changes not,
  Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
  But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
  Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
  Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
  And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
  As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
  Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

62. 7s. SWAIN.

The Christian Soldier encouraged.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil our peace;
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!

63. S. M. VA. SEL.

Love to the Saints.

1 I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err:
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

64. 7s. COWPER.

"Lovest thou me?"

1 HARK, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love 's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

65. 8s. NEWTON.

The Presence of Christ desired.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish for or fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

66. C. M. NEWTON.

Amazing Grace.

1 AMAZING grace, — how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine:
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

67. 8s. BALDWIN.

The Union of Saints.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's love?

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

68. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Grief for the Sins and Miseries of Men.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

69. 11s. KIRKHAM.

Precious Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said —
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, — in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, —
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

70. C. M. ANON.

Divine Fellowship.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health, nor friendship, here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
When dangerous is the road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
O, may I yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend.
And gain my blest abode,
Then an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

71. C. M. C. Wesley.

The happy Child of Grace.

1 HOW happy 's every child of grace,
Who feels his sins forgiven!
"This world," he cries, "is not my place;
I seek a place in heaven, —
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 "To that Jerusalem above
With singing I'll repair;
While in the world, by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

3 "O, what a blesséd hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

4 "O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break,
And let my ransomed spirit go
To grasp the God I seek!
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity."

72. S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries;
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, from hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost,
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God;
O, fix my feet upon the rock,
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

73. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Profession of Love to Christ.

1 AND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude,
In this cold heart of mine,
To Him whose generous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell,
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love for thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O, may I cease to be.

74. L. M. WATTS.

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord, —

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the laboring soul relief.

6 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his work! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

75. C. M. Watts.

Exhortation to Christian Activity.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above; —

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

76. L. M. Epis. Col.

Encouragement to trust in God.

1 BE still, my heart; these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

77. C. M. STEELE.

Affliction.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

2 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O, smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep, complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

78. L. M. 6 L. EPIS. COL.

Seeking God.

AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallowed arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

79. L. M. GISBORNE.

"I have set God always before me."

1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee —
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give —
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

80. L. M. COWPER.

Sanctified Affliction.

1 LORD, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path how long I strayed!
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turn my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
I bless thy hand which caused the smart;
It taught my tears a while to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God;
They fix my hopes on thy abode,
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy stricken saints forever rest.

81. 7s. EPIS. PSALMS.

Humble Trust.

1 LORD, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weanéd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israèl, now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

82. C. M. MOORE.

Light in Darkness.

1 O THOU, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sin and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown:
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,—

5 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

83. L. M. FAWCETT.

"As thy Days so shall thy Strength be."

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty, —
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

84. 7s. COWPER.

Welcoming the Cross.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all, —
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

85. 7s. STENNETT.

The Pleasures of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

86. L. M. HEBER.

Love to God.

1 THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes, —
Yet, e'en in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord; I love thee still.

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er my unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell t' escape from life, —
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord; I love thee still.

3 O, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart,
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will;
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still.

87. L. M. FAWCETT.

Remembering all the Way the Lord has led us.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees, every day, new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

88. L. M. D. Turner.

The Duty of loving God.

1 YES, I would love thee, blesséd God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name;
Thy praises, through thy high abode,
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed, and die,
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him, thy reconciléd face,
With joy unspeakable, I see,
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace,
Draw and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish, wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more.

89. 7s. H. K. White.

Christian Courage.

1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not; much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians, — will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Fight till all the conflict 's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.

4 But when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

90. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 AH! now my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

2 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

3 Anon the clouds disperse,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

4 Beneath the flowery arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

5 Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

6 All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees, as he hath ever seen,
And shall forever see.

7 How can I meet his eyes!
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

8 Then shall I upward fly;
That resurrection word
Shall be my shout of victory,
"Forever with the Lord."

REVIVALS.

91

8s, 7s & 4. NEWTON, alt'd.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
All its plants by thee were nourished;
Then how cheering was the scene!
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither;
Thou canst make them bloom again,
O, permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

92. L. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Harvest.

1 LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light;
Behold the fields already white;
The glorious harvest now is come;
See ransomed sinners flocking home.

2 Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclined;
Their former sins and follies mourn;
They bow, and to their God return.

3 Improve the harvest, fleeing fast,
E'er yet the shining season 's past,
When all the work of life shall end,
The last, the long, dark night descend.

JUDGMENT.

93. 12s. CHRISTIAN LYRE.

Awful Pomp of Judgment.

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

94. L. M. 6 L. NEWTON, alt'd.

Wheat and Tares, or the Last Harvest.

1 THIS is the field, the world below,
Where wheat and tares together grow;
Where oft we see, in mingled band,
Sinners and saints together stand;
But soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 We seem as one, when thus we meet,
And bow before the mercy-seat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise;
And soon the reaping-time, &c.

3 To love my sins, a saint t' appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping-time, &c.

4 Most awful truth! And is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare?—
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare;
For soon the reaping-time, &c.

5 Then all who truly righteous are,
Shall in their Father's kingdom share;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell. O, doleful sound!
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

HEAVEN.

95. L. M. NEWTON

Heaven seen by Faith.

1 AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still, —

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode,
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

96. C. M. WESLEY.

Death and heavenly Happiness.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest, —
That only bliss for which it pants, —
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O, what hath Jesus done for me.
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

97. C. M. WATTS.

The everlasting Song.

1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

98. C. H. M. Sacred Lyrics.

The everlasting Bliss of Heaven.

1 HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;—
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

99. 12s & 11s. Va. Sel.

The Eden of Love.

1 HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest.
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest!
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded.
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned, celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall reëcho through heaven;
My soul will respond, "To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might, and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love."

3 Then hail, blessed state; hail, ye songsters of glory;
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love;"
Though prisoned in earth, yet, by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart 's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

100. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Dwelling with God.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord;"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word, —
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high —
Home of my soul — how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
In death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

7 The trump of final doom
Shall speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice sound through the tomb,
"Forever with the Lord!"

8 That resurrection word!
That shout of victory!
Once more! "Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

101. 7s. FAWCETT.

A Birthday Hymn.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know, concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest, —
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine!
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power;
Guard me in the trying hour;
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest;
Grant me but this one request, —
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

102. L. M. STEELE.

The Christian's noblest Resolution.

1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin;
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O, may I never faint or tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

103. S. M. STENNETT.

Pleasures of social Worship.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And, in return, accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

104. L. M. KELLY.

Pleasures of social Worship.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we by faith may view thy face;
O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place.

105. C. M. SUTTON.

Separated, but united; or, the Christian's Hope.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given —
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

106. 11s & 10s. SPIR. SONGS.

Dawn of the Millennium.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near.....L. M.....83
Afflictions, though they seem severe.....C. M.....36
Ah, now my spirit faints.....S. M.....90
Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain.....L. M.....102
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.....C. M.....66
Am I called, and can it be.....7s.....27
And can I yet delay.....S. M.....35
And have I, Christ, no love for thee.....C. M.....73
And let this feeble body fail.....C. M.....96
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise.....L. M.....68
As on the cross the Saviour hung.....C. M.....31
As, panting in the sultry beam.....L. M. 6 L.....78
As, when the weary traveller gains.....L. M.....95
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....C. P. M.....20
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....L. M.....47

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near.....10s & 11s.....58
Be still! my heart, these anxious cares.....L. M.....76
Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin.....7s.....17
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....7s.....62

CHILDREN of the heavenly King.....7s.....48
Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus.....8s, 7s & 4.....25
Commit thou all thy griefs.....S. M.....7

DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest.....L. M.....57
Do not I love thee, O my Lord?.....C. M.....14

EARTH has engrossed.....C. M.....97
Encompassed with clouds of distress.....8s.....42
Eternity is just at hand.....L. M.....21

FOREVER with the Lord.....S. M.....100
From age to age exalt his name.....L. M.....74
From all that's mortal, all that's vain.....C. M.....70
From whence doth this union arise.....8s.....67

GOD of my life, whose gracious power.....L. M.....6
Go, watch and pray; thou canst not tell.....C. H. M.....55
Gracious Lord, incline thine ear.....7s.....44

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds.....C. M.....105
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning.....11s & 10s.....106
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord.....7s.....64
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan.....C. M.....77
Heaven is the land.....C. H. M.....98
How charming is the place.....S. M.....103
How firm a foundation.....11s.....69
How happy are they.....P. M.....51
How happy 's every child of grace.....C. M.....71

How lost was my condition .....7s & 6s.....15
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....C. M.....13
How sweet to reflect on those joys .....12s & 11s.....99
How sweet to leave the world awhile .....L. M.....104
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....8s.....65

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow.....L. M.....43
If 'tis sweet to mingle where.....7s.....56
I hear a voice that comes from far.....L. M.....37
I love the sons of grace.....S. M.....63
I my Ebenezer raise.....7s.....101

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone.....L. M.....11
Jesus, our souls' delightful choice.....L. M.....41
Jesus, save my dying soul.....7s.....40
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....C. M.....34

LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light.....L. M.....92
Lord, forever at thy side .....7s.....81
Lord, shed a beam of heavenly day .....L. M.....38
Lord, unafflicted, undismayed.....L. M.....80
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee.....8s & 7s.....53

MORTALS, awake! with angels join.....C. M.....8
Much in sorrow, oft in woe .....7s.....89
My drowsy powers.....C. M.....75

OBJECT of my first desire .....7s.....16
O Lord, my best desires fulfil.....C. M.....60
One there is above all others .....8s & 7s.....9
O that my load of sin were gone .....L. M.....33
O thou, my Light, my Life, my Joy.....C. M.....5
O thou who driest the mourner's tear.....C. M.....82
Our heavenly Father calls.....S. M.....23

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure.....8s & 7s.....1

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart.....7s 6 L.....54

RESTLESS thy spirit, poor wandering sinner.....11s & 10s.....29

SAVED by grace, I live to tell .....7s.....30
Save me, Lord, in this distress .....7s.....52
Saviour, visit thy plantation.....8s, 7s & 4.....91
Saviour, when night involves the skies .....L. M.....79
Say, sinner, hath a voice within.....L. M.....18
Sinner, hear the Saviour's call .....7s & 6s.....26
Sovereign Ruler of the skies .....7s.....2

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels, &c. .....12s.....93
The God of Abram praise.....6s, 8s & 4s.....45
The Lord will happiness divine.....C. M.....32
The voice of free grace cries .....12s.....28
This is the field; the world below .....L. M. 6 L.....94
Thou God of glorious majesty.....C. P. M.....19
Though sorrows rise, and dangers roll .....L. M.....86
Through all the various passing scene .....L. M.....4
Thus far my God hath led me on.....L. M.....87
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme, &c. .....11s.....50
'Tis my happiness below .....7s.....84
'Tis religion that can give.....7s.....85
To God, my Saviour, and my King .....L. M.....49
'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord.....C. M.....39

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will .....L. M.....3

W. l, the Redeemer's gone ..... S. M. 10
What various hindrances we meet ..... L. M. 46
When darkness long has veiled my mind ..... L. M. 61
When gathering storms around I view ..... L. M. 6 L. 12
When the harvest is past, &c. ..... 12s & 8s. 22
Why is my heart so far from thee ..... C. M. 59
Why should a living man complain ..... C. M. 72

YE dying sons of men ..... H. M. 24
Yes, I would love thee, blessed God ..... L. M. 88

GENERAL INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE SCRIPTURES 1
PROVIDENCE ..... 2—7
CHRIST ..... 8—17
AWAKENING ..... 18—22
INVITATIONS ..... 23—30
REPENTANCE AND FAITH ..... 31—42
PRAYER AND PRAISE ..... 43—56
CHRISTIAN EXERCISES ..... 57—90
REVIVALS 91, 92
JUDGMENT 93, 94
HEAVEN ..... 95—100
MISCELLANEOUS ..... 101—108

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

The figures denote the Hymns.

A.

ABRAHAM, God of, 45.
Absence of the Spirit deplored, 91.
Access to God through Christ, 10.
Activity, exhortation to, 75, 89.
Affliction, comfort in, 82, 83.
  fruit of sin, 72.
  pleading with God in, 72.
  sanctified, 80, 84.
  sent in mercy, 36, 38.
Afflictions light, 70, 76.
Aged exhorted to prayer, 55.
Alarm to sinners, 18.
Angels rejoicing at the advent of Christ, 8.
  over the conversion of sinners, 20.
Appeal to Christ concerning our love, 14.
Assurance, joy of, 51.
Awakened sinner, 19—21.

B.

BACKSLIDERS invited to Christ, 24.
  prayer for restoration of, 91.
Believers, Christ precious to, 13, 14, 51, 65.
Bible precious, 1.
Birthday hymn, 101.
Blood of Christ, 9, 10, 26, 28, 30, 33, 37, 39.
Breathing after God, 42.
Burden of guilt and sin, 11, 20, 33.

C.

CALL of the gospel, 24—26, 28, 37.
Care, casting, on God, 2—4, 6, 7, 23, 54.
  of God over his people, 54, 76.
Characters of Christ, 13, 23.
Christ, adoration of, 79.
  advent of, 8.
  all in all, 16.
  a brother, 48.
  characters of, 13, 23.
  Christian's appeal to, 14.
  communion with, 23.
  desiring an interest in, 44.
Christ, dying for us, 9.
  faithful, 24.
  food to the soul, 1.
  a friend, 9, 34, 62.
  fulness of, 17.
  our head, 23.
  in heaven, 97.
  high priest, 71.
  humiliation of, 9.
  incarnation of, 48.
  an intercessor, 10, 23, 34, 48.
  living and exalted, 9, 23, 97.
  love of, 9, 26.
  manna, 13.
  mighty to save, 15.
  names of, 8, 13.
  a physician, 15.
  praise to, 8.
  precious, 13, 14, 65.
  presence of, desired, 65.
  a priest, 10.
  reconciliation through, 9.
  refuge of the tempted, 58.
  our rest, 13.
  a rock, 13, 17.
  a shield, 13.
  sinners exhorted to rely on, 17.
  source of consolation, 16.
  star of Bethlehem, 17.
  suffering for sin, 39.
  a support, 12.
  sympathy of, 12.
  the way, 11.
  our wisdom, 6.
  worthy to be loved, 14.
Christian, in affliction, comforted, 83, 84
  characteristics of, 63.
  child of God, 13.
  comforts for the, 6, 9.
  conflicts of the, 87.
  conqueror, 58.
  doubting, 32.
  encouraged, 48, 58, 89.
  exhorted, 48, 89.
  hope of meeting them in heaven, 63.
  love to, 63.
  pilgrim, 48, 62.
  reproof, 63.
  resolution of the, 102.
  sluggish, expostulated with, 75, 89

Christian union, 67.
Coming to Christ, 11.
Communion with God, 23.
Confession of the prodigal, 36.
of sin, 44.
Conflicts, Christian, 87.
Contrite sinner, 32—40.
Convert, the, 51.
Converting grace, 30, 37.
Conviction, 20, 33, 39.
Correction for sin, 74.
Courage, Christian, 89.
Crosses, the Christian's portion, 84.

D.

DEATH and heaven, 96, 100.
Decrees of God, 2—4.
Desiring an interest in Christ, 21, 44.
Despondency, 42.
Disease, sin a, 15
Dwelling with God, 99.

E.

EARTHLY good, liable to disappoint, 4, 70.
mindedness deplored, 59.
Eden of love, 99.
Employment of saints in heaven, 97—99.
Encouragements, 48, 58, 62, 76, 89.
End of the righteous, 89, 96, 98—100, 105.
Eternity, 21.
Exaltation of Christ, 9, 23.
Examination of evidences, 14, 32.
Example, Christian, 102.
Excellence of religion, 51, 71, 85.
Experience, Christian, 87.

F.

FAITH, act of, 27, 35.
and unbelief, 41.
fainting, 42.
Faithfulness of God, 45.
Feebleness of gratitude lamented, 13, 73.
Fellowship with God, 23, 70.
Filial spirit, prayer for a, 54
Forever with the Lord, 100.
Forgiveness, prayed for, 34, 38, 40.
Foretaste of heaven, 51, 56, 71, 90, 95, 99, 100.
Free grace, 28, 50.
Freeness of the gospel, 24, 26, 28.
Forsaking all for Christ, 35.
Friend, Christ a, 9, 34, 62.

G.

GIVING up to Christ, 27, 35.
God, all in all, 60.
all things for his glory, 4.
God, all things of, 2, 4—6.
always before us, 79.
calling upon sinners, 18.
casting our care on, 7, 23, 54.
child of, 71.
comforter, 4.
compassion of, 5, 36, 47
faithful to his promises, 45.
fellowship with, 23, 70.
goodness of, 88.
a King, 10.
love of, 61.
mercy of, 50.
pardon from, 23.
preserver, our, 4.
providence of, 2—7, 101.
source of strength, 33.
sovereign ruler, 2, 4, 6.
sympathy of, 23.
wisdom of, 3.
wrath of, against sinners, 20.
Grace, amazing, 66.
day of, short, 19.
makes us to differ, 37.
Gratitude, 5.
feebleness of, deplored, 13, 73.
Grave, warning from the, 55.
Growth in grace, 43, 87.
Guide, God a, 7, 23.
Guilt, sense of, 27, 33, 34, 44.

H.

HAPPINESS of the Christian, 51, 71, 85
only in Christ, 16, 65.
Hard heart, 32, 38.
Harvest, spiritual, 92
of the world, 94.
past, 22.
Heart, contrite, 32.
Heaven, anticipated, 67, 71, 90, 95—100
employments of, 97.
encouraging hope of, 95—99.
everlasting bliss, 98.
forever with the Lord, 100.
hope of meeting in, 105.
in the enjoyment of Christ, 16.
place of rest and joy, 98.
seen by faith, 71, 95—97, 99, 100.
sweeter than earth, 56.
Heavenly Jerusalem, 97.
Hell, 19, 20, 26, 68, 93.
Holy Spirit, the Comforter, 57.
dependence on the, 57.
power of the, 38.
resisted, 18.
Hope, the Christian's, 95, 96, 99, 105.
rejoicing in, 48.
Hosanna to God, 10.
Humility, prayer for, 81

I.

IMMANUEL, 26, 67.

Immutability of Christ s love, 64.
Impenitence, danger of, 18, 19, 22, 29, 37.
Inconstancy lamented, 59, 61.
Ingratitude deplored, 73.
Instructive afflictions, 43, 80.
Insufficiency of the world, 4.
Intercession of Christ, 10, 23, 34, 48.
Invitation to Christ, 15, 17, 26.
accepted, 27.
and prayer, 25.

J.

JEALOUSY of our love to Christ, 14, 73.
Joy at the advent of Christ, 8.
return of, 61.
Judgment, the, 93.

K.

KING, God a, 10.

L.

LAMENTATION over inconstancy, 59.
Languor of devotion, 59.
Law, the, condemns, 20.
Lazarus, Christ weeping over, 12.
Leaning on Christ, 12, 65.
Life, brief, 19, 21.
Light in darkness, 82.
Longing to be with Christ, 14.
Lost comforts deplored, 78.
state, out of Christ, 15, 53.
Love of Christ, unchangeable, 64.
to Christ, 73, 86, 88
to Christians, 63.
Lovest thou me, 64, 86.
Loving kindness, 47.

M.

MANNA, Christ the true, 13.
Marks of religion, 14, 32.
Meat and drink to the soul, Christ, 1.
Mediator, Christ a, 10, 23, 34, 48.
Mercy of God, 50.
Mercy seat, 46.
Messiah born, 8.
Millennium, dawn of, 106.
Ministers, prayer for, 25.
Mourning for sin, 27, 33, 39, 40.
Mutual love of Christ and saints, 86.

N.

NAMES of Christ, 8, 13.
Narrow way, Christ the, 11.
Nativity of Christ, 8.
Neglect of religion, hazardous, 18, 19, 22, 37.
New birth, necessary, 20.

O.

OBEDIENCE, 27, 35.
Offices of Christ, 10, 13.

P.

PEACE in believing, 65.
Penitent thief, 31.
Perseverance of saints, 66.
Praise to Christ, 8.
to God for salvation, 49, 53.
imperfect, 10.
Prayer for acceptance in Christ, 35, 44.
in affliction, 77.
against inconstancy, 59.
answered by crosses, 43.
answered, in deliverance from trouble, 74.
benefits of, 46.
for conversion of sinners, 68.
for converting grace, 19, 33.
for divine guidance, 5, 6, 27, 87, 101
encouragement to, 46.
for entire consecration, 35.
for evidence, 32, 42.
for faith, 41, 42.
for a filial spirit, 54.
for forgiveness, 40, 52.
for God to search the heart, 21.
for grace to soften the heart, 9, 38.
for a grateful spirit, 73.
for help to ministers, 25.
for help in praising God, 53.
for help in temptation, 6, 12.
for help in weakness, 6, 12.
hinderances to, 46.
for the Holy Spirit's indwelling, 57
for humility, 81.
meeting for, 56.
for more love, 64.
for nearer views of heaven, 71.
the penitent's, 44, 52.
for a place in God's house, 103.
for preparation for heaven, 96.
for preparation for the judgment, 94
for the presence of Christ in worship 104.
to be remembered by Christ, 34.
for resignation, 2, 4, 60.
for a revival, 91.
for a revived state of soul, 75.
for support in death, 12, 13, 70.
for stability of love, 88, 102.
for triumph of Christ, 28.
for trust in God, 4, 5.
Prodigal son, 36.
Promises, a refuge, 1, 69, 76, 83.
Prospect of heaven, 62.

Providence, darkness of, 3.
good and kind, 4.
gratitude for, 5.
trusting in, 6.

Q.

QUICKENING grace, prayed for, 38, 39, 59, 78.

R.

REGENERATION, necessity of, 20.
Release by prayer, 74.
Reliance on God, 3, 5, 7, 45, 54, 58, 60, 61, 72, 76, 101.
Relief from sin to none but believers, 15, 20.
Religion, pleasures of, 51, 85.
Remember me, 31, 34.
Repentance at the cross, 39.
Resignation, 2, 3, 60, 72, 76.
Resolution in the service of God, 102.
Rest desired, 33.
Revival enjoyed, 92.
prayer for, 91.
Room, yet there is, 24.

S.

SABBATH hymn, 103.
Safety in God, 2—5, 7.
Sanctified afflictions, 80, 84.
Satan, the Bible a shield against, 1.
Scriptures, precious, 1.
Secret convictions, 18.
Self-examination, 32.
Sinai, 20.
Sin, a burden, 11, 20, 33.
a complication of diseases, 15.
prayers defiled by, 13.
renounced at the cross, 39.
Sinner, awakened, 19—21.
Christ the friend of, 9.
Christ rejected by, 37.
entreated, 18.
invited to Christ, 24—26, 28—30.
safe through Christ, 10.
Social worship, pleasures of, 103, 104.
Soul given up to Christ, 35.
immortal, 19, 20.
Spirit. See HOLY SPIRIT.
Star of Bethlehem, Christ the, 17.
Strength, proportioned to our day, 83.
Struggle between faith and unbelief, 41.
Submission, 60.

T.

TEMPTATIONS, 62.
the Bible a refuge in, 1.
Thief, converted, 31.
Times, our, in God's hand, 2, 54.
Trials, a blessing, 84.
a Christian's, 87.
welcomed, 84.
Trouble, a fruit of sin, 72.
Trust in God, 3, 5, 7, 45, 54, 58, 60, 61 72, 76, 81, 101.

U.

UNBELIEF lamented, 41.
Unconverted, lamentation over the, 68
Union hymn, 67.
Unworthiness, sense of, 57.

V.

VALUE of the Bible, 1.
of Christ, as a friend, 9, 13.
of Christ, as a physician, 15.
Vanity of the world, 4, 70, 102.

W.

WARFARE, the Christian, 89.
Watch and pray, 55.
Way, Christ the, 11.
Widow, consoled by God, 4.
World, vanity of the, 102.
Worship, delight in, 103, 104.
on earth and in heaven, 56.

Y.

YE must be born again, 20.
Yet there is room, 24.
Youth exhorted to prayer, 55.

Z.

ZION, final triumph of, 106.

Scripture Index to the Supplement.

GENESIS.
vi. 3, ... 18
viii. 8, 9, ... 90
ix. 15—17, ... 90
xix. 17, ... 28
xxviii. 17, ... 104

DEUTERONOMY.
xxxiii. 25, ... 69, 83

JUDGES.
v. 28 33

JOB.
iv. 19, ... 60
xiii. 15, ... 77
xiv. 14, ... 96

PSALMS.
xvi. 8, ... 79
xxvii. 1, ... 5
xxvii. 4, ... 103
xxvii. 13, 14, ... 7
xxx. 5, ... 7
xxxi. 15, ... 2
xxxiv. 1, ... 2
xxxvi. 9, ... 16
xxxvii. 5, ... 7
xlii. 1—5, ... 78
xlii. 7, ... 72
xlvi. 10, ... 2
xlviii. 14, ... 2
li. 15, ... 11
lv. 22, ... 7, 54
lxi. 2, ... 42
lxvi. 16, ... 103
lxxiii. 24—26, ... 6
lxxvii. 7—9, ... 42
lxxxiv. 1, 2, ... 30
xci. 5—7, ... 2
xcvii. 2, ... 3
civ. 3, ... 3
civ. 28, ... 5
cxvii. 11—16 74
cxix. 67, ... 80
cxxiv. 7, ... 20
cxxxix. 23, 24, ... 21
cxli. 5, ... 63

PROVERBS.
i. 24—32, ... 18, 37
xvi. 3, ... 7
xvi. 33, ... 101
xviii. 24, ... 9

CANTICLES.
v. 10, ... 104

ISAIAH.
xi. 16, ... 11
xxvi. 4, ... 81
xxxiii. 14, ... 22
xxxv. 8, ... 11
xl. 31, ... 45
xli. 10, ... 69
xlii. 16, ... 6
xlviii. 22, ... 15, 29
xlix. 15, 16, ... 64

ISAIAH (continued).
lvii. 21, ... 15, 29
lx. 8, ... 92

JEREMIAH.
viii. 20, ... 22
viii. 22, ... 15

LAMENTATIONS.
iii. 39, ... 72

EZEKIEL.
xvi. 5—8, ... 49
xxxiii. 11, ... 17, 26

AMOS.
iv. 11, ... 68

JONAH.
ii. 4, ... 72
iv. 6, 7, ... 43

ZECHARIAH.
xiii. 1, ... 28

MATTHEW.
iii. 7, ... 18
vi. 39, ... 7, 54
ix. 37, ... 92
xi. 19, ... 9
xi. 30, ... 33
xiii. 30, 36—42, . . . 94
xviii. 20, ... 104
xxvi. 41, ... 55

MARK.
vii. 37, ... 3
xiii. 33, 34, ... 55

LUKE.
ii. 13, 14 8
vii. 34, ... 9
xii. 32, ... 48
xiv. 17, 22, ... 26
xv. 7, 10, ... 20
xv. 11—32, ... 36
xviii. 37, ... 21
xxiii. 42, 43, ... 31, 34

JOHN.
i. 14, ... 48
iii. 3, 5, 7, ... 20
iv. 32, ... 1
iv. 35, ... 92
vi. 55, ... 1
vi. 68, ... 6, 16
xi. 35, ... 12
xiii. 1, ... 45
xiv. 6, ... 11
xiv. 26, ... 57
xvi. 7, ... 57
xxi. 15—17, ... 14, 64

ACTS.
vii. 51, ... 18
viii. 18, ... 15
ix. 6, ... 27
xiv. 22, ... 58, 84
xvii. 27, ... 90

ROMANS.
vii. 19, ... 52
viii. 28, ... 58

1 CORINTHIANS.
i. 30, ... 6
iv. 7, ... 37
xiii. 12, ... 100
xv. 3, ... 39

2 CORINTHIANS.
iv. 17, ... 70, 90
v. 18, ... 2
v. 18, 19, ... 8
xii. 9, ... 69

GALATIANS.
iii. 13, ... 30

EPHESIANS.
ii. 5, ... 30
ii. 13—18, ... 10
iii. 19, ... 51
vi. 17, ... 1

PHILIPPIANS.
iii. 8, ... 40
iv. 6 . . . . . 7, 54

1 THESSALONIANS.
iv. 17, ... 90, 100

1 TIMOTHY.
i. 16, ... 30

2 TIMOTHY.
iv. 8, ... 89, 96

HEBREWS.
ii. 14, 17, 18, ... 12
iv. 15, ... 12
vi. 5, ... 71
vii. 25, ... 10
ix. 24, ... 10
x. 23, ... 58
xi. 11, ... 58
xi. 26, ... 96
xii. 2, ... 71
xii. 8, ... 84
xiii. 5, ... 69

JAMES.
i. 17, ... 61
iv. 10, ... 4

1 PETER.
ii. 7, ... 13

2 PETER.
iii. 18, ... 43

1 JOHN.
iii. 2, ... 6

REVELATION.
iii. 20, ... 23
vii. 13, 14, ... 96
xxii. 1, 2, ... 96

INDEX OF VERSES.

☞ An Index of *First Lines of Hymns* will be found in the first part of the book. The Index of *Verses of Supplement, in the Supplement edition*, follows this.

AARON must lay his r	216	All needful grace will	20	And could a single pl	984
A beam from heaven	1111	All our hopes, and pr	874	And didst thou bleed,	246
Abrah'm obeyed the	506	Allowed within thy c	943	And didst thou, Jesu	218
A brighter faith and	358	All praise to thee, gre	117	And didst thou pity	218
A broken heart, my G	468	All-seeing, powerful	464	And didst thou, Savio	302
A burdened sinner, lo	466	All that I am, and all	620	And did the Holy and	210
Accept, O Lord, my	537	All that my future lif	785	And duly shall appea	740
Accept our vows, in h	942	All things are ready;	424	And e'en when midn	1048
According as her labo	775	All thy love and zeal	1117	And every virtue we	352
A cloud of witnesses	726	All thy sins, when Je	628	And hark! amid the	968
A debtor to mercy alo	567	All who dwell beneat	78	And, if our dearest co	289
Adoring angels at his	332	All ye nations, join a	915	And if the sons of Go	875
Adoring angels tuned	720	All ye nations, praise	69	And if, to make our	46
Adoring saints aroun	1154	All yesterday is gone	443	And in every grace c	61
A faith that keeps the	511	All ye that love Imm	816	And in the great deci	941
A faith that shines m	511	All ye who love the L	83	And I shall share a gl	50
A Father bids you sp	436	All your sins to him	777	And, lo! above the de	1102
A Father's hand we f	600	Almighty God, etern	59	And may that stream	942
Affliction is a stormy	628	Almighty God, prono	412	And must I part with	558
Affliction's blast hath	597	Almighty God, thine	969	And must this body d	1122
A fountain 'tis, unseal	502	Almighty God, thy co	942	And now another we	36
A Friend and Helper	616	Almighty God, thy gr	427	And now, my soul, an	1045
A Friend there is — y	280	Almighty God, thy gr	861	And now the solemn	954
After warfare, rest in	1161	Almighty God, thy p	911	And now where'er th	929
Again from calm and	1012	Almighty God, to thee	118	And O, by error's for	888
Again in Bethl'em sw	923	Almighty goodness cr	486	And oft as the tumult	1021
Again our earthly car	27	Almighty Lord, befor	488	And O that you, who	156
Again returns the day	37	Almighty power and	157	And O, when the wh	560
Against thee, Lord, a	479	Almighty Ruler of th	11	And send thy Spirit	359
A glory in the word	396	Almighty Son, incarn	123	And shall my voice g	75
Agonizing in the gar	416	Almighty strength an	623	And shall we long an	330
A guilty, weak, and	500	Alone the dreadful ra	229	And should the drea	983
A heavenly calm per	35	Although thy steps I	660	And soon, too soon, t	773
Ah, how shall fallen	464	Amazing knowledge	126	And thou, refulgent o	1113
Ah, how shall guilty	464	Amazing love that ye	452	And thou, that when	678
A holy quiet reigns a	1103	Amazing sight! the S	424	And thus shall faith's	1017
A hope so much divi	191	Amen, amen, let echo	806	And was his mortal	112
A host of sinners vile	410	Amen, with joy divin	864	And when before thee	1033
A host of spirits roun	796	Am I a soldier of the	721	And when before thy	667
Ah, whither shall I fl	491	Amid a thousand sna	106	And when by turns,	847
A land upon whose b	1172	Amidst temptations s	663	And when I stooped	250
Alas! and did my Sa	472	Amidst the journ'ng of	957	And when my Savio	812
Alas! how poor and l	752	Amiust thy temple ch	114	And when our fleetin	1067
Alas! 'twas brittle cla	1058	Amid ten thousands	1046	And when our labors	882
Alas! what hoarly da	724	Amid the darkness a	159	And when the final t	1143
All, all below must fa	580	Among a thousand h	884	And when the final h	571
All glory be to him w	893	Among the people of	78	And when the last, d	669
All gracious Lord, wh	723	Among the saints on	696	And when these lips	110
All hail, incarnate Go	872	Among the saints wh	15	And when the welco	578
All hail the glorious d	340	Among thy little flock	540	And when this feeble	274
All hail the power of	228	And am I born to die	1125	And when thy victor	357
All hail, triumphant	872	And are we wretches	486	And when we feel th	547
All hail, triumphant	38	And as we rise with t	807	And while in all thy	107
All hail, triumphant	241	And can mine eyes w	467	And while I rest my	1024
All hail, ye fair celesti	1150	And can my heart as	673	And while we join to	850
All honor, power and	317	And can my soul, wit	587	And while we pass th	826
All I can wish is thin	671	And canst thou, sinn	442	And will the great, et	941
All my capacious po	906	And canst thou, wilt	690	And will the Judge d	1145
All nature owns his g	153	And can such rebels	492	And will the Lord th	499
All nature sings thy b	887	And can this mighty	138	And will this glorious	142

And yet ten thousand 420
And yet this thought 1025
Angels, assist our mig 308
Angels, from the real 294
Angels, in bright attir 1141
Angels, joyful to atte 1089
Angels, roll the rock 234
An offering to the Lo 921
Another day is past 1028
Another day more aw 1137
Another harvest com 995
Another six days' wo 35
Apostles, martyrs, pr 1163
Are not the righteous 984
Are not thy mercies 692
Are there no foes for 721
Are we not tending u 1092
Arise, and bless the L 87
Arise, arise, with joy 909
Arise in all thy splen 869
Arise, my soul, arise; 261
Arise, my soul, awak 111
Arise, my soul, from 646
Arise, my soul, my jo 111
Arise, my thoughts, m 575
Arise, O King of grac 927
Arm of the Lord, aw 861
Arise, ye gales, and w 890
Around, beneath, bel 126
Around his sacred to 249
Around the bloody t 249
Around this feeble, tr 929
Around this scene of 810
Arrayed in glorious gr 1122
Art thou not mine, m 287
As an emblem of thy 819
As, bowed by sudden 1094
A second look he gave 469
As flows the rapid riv 1059
Ashamed of Jesus, th 554
Ashamed of Jesus, ye 554
A silent prisoner in t 240
Asleep in Jesus! bless 1109
Asleep in Jesus, far fr 1109
Asleep in Jesus, O for 1109
Asleep in Jesus, O ho 1109
Asleep in Jesus, peac 1109
Asleep in Jesus, time 1103
As moons are ever wa 1059
As o'er the past my m 469
As on the torturing cr 259
A soul oppressed with 485
A span is all that we 1055
A spirit still prepared 676
As pity dwells within 738
As rain on meadows 853
Assembled at thy gre 914
Assembled in our sch 967
As showers on meado 29
Assist me, gracious G 354
Assure my conscienc 382
Assured that he is Go 1
As the benighted pilg 523
As the winged arrow 1049
As vernal flowers tha 1095
A tender physician th 590
At his call the dead a 1144
At his feet thy burde 528
A thousand ages in th 1056
A throne of grace! O, 643
A throne of grace! rej 643
A throne of grace! th 643
A throne of grace we 643
At length the wished 1039
At morn, at noon, at n 1018
At morning, noon, an 107
Attending angels sho 905
At thy approaching d 241
Auspicious dawn, thy 909
Auspicious morning, 1007
Author of faith, to th 508
Author of good, to th 588
Author of our new cr 365
Awake, all conquerin 857
Awake, and sing the 513
Awake, asleep, where 130
Awake, awake, put on 894
Awake, awake the sac 329
Awake, my drowsy so 714
Awake, my soul, and 1017
Awake, my soul, awa 93
Awake, my soul, stre 726
Awake, my soul, to so 78
Awake, my soul; with 1045
Awake, my tongue, th 140
Awake, O God, my ca 1048
Awake, O Lord, our d 1061
Awake, our drowsy so 241
Awake, our souls; aw 725
Awake, thy sweetest 922
Awake, ye saints, and 1047
Awake, ye saints, aw 38
BACK from the border 762
Backsliders, too, the S 273
Bane and blessing, pa 271
Baptized by John in 709
Baptized into our Sav 822
Bear, bear the tidings 203
Bear it, ye breezes, on 97
Bear me on, thou rest 889
Because they dwell at 761
Be dead, my heart, to 536
Be earth, with all her 639
Be faithful unto death 730
Be faith, which looks 737
Before his feet they 311
Before his throne a v 147
Before I knew thy ch 590
Before Jehovah's awf 2
Before me place in dr 1123
Before our Father's th 1068
Before the gracious th 9
Before the great Trine 574
Before the hills in ord 709
Before the mournful 891
Before them set an op 885
Before the radiance of 158
Before thy face thy ch 1071
Before us make thy g 58
Begin, my soul, th' ex 98
Begin, my tongue, so 160
Begin the high, celest 97
Behold, again we tune 684
Behold, another year 1045
Behold, a temple rais 926
Behold, behold, the L 273
Behold, fast streamin 229
Behold, he comes! he 214
Behold, he saith I ble 454
Behold him, as the ra 555
Behold him till his d 555
Behold him till the si 555
Behold his charge, w 951
Behold his loving-kin 156
Behold on flying clo 321
Behold our guide, and 951
Behold th' amazing si 223
Behold, the angelic ba 276
Behold the ark of Go 613
Behold the bed of de 1099
Behold the blest asse 789
Behold, the day is co 1141
Behold the gift of Go 283
Behold the glories of 343
Behold, the grace app 208
Behold the great, the 789
Behold, the heathen 855
Behold the Lamb of 555
Behold the living bre 283
Behold, the lofty sky 391
Behold, the morning 403
Behold, the mountain 899
Behold, the Prince of 215
Behold the Saviour of 224
Behold the sin-atonin 256
Behold the sinners, th 175
Behold the sure foun 787
Behold the throne of 642
Behold the way to Zi 909
Behold the way, ye he 909
Behold the western e 1102
Behold thy waiting s 612
Behold thy weary ch 384
Behold to what hopo 547
Behold what heavenl 1121
Behold, what pity tou 260
Behold, what wondro 191
Be joyful in God, all 990
Believing souls, of Ch 829
Believing, we rejoice 254
Beloved self must be 688
Be merciful to us, O 858
Beneath his smile my 562
Beneath our feet, and 1081
Beneath the influenc 864
Beneath the shadow 760
Be ours the bliss in w 969
Bereft of all, when ho 884
Bereft of friends, bese 176
Bestow, O Lord, upon 774
Be this my one great 1133
Be this the pillar of o 497
Be thou exalted in th 342
Be thou exalted, O m 78
Be thou exalted, O m 113
Be thou my Guardia 1031
Be thou my pattern, 704
Be thou my shield an 519
Be thou, O God, exal 70
Be thou, O Lord, my 576
Be thou our nation's s 1002
Beyond my highest j 788
Beyond the choicest j 713
Beyond the flight of t 1090
Beyond the glittering 250
Beyond this vale of t 1152
Beyond where Cedro 220
Bid their departed lig 920
Blessed be thy name 1033
Blessed Comforter, co 374
Blessings abound wh 854
Blessings all around 711
Blessings forever on t 344
Blessings from his lib 999
Bless, O my soul, the 186
Bless, O my soul, the 186
Blest are the faithful 750
Blest are the hallowed 947
Blest are the men of 750
Blest are the men wh 105
Blest are the men wh 750
Blest are the men wh 5
Blest are the pure in 665
Blest are the pure wh 750
Blest are the saints w 5
Blest are the sons of p 694
Blest are the souls th 408
Blest are the souls wh 5
Blest are they that fo 868
Blest be his wounded 544

Blest be the everlasti 1126
Blest be the Father a 117
Blest be the hand tha 1069
Blest be the Lord wh 34
Blest be the tie that b 1068
Blest Comforter divin 356
Blest earnest of etern 375
Blest hour! for, wher 54
Blest hour, when cart 54
Blest hour, when God 54
Blest hour, when mor 54
Blest is the hour whe 947
Blest is the man whos 417
Blest is the man whos 741
Blest is the pious hou 634
Blest is the place whe 947
Blest Jesus, while in 536
Blest Jesus, come an 651
Blest Jesus, let those 463
Ble t morning, whose 240
Blest river of salvatio 912
Blest Saviour, at thy 536
Blest Saviour, every s 704
Blest Saviour, Lord of 472
Blest Saviour, we thy 813
Blest Saviour, we will 818
Blest Saviour, what d 840
Blest Shepherd, I am 649
Blest the sign which t 817
Blind unbelief is sure 148
Blot out my crying si 479
Blow ye the trumpet, 407
Born thy people to de 209
Bowed down beneath 519
Bow to the sceptre of 447
Bread of heaven, on t 847
Break, break, O Lord, 475
Break from his throne 1078
Break off your tears, 232
Break, sovereign grac 473
Breathe, O, breathe th 653
Bright angels, strike y 242
Brightest and best of 202
Bright glories rush up 1159
Bright Source of ever 746
Bright was the guidin 551
Broad is the road that 686
Brother, in that solem 1038
Brother, rest from sin 1107
Brother, thou art gone 1093
Brother, though from 1093
Brother, wake; for if 1107
Brother, wake; the n 1107
Bulwarks of grace de 794
Buried beneath love y 802
Buried in shadows of 517
Buried in sorrow and 277
Burst thy shackles; d 1050
Bury the dead, and w 1029
But, ah, the song, how 22
But, ah, too soon the 509
But all was mercy, al 268
But, at this peaceful 8 1
But can no sovereign 279
But chiefly thy comp 159
But Christ, the heave 254
But drops of grief can 472
But earth and sin will 842
But ere the trumpet 1145
But see this spacious 141
But for this hope, this 1145
But God can every w 539
But God, his Father, 893
But God shall raise h 231
But grace so dearly b 412
But, hark! a voice of 590
But he who fain woul 962
But he, for his own m 461
But he who turns to 447
But high she shoots t 1152
But how shall mortal 202
But Immanuel's ta 307
But if these means sh 456
But if thou leave thy 449
But if thou wilt not h 687
But, in his closing ho 236
But in his looks a glo 313
But in redemption, O, 140
But in the gospel it ap 99
But in the grace that 251
But I, with all my ca 761
But joy or grief succe 1062
But, lo! a brighter, et 551
But, Lord, 'tis thine t 511
But, Lord, thy greate 862
But makes the law of 607
But man, weak man, 1073
But no such sacrifice 474
But now, when eveni 759
But, O, from human 92
But, O my soul, forev 566
But, O, my tongue in 1049
But one alone, who re 584
But, O, that brighter 185
But, O, the bliss subli 32
But, O, their end, thei 735
But our brief life's a 1056
But, O, when gloomy 617
But, O, when that las 103
But sinners filled wit 1132
But souls enlightened 411
But speak, my Lord, 531
But, see, an Intercess 436
But should the surges 513
But sinners find their 699
But soon he'll break d 224
But still, the wonders 127
But still within the S 948
But sweeter far the st 940
But the good Spirit of 115
But there are joys w 757
But there's forgivene 459
But thou art not alon 48
But though earth's fa 1140
But thou hast brethre 740
But thou hast built t 525
But thy atoning sacri 272
But thy compassions 184
But thy persections, a 131
But timorous mortals 1146
But to draw near to th 175
But to those who hav 1114
But to thy house will 8
But we are come to Z 789
But weep for their so 1119
But we have brighter 1195
But when his voice s 214
But when we view th 318
But where the gospel 407
But who can e'er dese 1006
But who shall see the 924
But why, my soul, sin 586
But will, indeed, Jeho 924
But yet thine all-disc 109
By coal Siloam's shad 773
By day, by night, at h 1051
By faith in thee, the s 275
By faith we know the 566
By foreign streams n 922
By Him who bowed te 680
By such a heavenly s 539
By the deep, expiring 652
By thine all-atoning 651
By thine example ev 763
By thine hour of dark 633
By thine inspiring br 356
By thine own eternal 209
By thy hand sustaine 610
By thy meek spirit, th 678

CALL me away from 630
Call while he may be 446
Calm on the listening 205
Calvary's mournful m 707
Can aught beneath a 518
Can I my bleeding S 533
Can I survey this sce 226
Can lasting happiness 575
Canst thou, in that a 444
Can this be he, who w 1135
Carry on thy new cre 653
Cast me not off when 732
Cast thy guilty soul o 427
Cease, thou, fond nat 1123
Cease, ye mourners, c 1112
Cease, ye pilgrims, ce 719
Celestial choirs from 205
Celestial light it sheds 390
Chance and change a 155
Cheered with thy pre 603
Cheerful they walk, w 5
Children, hear the m 777
Children, in years an 776
Chosen of God, to sin 787
Christ and his cross a 411
Christ hath the ranso 243
Christian, dry your fl 233
Christ is born, the gre 201
Christ, the Lord, is ris 235
Christ, whose glory fi 278
Clasped in my heave 1075
Cleanse their souls fr 376
Cold mountains and t 704
Cold on his cradle th 202
Come all who love hi 799
Come, all ye saints of 314
Come, all ye vilest sin 428
Come, and he'll clean 550
Come, and with hum 81
Come as a dove, and s 937
Come as an angel, he 950
Come as a messenger 950
Come as a shepherd: 950
Come as a teacher se 950
Come as a watchman: 950
Come as the fire, and 937
Come as the light: to 937
Come, blessed Spirit, 389
Come, dearest Lord, t 226
Come, extend thy wo 651
Come, fill our hearts 26
Come, freely come, b 419
Come, gracious Lord, 26
Come, gracious Lord, 487
Come, gracious Spirit 368
Come, guilty sinners, 263
Come, happy souls, a 709
Come, happy souls, a 268
Come hither, all ye w 417
Come, holy Comforte 120
Come, Holy Ghost, th 784
Come, Holy Spirit, ca 358
Come, Holy Spirit, co 361
Come, Holy Spirit, co 362
Come, Holy Spirit, D 807
Come, Holy Spirit, fr 355
Come, Holy Spirit, he 353
Come in, thou blessed 826
Come in, thou blessed 827
Come, let our souls a 80
Come, let our voices j 970

Come, let our voices j 80
Come, let us anew . . 1050
Come, let us bow bef 102
Come, let us hear his 80
Come, let us join our 346
Come, let us join our 791
Come, let us join our 425
Come, let us join with 39
Come, let us lift our 102
Come, let us pray: th 644
Come, let us pray: th 641
Come, let us pray: th 644
Come, let us pray: 't s 641
Come, let us share wi 435
Come, let us strike ou 1069
Come, let us to his te 425
Come, let us turn, wit 89
Come, let us with a gr 855
Come, Lord, and war 1158
Come, Lord, thy pow 575
Come, O my soul, in s 94
Come, O thou King o 22
Come, praying souls, 645
Come, sacred Dove, i 820
Come, sacred Spirit, f 351
Come, sacred Spirit, s 539
Come, saints, adore y 8 10
Come, saints, and ado 347
Come, saints, let us jo 347
Come, saith Jesus' sac 413
Come, seize the prom 80
Come, sinners, seek h 1145
Come, sinner, to the g 418
Come, sound his prai 79
Come, Spirit, here co 954
Come, the great day, 913
Come, then, O, come f 890
Come, then, with all 440
Come, then, ye saints 36
Come, thou almighty 120
Come, thou eternal S 357
Come, thou Fount of 610
Come, thou incarnate 120
Come, thou soul-trans 65
Come to the house of 11
Come to the house of 11
Come, tune afresh yo 351
Come, wanderers, to 406
Come, weary sinner, i 413
Come, weary souls, w 421
Come, we that love th 767
Come with us, we wil 827
Come, worship at his 79
Come ye blessed of 1140
me, ye disconsolat 635
Come, ye sinners, poo 416
Come, ye that know a 156
Come, ye that love th 230
Come, ye who love th 232
Comfort those who so 25
Complete in us whom 929
Complete the work th 385
Conduct us safely, by 619
Consider all my sorro 590
Continue still to shin 814
Convince us all of sin 361
Could we but climb w 1146
Could we, on morning 172
Create my nature pur 467
Crown his head with 324
Crown the Saviour, a 336

DANGERS of every s 957
Dark and cheerless is 278
Dark judgements from 988
Dark was the night, a 221
Daughter of Zion, aw 792
Daughter of Zion, fro 894
Daughter of Zion, the 792
Day by day with stre 847
Day of judgment, day 1144
Deal gently, Lord, wi 621
Dear as thou wert, an 1097
Dearest of all the nam 307
Dearest sister, thou h 1096
Dear Father, if thy lif 142
Dear Father, to thy m 619
Dear Lord, and shall 353
Dear Lord, while we 310
Dear portion of my so 534
Dear Refuge of my w 617
Dear Saviour, draw re 423
Dear Saviour, let thy 751
Dear Saviour, let thy 421
Dear Saviour, let thy 22
Dear Saviour, prostra 474
Dear Saviour, we are 302
Dear Saviour, when 461
Dear Shepherd, if I s 591
Death cannot make o 1075
Death is no more the 242
Deathless spirit, now 1089
Death, like an ever-fl 1073
Death may dissolve m 725
Death may our souls 305
Death rides on every 1081
Decay, then, tenemen 403
Deep are his counsels 1134
Deep are the wounds 279
Deep horror then my 959
Deep in our hearts let 255
Deep in the shades of 244
Deep in thy soul befo 772
Deep regret for follies 467
Deep was the sufferin 839
Delay not, delay not, 438
Delay not, delay not, 438
Delay not, delay not, 438
Delay not, delay not, 438
Delightful work, you 969
Deny thyself and tak 686
Depth of mercy! can 476
Descend, celestial Do 44
Descend, celestial Do 814
Descend, descend, ce 813
Despised, rejected, at 454
Devoutly yield thysel 1045
Did Christ o'er sinner 471
Didst thou, dear Savi 705
Didst thou regard the 218
Didst thou the great e 800
Didst thou thy tremb 218
Diffuse, O God, refres 373
Diffuse thy light and 870
Direct, control, sugge 1017
Direct my footsteps b 709
Discord and strife are 1157
Dismiss us with thy b 64
Dissolve thou these h 1086
Divine Instructor, gr 397
Divinely free his mer 93
Does not my heart th 692
Dost thou not dwell i 382
Doth a skilful, healin 444
Do this, and rememb 843
Do this, he cried, till 831
Do thou direct our st 654
Do Thou, who art th 8 9
Do we not know that 895
Down from the shini 308
Down to the hallowe 873
Down to the sacred w 818
Draw forth the melti 980
Drawn by such cords 223
Draw us, O God, with 1054
Dread Sovereign, let 1024
Dwell, Spirit, in our 361
Dwell within us, bles 370

EARLY hasten to thy 707
Early my God, witho 18
Earth and her thousa 1038
Earth has no fount of 181
Earth's joys, like dew 580
E'en now to their ete 791
E'en the hour that da 155
E'en through the awf 553
E'er since, by faith, I 274
Endless life in him p 327
Endless pleasure, pai 1112
Endow them with a h 885
Enlightened by thine 376
Enough, my gracious 290
Enter his courts with 68
Enter his gates with s 6
Enter with all thy glo 927
Enthroned amid the r 94
Ere long, and Jehova 454
Ere mountains reared 1056
Ere yet the shades of 772
Ere yet thy heart the 772
Eternal are thy mere 926
Eternal Father, God 784
Eternal God of love a 1029
Eternal God, our won 603
Eternal glory to the 734
Eternal joy, or endles 1061
Eternal life thy words 548
Eternal Power, almig 158
Eternal Saviour, God 785
Eternal Source of eve 994
Eternal Source of life 649
Eternal Source of tru 31
Eternal Spirit, by wh 123
Eternal Spirit, God of 360
Eternal Spirit, heave 816
Eternal Spirit, we con 376
Eternal Sun of Right 57
Eternal truth and me 844
Eternal Wisdom has p 422
Eternal Wisdom, thee 127
Eternity, with all its 128
Every eye shall now b 1136
Every human tie may 795
Exalt the Lamb of G 407
Exalt the Lord our G 89
Extol his kingly pow 300

FAIN would I mount 42
Fair, distant land! co 1170
Faith adds new char 507
Faithful, O Lord, thy 166
Faith grasps the bless 640
Faith hath an overco 294
Faith is a precious gr 505
Faith is the brightest 506
Faith is the Christian 512
Faith is the polar star 512
Faith is the rainbow's 512
Faith shows the prom 507
Faith works with po 510
Far as thy name is kn 786
Far be thine honor sp 925
Fare thee well, thoug 1107
Farewell, conflicting 1103
Farewell to earth and 1157
Far, far, to distant lan 430
Far from mortal cares 711
Far from my thought 849
Far from these narro 1170
Far from this world o 1104

Far off the Father sa	481	For this mercy, Lord,	976	Glory, glory everlasti	840
Fast, fast our minutes	1069	For this shall every h	490	Glory, glory to our K	339
Father Almighty, ho	72	For thou hast placed	744	Glory to God on high,	208
Father divine, thy pie	641	For thou, within no	288	Glory to God on high,	639
Father, forgive, the Sa	761	Forth with thy chose	91	Glory to God on high!	328
Father, how wide thy	318	For thy rich, thy love	341	Glory to God on high,	206
Father, I know thy w	699	For us he hung and b	22	Glory to God, that rei	125
Father, in whom we l	122	For whom, for whom,	223	Glory to God the Fat	125
Father, I sing thy wo	315	For you the public pr	774	Glory to God the Son	125
Father, I stretch my h	508	Forerunner of the su	420	Glory to God! the so	205
Father of all, in whom	58	Forever blessed be th	616	Glory to God the Spir	125
Father of all our mer	647	Forever firm thy just	151	Glory to thee, eternal	1012
Father of glory, to th	119	Forever here I rest m	500	Glory to thee, my Go	1031
Father of heaven, in	37	Forever his dear, suer	1155	Glory to thee, who sa	1017
Father of heaven, wh	123	Forever shall his thro	141	Go and dwell with hi	1158
Father of mercies, bo	946	Fountain of mercy, G	997	Go, and the Saviour's	888
Father of mercies, co	885	Frail children of dus	7	Go, bid the bright an	878
Father of mercies, Go	524	Friend after friend de	1000	God calms the tumul	569
Father of mercies, Go	524	From all the guilt of f	1053	God from on high inv	1054
Father of mercies, in	945	From all thy work, O	112	God has laid up in he	735
Father of mercies, in	266	From all who dwell b	906	God, in the gospel of	404
Father of mercies, se	742	From danger, sin, and	1012	God is a Spirit, just a	133
Father of our feeble r	19	From dark temptatio	651	God is love; his merc	155
Father of spirits, natu	12	From death to life ou	597	God is my everlasting	735
Father, remove this b	221	From deep distress an	523	God is my strong salv	194
Father, source of all	1000	From different region	788	God is our shield and	881
Father, whate'er of ea	664	From early dawning	718	God is our strength an	87
Father, who in the oli	678	From everlasting is h	137	God is our sun and sh	13
Fear him, ye saints, a	101	From every stormy w	695	God is our sun — he m	20
Fearless of hell and g	681	From folly turn away	709	God is our sun, whos	1019
Fearless of the world	810	From Greenland's icy	917	God is the eternal Ki	144
Fear not that he will	611	From heaven he eam	400	God is the fountain w	189
Fear not the powers o	611	From heaven to sinfu	259	God is the refuge of	172
Fear not the terrors o	611	From highest heaven	905	God is the treasure of	592
Fear not the want of	611	From Jesus, who alo	466	God is the treasure of	174
Fellowship with him	817	From marble domes a	49	God moves in a myste	148
Few be the years that	893	From Salem's towers	928	God, my Redeemer, l	1122
Fight on, my soul, till	717	From sea to sea, from	870	God, my supporter an	175
Filled with delight, m	1159	From sorrow, toil, an	1068	God of all goodness l	152
Filled with holy enth	827	From strength to stre	721	God of eternal life! th	152
Firm as his throne hi	552	From the cross uplift	423	God of eternity, from	1044
Firm as the earth thy	561	From thee, O God, en	764	God of Jacob, hich an	904
Firm on a rock he ma	501	From thee, the overfl	725	God of mercy, God o	462
Firm on the ground o	349	From the fount of gl	711	God of mercy, hear o	976
Fixed on the sacred h	928	From the highest thr	341	God of my childhood	731
Flung to the heedless	1120	From those celestial s	694	God of my life, my m	1015
Fly abroad, thou mig	891	From thy dear, pierce	502	God of my life, throu	103
Follow to the judgme	707	From thy house when	28	God of our fathers, h	1062
Fond ambition, whisp	573	From whence these d	223	God of our lives! the	152
Foolish fears and ton	462	From year to year he	456	God of our lives, thy	1052
For a season call'd to	1065	Full kindling there h's hi	1135	God of our sleeping h	1020
Forbid it, gracious Lo	381	Full many a thr b of	695	God of the morning,	1010
Forbid it, Lord, that I	854	Full of joyful expect	1149	God of the world! th	152
Forbid it, mighty Go	679	Full oft wast thou fou	1024	God reigns on high, b	197
For countless mercies	572			God rules on high, a	326
For every thirsty, lon	423	GENTLY, with the da	1014	God sends his word, a	1043
Forgive, he cries, forg	216	Gird on, great Prince,	241	God shall exalt his glo	335
Forgive me, Lord, for	1031	Gird thou his heart w	95	God's holy law, trans	262
Forgive my follies pas	48	Gird thy sword on, m	85	God, thy God, will n	902
Forgiveness, love, and	420	Give deep humility: t	24	Go, messenger of pea	878
For good is the Lord	986	Give faith in that one	24	Good when he gives	190
Forgotten be each wo	828	Give glory to the Lor	445	Go, preach my gospel	852
For her my tears shal	788	Give light and guidc	858	Go, spirit of the saint	1100
For he's the Lord sup	1	Give me a calm, a th	664	Go, spread the Saviou	887
For him shall endless	854	Give me a will to thin	522	Go to dark Gethsema	707
For him shall prayer	910	Give me the presence	485	Go to many a tropic	880
For his truth and me	69	Give me the wings of	727	Go to shine before th	1089
For life, without thy l	655	Give me thy counsels	1019	Go to the garden, sin	221
For love like this, O, l	587	Give patience still to	24	Go to the grave; at n	1116
For me these pangs h	229	Give thanks aloud to	154	Go to the grave; for t	1116
For more we ask; we	677	Give thanks to God m	154	Go to the grave in all	1116
For she has treasures	775	Give these, and then	24	Go to the grave: — no	1116
For ten thousand ble	700	Give thou the word, t	875	Go to the hungry — fo	878
For the grandeur of t	341	Give us this day our d	658	Go, tyrants, to the roc	1135
For them that heaven	748	Gladdened by the flo	286	Go when the mornin	638
For there the Lord co	709	Glorious in thy saints	61	Go where the sick rec	737
For this he came and	846	Glorious things of th	930	Go with determined c	888

INDEX OF VERSES.

Go, ye messengers of 880
Grace all the work sh 520
Grace, everlasting gra 276
Grace first contrived 539
Grace is a plant wher 774
Grace led my roving 5.0
Grace! 'tis a charmin 5.0
Grace, 'tis a sweet, a c 319
Gracious Saviour, we 815
Gracious Spirit, Love 371
Grant that all may se 25
Grant us the power of 1079
Grave, the guardian o 1033
Great Advocate, almi 296
Great All in All, etern 618
Great Father of man 940
Great Father of our f 573
Great God, and wilt t 158
Great God, as seasons 995
Great God, attend, w 20
Great God, beneath w 996
Great God, forbid: O, 533
Great God, how infin 128
Great God, indulge m 192
Great God, in vain m 146
Great God, in whom 972
Great God, I own thy 1087
Great God, is this our 1079
Great God, let all my 1003
Great God, let all my 998
Great God, mine eyes 400
Great God, now cond 980
Great God of love, th 1012
Great God of nations, 1001
Great God, on what a 1061
Great God, preserve u 1001
Great God, the nation 862
Great God, thy sover 1091
Great God, thy sover 758
Great God, to thee m 1025
Great God, to thy alm 153
Great God, we hail th 43
Great God, wert thou 529
Great God, we sing th 1051
Great God, we would 975
Great God, what do I 1132
Great God, whose un 853
Great God, with won 333
Great is the Lord our 797
Great is the work my 782
Great King of glory a 492
Great King of glory, 933
Great Maker of unnu 985
Great nature's God, s 107
Great Prophet of our 301
Great Ruler of all na 179
Great Shepherd of th 288
Great Shepherd of th 16
Great Source of light 383
Great Source of wad 1044
Great Source of light, 1042
Great Sovereign of th 336
Great Spirit, by whos 367
Great Sun of Righteo 76
Guide me, O thou gre 606
Guilt, like a heavy lo 483

HAD I ten thousand 586
Had I the tongues of 703
Had not thy word be 590
Hail, everlasting Spri 544
Hail, glad millennial 908
Hail, great Creator, w 107
Hail, great Immanue 849
Hail, hallowed cross 268
Hail, happy day, tho 42
Hail, mighty Jesus, h 337
Hail, mighty Saviour 36
Hail, sacred truth, w 399
Hail, Source of light! 367
Hail, the holy Prince 207
Hail, thou long-expec 209
Hail to the Lord's An 910
Hail to the Sabbath d 48
Hallelujah! — earth a 932
Hallelujah! for the L 916
Hallelujah! hark! th 916
Happy, forever happ 747
Happy spirits, ye are 1177
Happy the church, th 921
Happy the heart whe 749
Happy the man whos 95
Happy the souls to Je 719
Hark! from the tombs 1079
Hark! from yonder m 228
Hark! hark! a shout 901
Hark! hark! the not 203
Hark! hark! the sou 203
Hark! hark! to God 959
Hark, how the angels 36
Hark! how the choirs 314
Hark! how the feath 1036
Hark, sinner, while G 454
Hark! ten thousand 323
Hark! that shout of r 1138
Hark! the angelic ho 245
Hark! the glad soun 211
Hark! the herald ang 207
Hark! the notes of an 327
Hark! the song of ju 916
Hark! the trumpet's 1138
Hark! the voice of lo 225
Hark! the voice of n 999
Hark! — they whispe 1080
Hark! those bursts of 336
Hark! 'tis the Proph 923
Hark! what celestial 206
Hark! what mean th 201
Haste, and mercy no 441
Haste, haste, ye years 866
Hasten, Lord, thy pro 873
Haste, O sinner, now 441
Haste, O sinner, to th 459
Haste, our beloved, b 764
Haste thee on, from g 568
Haste, ye mortals, to 201
Has thy night been lo 902
Hast thou imparted t 358
Hast thou not pledge 173
Hast thou not sent sa 612
Hast thou the cross fo 800
Have mercy, Lord, on 479
Have we forgot th' al 623
Health and every bee 991
Hear, and pity; hear, 1151
Hear, O sinner: Merc 439
Hear the blest Redee 806
Hear the heralds of th 449
Hear them tell the w 201
Heart of stone, relent, 477
Hear what the voice f 1104
Heaven has confirme 1082
Heavenly blessings w 370
Heavenly Father, sov 115
He bids his gales the 135
He bids the sun to ris 1005
He bids the winds th 963
He bids us make his 116
He bows beneath the 220
He breaks the power 348
He breathes that gen 352
He brings my wande 198
He burst the grave; h 322
He came in tongues o 352
He came sweet influe 352
He clothes thee with h 96
He comes from thicke 211
He comes the broken 211
He comes the prisone 211
He comes with succo 910
He comes your souls 206
He crowns thy life w 182
He darts along the bu 137
He died before his inf 1095
He died to sin; he di 1095
He dies, and, in that d 252
He dies! the Friend o 232
He every foe shall qu 325
He fills my heart wit 189
He fills the poor with 182
He framed the globe, 933
He frees the soul con 895
He gave his well-belo 153
He gilds thy mournin 897
He gives the conquest 608
He guards thy soul, h 168
He hears our praises 3
He hears the breathin 614
He hung its starry roo 938
He, in the days of fee 298
He is our life, our joy, 305
He is the light of men 215
He is our rock when 180
He keeps his own sec 574
He knelt; the Savior 222
He knew how frail ou 850
He knew them all, — 222
He knows we are but 184
He knows what argu 646
He knows what wand 845
He leads himself the 196
He leads me to the pl 195
He left his throne ab 322
He, like a plant by ge 609
He, like a tree, shall t 607
He lives! he lives! a 294
He lives, he reigns on 135
He lives! the great R 296
He lives the life of he 768
He lives to bless and 317
He lives, to still his se 295
Hell and the grave un 240
Hell and thy sins resi 720
He'll shield you with 882
He loves t' employ hi 609
He loves the saints; h 95
Help us, with holy fe 16
Help, ye bright, ange 345
He moulds the carnal 379
Hence, gloomy doubt 314
Hence sprung th' apo 945
Hence, then, ye dark, 296
He perfects what his 565
He raised me form a g 561
Heralds of peace, we 866
Her dust and ruins th 895
Here are my choicest 393
Here, at the portal of 31
Here at thy cross, inc 531
Here, at thy table, Lo 889
Here, beneath a virtu 909
Here consecrated wat 398
Here David's greater 12
Here faith reveals to 404
Here Freedom spread 1001
Here give thy word s 952
Here, gracious God, d 53
Here he exalts neglec 147
Here I behold his imn 251
He reigns! the Lord, 1134
Here, in their house o 700

Here, in thy courts, I 15
Here, in thy name, ot 954
Here let him hold a 947
Here let my faith an 286
Here let our hearts be 849
Here let the ardent p 954
Here let the blind the 29
Here let the great Re 941
Here let the Son of D 947
Here let the voice of s 29
Here let thy gospel be 944
Here lies my wak'ed g 783
Here light, dwelt in 491
Here make thy feast a g 944
Here may affliction d 944
Here may our unborn 948
Here may salvation b 939
Here may the listless 944
Here may the prayer 944
Here may the sinner 944
Here may thine ears a 939
Here may thy truth fr 939
Here may we read fro 57
Here mercy's bound! 421
Here, mighty God, ac 957
Here mines of knowl 441
Here, O my soul, thy 287
Here on my soul the 475
Here pardon, life, and 330
Here peace and pardo 879
Here, Saviour, deign 939
Here, Saviour, we wo 889
Here see the bread of 695
Here sinners, of an h 491
Here, sinners, you m 258
Here's love and grief 272
Here taste unmingled 721
Here the whole Deity 318
Here to thee a temple 939
Here we come thy na 47
Here, when thy peop 934
Here, where oft thy li 1117
Here, when thy mess 934
Here will he meet the 935
Here will I fix my gr 939
Her hallowed influen 1057
He rules the world w 215
He saves from d anger 189
He saves our souls fr 259
He saw me planned i 256
He sends his showers 1035
He sent his only Son 154
He shall descend like 949
He shall reign from p 945
He sheds abroad the 379
He shines, and I am 7
He sits, a Sovereign o 895
He smiles, we live; h 125
He snatched you fro 1167
He spake, and lights 85
He speaks, great natu 17
He spreads his kind, 741
He sweetens every h 934
He taught the science 518
He tells their tears, h 779
He the wine-press tro 558
He took our mortal fl 216
He took the dying tra 219
He vanquished sin an 529
He washed us in his 516
He wept that we mig 471
He who God's pure la 245
He who has called yo 888
He whose heart thy lo 1151
He who trusts in Chr 1151
He whose powerful ar 245
He who shuns the si 1151
He will aid us, should 965
He will in safety guid 760
He will not always ch 90
He with earthly cares 155
High as the heavens a 187
High heaven that hea 856
High in the heavens, 151
High in yonder realm 1177
High lifted on the cro 262
High o'er the earth hi 113
High on a throne of 746
Himself through Chr 744
His arm shall well su 761
His deep distress has 315
His doctrine is almig 48
His enemies with rou 1154
His foes shall tremble 372
His glory now we tun 846
His grace through all 715
His grace will to the e 768
His hand no thunder 220
His hands provide on 48
His heart, where love 530
His honor is engaged 561
His kingdom cannot 325
His living power and 260
His love exceeds your 447
His love is great and 528
His love is great, his 85
His love what mortal 310
His mercy reaches thro 84
His mercy with wash 93
His name shall be the 217
His own self hand sh 305
His power increasing 217
His power sublimest en 186
His presence fills eac 1175
His presence is diffus 107
His presence cot reviv 892
His presence sinks th 372
His promise stands fo 629
His providence unfol 147
His purposes will rip 148
His righteousness is g 207
His saints he loves an 226
His seed forever shall 161
His sovereign power 2
His steady counsels e 1005
His terrors keep the w 140
His truth forever stan 25
His voice sublime is h 179
His voice we hear, hi 844
His wisdom doth pro 178
His wondrous works 18
His word of grace is s 160
His work my hoary a 558
His works of purity an 728
Hither come! for her 413
Hither then, your mu 275
Ho! all ye hungry, st 422
Holy and just in all i 142
Holy and reverend is 159
Holy Ghost, dispel our 265
Holy Ghost, with joy 372
Holy Ghost, with light 372
Holy Ghost, with pow 367
Holy Source of consol 370
Holy Spirit, all divine 372
Holy Spirit, from on 226
Home, thy foes are ra 882
Honor immortal must 344
Hope, Grace, and Trut 171
Hope in the Lord, wh 586
Hope looks beyond th 1128
Hosanna in the highe 94
Hosanna, let the earth 124
Hosanna! let us join 228
Hosanna! sons of me 228
Hosanna to our conq 350
Hosanna to the moun 84
Hosanna to the Lamb 804
Hosanna to the Prince 225
Hosanna, with a cheer 1019
How are thy servants 984
How awful is the sigh 1141
How beauteous are th 949
How beautiful on al 1102
How beautiful the si 709
How blessed are our 949
How blessed, Lord, ar 1028
How blest are they w 1108
How blest are we, wit 326
How blest is he who f 708
How blest the children 748
How blest the man w 91
How blest the man w 699
How blest the righteo 1103
How blest the sacred 628
How bright the triumi 247
How calmly wakes th 810
How can I die while 629
How can I sink with 629
How can we see the c 979
How can we see them 979
How changed, alas! a 388
How charming is the 949
How cold and feeble i 758
How could sweet sing a 849
How decent and how 786
How deep the wound 307
How did my heart re 3
How dreadful was th 221
How fair along the ri 816
How firm the saint's f 174
How gentle was the r 699
How glorious was the 291
How gracious, how se 283
How great their wor 946
How great the wisdo 311
How happy all they a 15
How happy are our e 943
How happy are the s 1178
How happy is the chi 775
How happy is the Ch 578
How happy they who 694
How heavy is the n g 513
How helpless guilty n 518
How he yields up h 350
How honored is the p 704
How kind are thy co 187
How long, dear Savio 905
How long, dear Savio 472
How long shall death, 1124
How long the holy ci 919
How long the race of 101
How many are thy th 501
How many wretched 109
How mighty is his ha 154
How mildly on the w 1102
How much is mercy 15
How oft, alas! this w 630
How oft have sin and 933
How oft my memoriu 724
How oft of thy dange 454
How oft, when dark m 567
How perfect is thy wo 403
How pleasant, how ri 5
How pleased and bles 12
How pleasing is the y 1017
How precious is the b 332
How rich the depths o 209
How rich thy bounte 104
How sad our state by 500

How safe beneath thy 406
How shall I leave my 1125
How shall the sons of 258
How shall the young 770
How short and hasty 1054
How short are all my 581
How should our song 22
How should our soul 973
How strange, how wo 158
How sweet and awful 835
How sweet, how heav 637
How sweetly flowed t 406
How sweet on thy bo 598
How sweet the hour o 111
How sweet the meltin 639
How sweet the words 46
How sweet to be allo 46
How sweet to bless th 32
How sweet to hail th 33
How sweet, upon this 46
How swift, alas! the 1057
How tender is thy ha 608
How vain are all thin 751
How vain are fancy's 514
How vain a toy is glit 188
How vain is all benea 1149
How vast his knowle 140
How well thy blessed 588
How will my heart en 1145
How will my lips rejo 324
How will our joy and 1124
How would I run in t 669
Ho! ye that pant for 422
Humble souls, who se 836
Hunger and thirst th 1179
Hunger, thirst, diseas 1176

I ASKED them whenc 727
I call that legacy my 838
I calmly bowed my f 762
I can but perish if I g 433
I can do all things, or 546
I cannot call affliction 582
I cannot live in sin, . 549
I cannot live without 467
I cannot take amiss . 579
I choose the path of h 615
I could renounce my 1075
I dream of that fair la 1008
I'd tell him how my s 646
If earthly parents hea 339
If e'er I go astray, . . 195
If for thy sake upon 637
If he in thunder spea 412
If he our ways shoul 461
If human kindness m 842
If I love, why am I th 577
If I must die,—and d 1077
If I must die, O, let m 1077
If in my Father's lov 191
If in the gloom of nig 135
If I pray, or hear, or r 577
If life be not in lengt 1100
If love to God and lo 703
If mercy smile, let m 1052
If my immortal Savi 287
If noisy war or strife 381
If on a quiet sea . . . 513
If once I wander fro 615
If orphans they are le 977
If freely feed them no 209
If sang the morning s 875
If sin be pardoned, I' 1076
If smiling mercy cro 572
If such the sweetness 627
If tears of sorrow wo 474
If thou our sins sever 521
If thou shouldst call 659
If thou shouldst hed 669
If thou shouldst take 696
If thou those blessing 642
If thou wilt seek his 446
If, to prevent his wan 578
If yet, while pardon 459
If you desire a length 776
I glory in infirmity, . 546
I have long withstood 476
I hear at morn and ev 1159
I hear the invitation, 1040
I hear the voice, "Ye 1124
I know my sheep, he 290
I languish for a sight 542
I lay my body down 1023
I lift my soul to God 718
I'll chide my heart th 756
I'll forbid my vain as 674
I'll give him, saith the 231
I'll go to Jesus, though 433
I'll lift my hands, I'll 192
I'll make your great c 852
I'll praise him while 91
I'll praise my Maker 91
I'll prostrate lie before 433
I'll read the histories 402
I'll sing thy truth and 106
I'll speak the honors 306
I'll spread his works 501
I'll think upon the w 579
I'll to the gracious Ki 433
I long to see my Fath 1157
I looked upon the rig 1110
I love by faith to take 637
I love her gates, I lov 3
I love in solitude to s 637
I love the Lord: he bo 754
I love the Lord he h 754
I love the volume of t 394
I love thy church, O 788
I love thy kingdom, L 788
I love to meet him in 7
I love to meet thy peo 1143
I love to see the Lord 7
I love to steal a while 637
I love to think on me 637
I love to worship at h 7
I'm a companion of t 589
I'm fettered and chai 1163
Immortal honor to th 119
Immortal wonders, b 1150
I'm not ashamed to o 552
I must from God be d 1125
In all his toils and co 250
In all my Lord's app 812
In all my vast concer 134
In all our Maker's gr 94
In all thy mercies ma 654
In answering what th 105
Incline us, Lord, to g 972
Increase my faith, in 724
In darkest shades, if h 681
In duties and in suffe 702
In each event of life, 17
I need the influence o 692
In every changing sc 654
In every different lan 391
In every joy that cro 17
In every new distress 737
In every scene of life, 1052
In every smiling, hap 110
In every state, and ti 273
In every tempting, tr 885
In every want, in eve 176
In evil long I took de 469
In fellowship we join 829
Inflamed with zeal 't 703
In foreign realms and 964
In golden splendor d 1027
In holy duties let the 35
In honor to his name 897
In midst of dangers, f 964
In one fraternal bond 790
In prayer, in effort, te 929
In prayer my soul die 759
In robes of judgment, 1134
In scenes exalted or d 1051
Inscribed upon the cr 270
In sickness God will 747
In sight of all my foe 195
Inspired to praise, I t 1036
Inspired to praise, my 1039
Inspire my soul with 705
In such society as thi 789
In suffering be thy lo 284
In that lone land of d 451
In that pure home of 1171
In the cross of Christ 271
In the deserts let me 889
In thee all treasures l 662
In thee our hearts un 223
In thee shall Israel tr 405
In the furnace God m 795
In the midst of affic 200
In the morning of th 976
In them thou mayst 746
In the provisions of t 151
In thine assembly no 801
In thine own appoint 25
In thy fair book of li 147
In thy fair book of li 190
In thy name, O Lord, 23
Into temptation lead 658
Into thy hands, my S 762
In thy strength may 1065
In times of danger an 738
In trouble and in gri 733
In vain I trace creati 593
In vain may guilt att 132
In vain my roving th 575
In vain our mortal vo 833
In vain the curious, s 1174
In vain the stone, the 259
In vain the trembling 388
In vain the world's al 532
In vain we ask God's 494
In vain we boast perf 386
In vain we lavish out 550
In vain we search, in 497
In vain we seek for p 272
In vain we tune our fo 353
In wakeful hours of n 655
In want our plentiful 299
In weal or woe, in jo 827
In Zion God is know 796
I pay this evening sa 1034
I plead thy sorrows, g 474
I saw one hanging on 469
I see, and I adore . . 223
I see, or think I see, . 491
I see the Lord of glor 1124
I send the joys of ea 579
I set the Lord before 1127
Isles of the south, aw 908
Is not my faith thy gi 612
I spread my sins belo 496
Israel, rejoice, and res 168
Israel's strength and 209
I stand before the sac 801
I starve, he cries, nor 481
Is there a man who c 171
Is there no friend to 545
Is there, throughout a 136

If there no kind, no h 1088
Is this the kind retur 683
I strive to mount thy 679
It gives no title, but r 510
It gives the burdened 654
It is all holy and sere 1154
It is finished; O, wha 245
It is not fanned by su 1174
It is that heaven-born 636
It is that troubled con 636
It is the Lord, enthro 587
It is the Lord, my fai 587
It is the Lord our Sa 1071
It is the Lord who gi 587
It passed not through 222
It sets time past in p 586
Its skies are not like 1172
Its sole dependence a 519
Its streams the whole 166
I sweetly cheers our 392
It was my guide, my 929
It was no path of flow 533
I urge no merits of m 524
I've seen an end of w 386
I've seen thy glory an 18
I waited patient for th 501
I would forever speak 251
I would not be a stra 629
I would not live alwa 1148
I would not live alwa 1148
I would not live alwa 1148
I would not sigh for 556
I would submit to all 674
I yield my heart to th 41
I yield my powers to t 1011

JEHOVAH, Father, Spi 123
Jehovah is God, and 990
Jehovah lives, and be 189
Jehovah reigns; he d 141
Jehovah reigns; his t 143
Jehovah!—'tis a glor 104
Jerusalem, my glorio 1105
Jesus, and shall it eve 554
Jesus, answer from ab 476
Jesus beholds where 517
Jesus can make a dyi 1072
Jesus, delightful, cha 305
Jesus demands this h 487
Jesus, hail! enthrone 345
Jesus, hail! whose gl 224
Jesus hath now receiv 1129
Jesus, hear our humb 1065
Jesus, how glorious is 494
Jesus, I love thy char 300
Jesus, immortal King, 870
Jesus, I my cross hav 530
Jesus, in thy transpo 302
Jesus invites his sain 832
Jesus is gone above t 845
Jesus is worthy to rec 346
Jesus, I throw my ar 1142
Jesus it owns as King 505
Jesus' love is love un 340
Jesus, mighty King in 815
Jesus, my God, I kno 552
Jesus, my God, thy b 470
Jesus, my Lord, my l 589
Jesus, my Saviour an 342
Jesus, my truth, my 281
Jesus, on thy people, 329
Jesus, our Comforter, 239
Jesus, our God, ascen 248
Jesus, our great High 301
Jesus, our great High 407
Jesus, our Lord, asce 325
Jesus, our Lord, dese 120
Jesus, our Lord, how 163
Jesus, our Lord, how 746
Jesus, our Priest, here 325
Jesus, refuge of my s 285
Jesus, save my strug 265
Jesus shall reign where 854
Jesus sought me when 610
Jesus, the Conqueror, 300
Jesus, thee, our Savio 334
Jesus, the herald of h 505
Jesus, the Lord, appe 252
Jesus, the Lord, will g 705
Jesus! the name that 348
Jesus, th' eternal Son 259
Jesus, this wondrous 767
Jesus, thou Friend di 788
Jesus, thou source of 229
Jesus, thy blessings a 418
Jesus, thou boundless 549
Jesus, thy feast we eel 831
Jesus, thy smiles insp 685
Jesus, to multitudes u 534
Jesus, to thy wounds 264
Jesus, we come at thy 417
Jesus, we look to thee 20
Jesus, where'er thy p 288
Join all the glorious n 301
Join, all ye ransomed 328
Join, all ye saints, be 846
Joined in one body m 929
Join, every tongue, to 992
Joyful, all ye nations 207
Joyfully on earth ado 109
Joyful, with all the st 1076
Joy, joy, the Saviour 991
Joy of the desolate, li 635
Joy to the earth! the 213
Joy to the world! the 213
Judge not the Lord b 148
Judges of nations; ki 66
Justly might thy fata 265

KEEP silence, all crea 147
Kind are the words t 503
Kindred, and friends, 886
Kindred in Christ, for 828
Kingdoms wide that s 891
King of glory, reign f 323
Kings for harps their 1164
Knowledge, alas! 'tis 749
Know, my soul, thy f 568

LABORERS of Christ, 737
Laden with guilt and 398
Lamb of God, for sin 227
Lay thy supporting g 1074
Lead us to God,—our 308
Lead us to holiness— 368
Leave thy folly, cease 457
Let all adore the Lor 90
Let all our powers be 832
Let all that dwell abo 346
Let all the earth their 913
Let all the heathen w 386
Let all the nations fea 67
Let all the people pra 858
Let all who vital bea 86
Let all, with sweet an 342
Let all your lamps be 715
Let cares like a wild 1156
Let children hear the 116
Let deep repentance, 765
Let differing nations 918
Let distant times and 108
Let earth and all its 42
Let earth and all her 895
Let earth and heaven 811
Let earthly joys and c 647
Let earth's alluring jo 548
Let earth, with every 332
Let elders worship at 345
Let endless honors cr 335
Let everlasting thank 395
Let every creature joi 92
Let every creature ris 854
Let every heart rejoic 1095
Let every kindred, ev 338
Let every land his po 186
Let everlasting glorie 388
Let every mortal ear 422
Let every public tem 1006
Let every saint above 121
Let every thought an 1012
Let faith, and love, an 119
Let faith, assisted no 813
Let faith each meek p 21
Let Faith exalt her go 1121
Let fall thy rod of te 919
Let floods and nation 145
Let gentle patience s 1088
Let goodness and me 200
Let heaven and all th 315
Let heaven proclaim 214
Let him be crowned 163
Let him that heareth 431
Let Israel, home retu 919
Let Jew and Gentile s 494
Let lively hope our so 765
Let man—by nobler 98
Let me but feel him 196
Let me but hear my 546
Let me love thee mor 577
Let me never from th 371
Let men, with their u 119
Let me thy power an 731
Let mockers scoff, th 705
Let music swell the b 1000
Let new seraphic joy 214
Let no sense of guilt 416
Let not thy face be hi 594
Let others stretch the 188
Let past ingratitude . 683
Let peace within her 43
Let party names no m 696
Let plenteous grace d 824
Let saints below in co 791
Let sinful joys be all 845
Let sinners learn to p 495
Let sinners take thei 761
Let sin no more my s 229
Let strangers walk ar 786
Let the dark, benight 891
Let the false raptures 400
Let the heralds of sal 871
Let the high heavens 185
Let the living here be 932
Let them approach, h 981
Let them neglect thy 124
Let the organ join to 73
Let the sweet hope th 664
Let the trumpet's loft 73
Let things unseen wi 580
Let this blest hope m 1025
Let this vain world e 1091
Let those refuse to sin 767
Let those who sow in 782
Let thrones and powe 903
Let thronging multit 940
Let thy bright presen 493
Let thy grace, Lord, 674
Let us awake our joy 330
Let us devote this co 37
Let us receive the wo 54
Let us, then, with ang 207

Let vain pursuits and 850
Let worldly men fro 401
Let Zion and her son 895
Let Zion's time of fav 861
Let Zion's watchmen 955
Life and peace to me 371
Life cannot give a cu 570
Life, death, and hell, a 147
Life is a span, a fleeti 1123
Life, like a fountain, 151
Life's labor done, as 1103
Lift not thou the wail 1101
Lift up the eternal ga 794
Lift up to God the vo 88
Lift up to God the vo 88
Lift up your hands by 4
Lift up your heads, e 246
Lift, ye saints, lift up 274
Light and peace at on 1112
Light are the pains th 629
Light in thy light, O, 53
Light of them that sit 877
Light of those whose 651
Light up every dark 386
Like floods the angry 141
Like him through see 744
Like Israel, Lord, am 465
Like sheep we went a 231
Like the rough sea th 447
Lives again our glorio 235
Lo! every kindred, to 875
Lo! he beckons from 1089
Lo! he comes with cl 1126
Lo! he cometh — con 1149
Lo! I behold the scat 1124
Lo! Jesus, who invite 431
Lo, Jehovah, we ador 324
Lonely I no longer ro 695
Long as our fiery tria 675
Long as the moon he 1004
Long hadst thou reig 1073
Long have we heard t 758
Long let it warble rou 97
Long o'er our native 1007
Look, how we grovel 353
Look, look, the fields 901
Look up, my soul, wi 614
Look, ye saints; — the 335
Lord, at thy table we 877
Lord, by thy counsel 657
Lord, can a feeble, he 688
Lord, decide the dou 577
Lord, dismiss us with 65
Lord, draw reluctant 435
Lord, fill each dead, b 379
Lord, for those ties w 864
Lord, give us such a f 511
Lord God of hosts, th 161
Lord God of truth an 1152
Lord, grant me grace 582
Lord, hear the parent 979
Lord, help me to resi 668
Lord, how secure my 478
Lord, I adore thy mat 579
Lord, I am thine, and 891
Lord, I approach the 519
Lord, I desire with th 661
Lord, I have made th 402
Lord, in the morning 8
Lord, in this sacred h 48
Lord, in thy love we 52
Lord, I to thee my vo 1017
Lord, I would come t 540
Lord Jesus, speed the 276
Lord, lead the way th 744
Lord, let me still abid 676
Lord, let my heart fo 1031
Lord, let not all my h 686
Lord, let the merit of 1178
Lord, let this work of 970
Lord, let thy goodnes 1006
Lord, look on all asse 983
Lord, make me unde 393
Lord, make us to tho 712
Lord, may I ever kee 728
Lord, may our union 790
Lord, may that holier 48
Lord, may we feel th 1744
Lord, meet us in this 810
Lord, my times are in 573
Lord of heaven, and e 991
Lord of hosts, to thee 932
Lord of the nations, t 1003
Lord of the Sabbath, 953
Lord of the worlds a 10
Lord, on thee our sou 25
Lord, plant us all int 824
Lord, search my thou 133
Lord, send a beam of 1169
Lord, send thy serva 921
Lord, send thy word, 864
Lord, shall our grief o 263
Lord, should we leav 181
Lord, spread the triu 869
Lord, teach thy serva 24
Lord, thou hast scour 987
Lord, thou hast seare 136
Lord, though no mor 982
Lord, thou wilt hear 1034
Lord, through the du 657
Lord, thy all-seeing e 668
Lord, thy church is at 930
Lord, thy commands 1010
Lord, 'tis not ours to 938
Lord, time our hearts 1158
Lord, we accept with 421
Lord, we adore thy v 142
Lord, we adore thy w 516
Lord, we come before 25
Lord, we confess our 266
Lord, we have long a 486
Lord, we obey thy ca 269
Lord, what a feeble pi 1058
Lord, what a thought 755
Lord, what a wretche 734
Lord, what can I imp 689
Lord, what is life? — 1064
Lord, what is man or 163
Lord, what is man th 165
Lord, what is worthle 164
Lord, what offerings s 19
Lord, when thou dids 247
Lord, when we bow b 21
Lord, while for all m 1003
Lord, with a grieved 475
Lo! round the thron 1179
Lo! such the child w 773
Lo! th' incarnate Go 416
Lo! these are they fr 1175
Lo! 'tis an infant cho 391
Loud hallelujahs to t 104
Loud may the trouble 172
Love divine, all love 653
Love is the golden ch 697
Love's redeeming wo 235
Lo! what a glorious s 905
Lo! what an entertai 690
Low at thy feet my s 548
Low bending at thy f 974
Lowly and solemn be 680

MAJESTIC sweetness 257
Majesty combines wi 868
Make an unguarded y 771
Make me to walk in t 709
Make our souls as no 1013
Man may trouble and 530
Many hands conspire 227
Mark but that radian 1111
Mark the sacrifice ap 227
May all the nations th 940
May but this grace m 469
May every passing ye 952
May he, by whose kin 828
May peace attend thy 12
May that observing e 641
May the conquering f 1117
May the gospel's joyf 47
May the grace of Chr 62
May the heathen, no 877
May they that Jesus 955
May things beneath t 662
May thy rich grace i 783
May we daily grow in 366
May we in faith recei 27
May we thy law of lo 739
Meekly in Jordan's h 808
Melt, melt this frozen 362
Men of God, go take 881
Mercy and truth on e 267
Mere human powers 608
Mere mortal power sh 623
Messiah's name shall 331
'Midst rising winds a 535
'Midst youth, and sire 982
'Mid the chorus of th 1177
Might I but climb to 1075
Might I enjoy the me 20
Mighty God, while an 341
Millions of souls, in g 424
Mine eyes and my de 682
Mine eyes for thy sal 612
Mine the God whom 695
Mine will the profit b 362
Mistaken souls that d 514
Morning breaks upon 233
Mortal, for your guilt 228
Most gracious to fulfi 866
Mountains and rocks 66
Mourning souls, dry 275
Much of my hasty life 1045
Much of my time has 1023
Must I be carried to t 721
My cheerful hope can 619
My conscience felt an 469
My country, 'tis of th 1060
My crimes, though gr 484
My days, unclouded 1025
My dear Redeemer a 704
My faith exults, that 1039
My faith looks up to 783
My faith would lay h 254
My Father, God, how 559
My Father, God, per 673
My Father's house on 1159
My feet shall never sl 173
My flesh shall slumb 1162
My flesh shall thy fir 1128
My flesh would rest i 5
My former hopes are 491
My Friend art thou w 535
My God, how endless 1011
My God, he cries, all 224
My God, I cry with e 478
My God, I long, I ho 589
My God, I thank thee 605
My God, I would not 147
My God, my everlast 732
My God, my Father, 177
My God, my Father, 659
My God, my King, th 106

My God, my portion 188
My God, my prayer a 648
My God, permit me n 639
My God, permit my t 635
My God, the spring o 681
My God, thy humble 99
My God, thy service 762
My God will pity my 646
My grace its glories s 583
My gracious God, ho 403
My gracious Lord, I o 556
My gracious Master a 548
My great Protector an 619
My Guardian, my al 671
My guilt appeared bu 478
My heart is fixed, my 113
My heart, O Lord, to 1004
My heart shall carry 579
My heart shall trium 50
My heart to folly pron 771
My heart with sacred 589
My hope, my trust, m 541
My hopes of heaven 478
My life I would anew 1016
My life, my health, m 998
My life, my joy, my 292
My life's brief remna 469
My lifted eye without 17
My lips with courage 669
My lips with shame m 484
My Maker and my K 689
My name from the pa 537
My native country, t 1000
My never-ceasing son 161
My only aim be this, 668
My opening eyes wit 41
My powers shall then 110
My Saviour, fill my s 662
My Saviour, my almi 324
My Saviour, whom a 1086
My Shepherd will su 198
My son, know thou t 446
My soul, be on thy g 717
My soul forsakes her 543
My soul, how lovely i 14
My soul in pleasing w 1018
My soul is humbled i 448
My soul lies cleaving 602
My soul looks back to 254
My soul obeys th' almi 500
My soul rejoices to pu 395
My soul, repeat his p 183
My soul shall praise t 110
My soul shall pray fo 3
My soul thou wilt by 566
My soul to Jesus join 537
My soul, triumphant 713
My soul, with joy att 290
My soul would leave 681
My spirit faints to see 710
My spirit, in thy han 1018
My spirit looks to Go 601
My spirit, Lord, thou 1127
My spirit sinks withi 736
My thoughts address 761
My thoughts, before t 126
My thoughts lie open 134
My thoughts surmou 629
My times of sorrow a 596
My tongue repeats he 12
My trust is fixed upo 523
My waking eyes prev 389
My wants supply; m 357
My wearied soul was 582
My weary soul, O Go 380
My willing soul wou 40
My wisdom, and my 281
NAKED as from earth 572
Nature with open vol 251
Nature, with all her p 101
Near to his mercy-sea 542
Ne'er think the victor 717
Ne'er will the Lord h 569
Night falls, but soon 1102
Night her solemn ma 55
Night unto night his 1009
No accents flow, no w 640
No balm that earthly 584
No bleeding bird, nor 470
No blood of goats, no 485
No burning heats by 173
No change of time sh 170
No chilling winds, no 1173
No cloud those blest 1170
No, for that world is o 1174
No good in creatures 538
No, gracious Master, 848
No healing balm on e 493
No longer will I ask 543
No more fatigue, no 55
No more let sin or Sa 805
No more let sins and 213
No more, my God, I b 253
No more shall atheist 1139
No more the sovereig 452
No more we'll mourn 1024
No, nothing else 1094
No more, ye lusts, sh 486
No mortal can with h 257
Nor angels can their 780
Nor death nor hell sh 561
Nor doth it yet appea 191
Nor eye hath seen, no 1153
Nor fear thy Salem's 922
Nor him shall death i 624
Nor let these blessing 364
No royal pomp adorn 215
Nor pain, nor grief, n 1078
Nor peace, nor rest, 466
Nor prayer is made o 633
Nor shall I through c 603
Nor shall my tongue 110
Nor shall the glowing 698
Nor shall thy spreadi 76
Nor these alone their 331
No rude alarms of an 55
Nor would I drop a 506
No sacrifice my soul c 504
No sin to cloud, no lu 1162
No, still he bows his 645
No strife shall vex M 899
Not all our groans an 262
Not all that men on 294
Not all the blessings 18
Not all the blood of b 254
Not all the outward f 377
Not for our duties or 252
Not for thee shall tear 1098
Not here, where met t 848
Nothing but truth be 133
Not life itself, with all 18
Not many years their 1047
Not Sinai's mountain 247
Not so th' ungodly ra 607
Not so your eyes will 437
Not the high seraph's 146
Not the most perfect 386
Not to condemn the s 212
Not to the fiery pains 821
Not to the terrors of t 789
Not vows, nor groans 258
Not walls nor hills co 621
Not what we wish, bu 588
Not with our mortal e 547
Nought, nought appe 962
Now begin the heave 275
Now bended him high 579
Now be my heart ins 333
Now for a time of luf 244
Now, for the love I be 253
Now God invites us ho 451
Now, gracious Lord, t 1053
Now I am thine,—fo 15
Now I am thine, fore 615
Now I esteem their m 755
Now I forbid my earn 1055
Now incline me to re 476
No winter there, no s 1003
Now is th' accepted ti 435
Now is the day of gra 435
Now is the time; beh 81
Now let my soul, eter 387
Now let our cheerful 297
Now let our darkness 58
Now let our mournfu 836
Now let the angel sou 911
Now let the trumpet r 74
Now let the world ag 856
Now let the world's d 52
Now let thy bosom ye 480
Now let thy saving m 385
Now may the King d 44
Now rest, my long-di 625
Now, safely moored, m 959
Now saved from sin a 829
Now send thy Spirit 867
Now shall my head b 694
Now, sinners, dry yo 269
Now the desert lands 915
Now the full glories o 318
Now the Saviour, lon 1136
Now the shades of ni 1013
Now to the God of vi 1076
Now to the God who 26
Now to the Lamb wh 343
Now to the Lord a no 319
Now to the Lord, wh 321
Now to the power of 252
Now to the shining re 539
Now to you my spirit 695
Now we, blest Saviou 802
Now we will bless the 600
Now, while mine eye 1029
Now with triumphal 1175
Now, ye saints, his po 334
O, ALL ye nations, pr 84
O, all ye nations, prai 85
O, all ye nations, rise 879
O, be thy presence wi 890
O, bid my heart rejoi 648
O, bid this trifling wo 41
O, blessed be the han 583
O, blessed souls are t 494
O, blest assurance thi 81
O, bless the Lord, my 98
O, bless the Lord, my 182
O, bless this sacred ri 809
O, breathe thy quick 363
O, bring our dearest 384
O, by the anguish of t 678
O, cease, my wanderi 613
O, change these wret 518
O, cheerless were our 1108
O Christ, what gracio 276
O, clothe with energy 946
O, come and make m 662
O, come and with his 420
O, could I find, from 661
O, could we make ou 1146
O, could we speak th 304

INDEX OF VERSES.

O, enter his gates wit 990
O, enter, then, his te 1
O'er all those wide ex 1173
O'er the blue depths o 205
O'er the gloomy hills 831
O'er the pagan's nigh 883
O'er the realms of pa 877
O, faint not, Christia 722
O, faint not in the da 878
Of all the pious dead 1062
O Father, good or evi 570
O Father, in that hou 689
O Father, though the 51
Of Canaan's land, fro 1077
Of his gospel not ash 881
O, fill my soul with fa 488
O, fill thou every hea 356
O fire and vapor, hail 66
O for a closer walk w 601
O for a faith that will 511
O for a godly fear, . . 676
O for a heart subdued 943
O for a heart to praise 663
O for an humble, con 663
O for an overcoming f 1076
O for a shout of joy . 157
O for a shout of sacre 248
O for a sight, a pleasin 1154
O for a thousand sera 351
O for a thousand ton 348
O, for his sake our gu 255
O for that tenderness 488
O for the death of tho 1114
O for the living flame 87
O for the pinions of a 543
O, for this love, let ro 308
O for those humble, c 488
Oft have our fathers t 797
Oft he forgave their s 89
O, give this true and 466
O, gladly tread the na 551
O glorious hour! O b 1165
O God, how excellen 151
O God, my heart is fi 70
O God, my inmost so 1133
O God, my strength, 676
O God of mercy, hea 485
O God of nature and 1036
O God of sovereign g 859
O God, our help in a 760
O God, our King, wh 29
O God, thou art my h 756
O God, though count 939
O God, to earth inclin 856
O God, to thee my si 597
O gracious God, in w 724
O, grant me to desire 595
O, grant thy spirit, Lo 980
O, grant us grace, alm 401
O, grant us, in this so 49
O, guard my soul aro 648
O, guard our shores f 1003
O, guide our doubtful 870
O happy Christian, w 763
O, happy period! glo 330
O, happy saints, who 1180
O, happy servant he, 715
O, happy souls, who p 10
O happy state! divin 1042
O, harden not your h 412
O, haste to follow wh 551
O, haste, victorious P 872
O, hear his voice to-d 443
O, help us, Father, fro 651
O, help us, Lord; eac 653
O, help us, through th 655
O, help us, when our 656
O, here, if ever, God o 848
O holy Lord, our God 952
O Holy Spirit, rise, . . 879
O, how divine, how s 780
O, how I love thy hol 389
O, how shall I repay 1016
O, if my Lord would 167
O, in that destroying 1151
O, in the morn of life, 772
O Jesus, once rocked 960
O, keep me in thy he 724
O, keep my soul from 682
O, lay not up upon th 580
O, lead me to the Ro 625
O, let a holy flock aw 354
O, let me wing my ha 626
O, let my inmost soul 1039
O, let my trembling s 585
O, let our humble wo 954
O, let our thoughts an 1169
O, let that glorious an 903
O, let their shout and 918
O, let them still their 311
O, let the nations rou 856
O, let the same almig 1015
O, let the soul its slu 752
O, let these earthly S 52
O, let this correction 599
O, let thy grace inspir 689
O, let thy love my so 549
O, let thy love within 588
O, let thy own celesti 641
O, let thy Spirit to m 522
O, let thy word of gra 771
O, let us feel thy pow 708
O, let us fly — to Jesu 1091
O, let us, then, with h 986
O, like the sun may I 1010
O, long-expected day 55
O Lord, accept the pr 1122
O Lord, and shall ou 383
O Lord, and will thy 890
O Lord, behold us at 978
O Lord, exert thy co 490
O Lord, I cast my car 538
O Lord, I cry to thee, 405
O Lord, I fall before t 470
O Lord, if in the boo 566
O Lord, I love my se 7
O Lord, I would deli 538
O Lord, our God, aris 952
O Lord, our God, aris 879
O Lord, our God, ho 163
O Lord, our guilt and 105
O Lord, our heaven 164
O Lord, prevent it by 1143
O Lord, the ardor of t 890
O Lord, the pilot's pa 957
O Lord, thou art my 557
O Lord, thy heavenly 672
O Lord, thy perfect w 390
O Lord, thy tender m 482
O Lord, to me in pity 488
O Lord, we in thy fo 823
O Lord, what heaven 210
O Lord, when billows 504
O Lord, while in thy 9
O, make but trial of h 193
O, make them love th 979
O, may all enjoy the 63
O, may I bear some h 318
O, may I in the Judg 1082
O, may I never turn 557
O, may I reach the h 319
O, may I thirst for th 591
O, may my humble s 337
O, may our ardent zo 101
O, may our children e 425
O, may our grateful, t 961
O, may our hearts by 765
O, may our humble s 1124
O, may our land in th 985
O, may our souls wit 146
O, may our sympathi 742
O, may our willing ha 302
O, may that sacred fir 359
O, may the great Red 870
O, may the heavenly 1170
O, may the Holy Spir 958
O, may these heavenl 397
O, may these thought 136
O, may the sons of m 963
O, may the Spirit's qu 1069
O, may the sweet, the 310
O, may this sacrifice, 989
O, may thy counsels, 398
O, may thy love inspi 468
O, may thy precious g 971
O, may thy quickeni 30
O, may thy Spirit gui 8
O, may we all with o 983
O, may we all, while 156
O, may we die to eart 803
O, might I hear his h 100
O, might I once mou 618
O my soul, what mea 753
On all the wings of ti 1047
On barren rock and d 878
Once more, my soul, 1009
Once more our welco 826
Once more we meet t 480
Once on the raging se 959
Once they were mine our 727
Once you must die, a 1082
On eagles' wings they 608
One army of the livin 791
On earth we want the 547
One blessing, Lord, m 604
One blissful anthem t 276
One day, amid the pl 40
One family, we dwel 791
One glorious body no 796
One gracious look of t 483
One thing demands o 1063
O, never let my soul 619
O, never till my lates 469
On God we build our 169
On him I trust and b 628
On Jordan's stormy b 1173
O, not a joy or blessin 638
O, no; till life itself d 844
On that great, that aw 1131
On thee alone my ho 309
On thee, each mornin 1018
On thee, on thee alon 798
On the mountain's to 902
On the Rock of ages 930
On the tree of life ete 1041
On this auspicious m 38
On, through Juden's 982
On thy dear cross I fi 536
On us his providence 1035
On us the Sun of Rig 529
Onward, onward, me 883
Onward speed thy co 892
On wings of everlast 559
On wings of love the 742
O, on that day, that w 1130
Open now the crystal 606
Oppressed with sin, a 421
O, praise the Lord in 86
O ransomed church, 948
Or, if 'tis e'er denied 638
O righteous Judge, if 984

O Saviour, be our con 791
O Saviour, bring men 542
O Saviour, the promi 598
O Saviour, welcome t 557
O Saviour, we would 716
O, send deliverance d 465
O, send thy light and 390
O, send thy Spirit do 709
O, shall not warmer a 842
O, shed abroad that r 573
O, shine on this benig 484
O, sing to Him who l 316
O sinner, bring not te 985
O sinners, in his pres 452
O sinners, now to Ca 273
O sinner, why so tho 450
O, speed thee, Christi 732
O, stay thy tears, for t 1108
O, stay thy tears, the 1108
O, teach us, as we loo 395
O, tell me that my wo 1142
O, tell of his might, a 72
O that each, in the da 1059
O, that hope! how bri 1131
O that I knew the pla 542
O that I knew the see 646
O that our conscious 811
O that our thoughts a 35
O that the Lord's salv 919
O that the Lord woul 709
O that thy statutes ev 659
O that, with yonder s 338
O, then my spirit fain 1159
O, then, on faith's sub 1169
O, then, rouse thee fr 457
O, then shall the veil 1086
Other refuge have I n 285
O the sweet wonders 251
O the transporting, ra 1173
O thou almighty Lor 391
O Thou, by whom w 633
O thou eternal Ruler 809
O Thou from whom a 637
O thou great God, wh 495
O thou incarnate Wo 122
O thou, my Saviour a 597
O thou, my soul, forg 844
O thou Sun of glorio 874
O Thou that hearest p 359
O Thou that hear'st t 498
O Thou that hear'st w 467
O Thou, that wouldst 1125
O Thou, to whom all 165
O Thou, who art our 553
O Thou, who givest l 773
O Thou, who hearest 1039
O Thou, who once o 959
O Thou, whose comp 559
O thou, whose love d 957
O Thou, whose merc 535
O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis re 904
O, to be brought to Je 539
O, to grace how great 619
O, to live exempt fro 573
O, turn, great Ruler o 522
O, turn us, turn us, m 988
Our Advocate with G 303
Our birth is but a star 752
Our blest Redeemer, 352
Our Captain leads us 730
Our contrite spirits pi 21
Our country is Imma 729
Our daily bread supp 659
Our dark and erring 649
Our days are as the g 184
Our days run though 1054
Our dearest joys, our 761
Our faith, and love, a 386
Our Father, God, who 698
Our fathers' God, to t 1040
Our fathers! where a 1062
Our fervent prayer to 967
Our flesh and sense m 706
Our former years mis 452
Our glad hosannas, P 211
Our glorious Leader c 725
Our God, how firm h 502
Our grateful souls on 1026
Our guilty souls are d 517
Our guilty spirits dre 516
Our hearts exult in s 855
Our heavenly Father, 359
Our heavenly Father, 650
Our Helper, God, we 1026
Our journey is a thor 724
Our laboring bosoms 974
Our labors done, secu 1129
Our life is a dream; . 1059
Our life is forfeited b 1019
Our lips shall tell the 116
Our little bark, on boi 961
Our lives through var 128
Our minds in perfect 1028
Our minds shall be s 169
Our moments fly apa 1055
Our numerous griefs 401
Our powers are oft di 729
Our prayers assist, ac 914
Our quickened souls 377
Our Saviour bowed b 854
Our sins, alas! how s 1155
Our sins and griefs on 256
Our sins to heaven as 480
Our sorrows in the se 280
Our souls receive divi 805
Our spirits join to pr 853
Our tables spread, ou 995
Our Zion trembles at 987
Out of the deeps, O L 541
O, warm my heart wi 819
O, wash my soul from 484
O, was there e'er a he 473
O, watch, and fight, a 717
O, what amazing joys 1154
O, what amazing wor 410
O, what a pure deligh 980
O, what is life? — 'tis 1064
O, what is life? — 'tis 1064
O, when, before the ju 951
O, when shall these g 862
O, when, thou city of 1109
O, when will the mo 1163
O, where is now that 684
O, where shall rest be 1152
O, while I breathe to 461
O, wondrous knowle 124
O, wondrous love! — 519
O, worship the King, 72
O, wretched state of d 1152
O ye angels, hovering 419
O ye immortal thron 249
O Zion, sacred place! 928
O Zion, spread more 845
O Zion, tune thy voic 897

PALE and cold we se 1117
Palms of glory, raime 1161
Pardon and peace thr 253
Pastor, thou art from 1117
Peace, all our angry p 572
Peace and joy shall n 902
Peace be within this s 6
Peace be within these 944
Peaceful be thy silen 1096
Peace he brings you b 429
Peace is on the world 66
Peace on earth, good 201
Peace on this day shi 1007
Peace, troubled soul, 419
Peace, with her olive 864
People and realms of 854
People of the living G 695
Perhaps he will admi 433
Perhaps some means 456
Permit me, Lord, to s 671
Permit them to appro 977
Perpetual blessings fr 1024
Pilgrims in this vale 1177
Pity the nations, O ou 835
Place on the Lord reli 194
Plainly here his feets 806
Planted in Christ, the 929
Pleased with the new 780
Plunged in a gulf of 308
Plunge me in that sa 264
Poor, helpless worms 517
Praise him, all ye hea 284
Praise him for a'l the 86
Praise him, ye heaven 312
Praise him, ye hosts 312
Praise him, ye who k 69
Praise the God of our 77
Praise the Lord, for h 77
Praise the Lord, for h 77
Praise the Lord, his g 73
Praise the Lord; ye h 77
Praise to thee, thou gr 169
Praise waits in Zion, 105
Praise waits in Zion, 31
Praise ye his name, t 66
Praise ye Jehovah's n 74
Praise ye the Lord; 95
Praise ye the Lord; o 66
Praise is the breath o 634
Prayer is the burden 632
Prayer is the Christia 632
Prayer is the contrite 633
Prayer is the simples 632
Prayer is the soul's si 632
Prayer may be sweet 962
Prayer may be sweet 962
Pray! pray! then, Ch 961
Prepare us, Lord, by 1170
Prepare us, Lord, to v 841
Preserved by thy alm 1015
Preserve the power of 375
Princes, this clay mus 1079
Prisoner, long detain 1083
Proclaim abroad his n 320
Proclaim hosannas lo 331
Proclaim salvation fr 100
Proclaim the lofty pra 317
Prone to wander, Lor 610
Pure are the joys abo 1153
Pure as the sun's enli 525

RAISED by his Father 247
Raised from the dead, 266
Raised on devotion's 94
Raise to the cross thy 526
Raise your devotion, 242
Raise your triumpha 269
Rebel, ye waves, and 139
Rebuild thy walls, th 894
Receive these lambs t 974
Recorded by eternal l 100
Refulgent day in dar 1022
Rejoice in glorious ho 325
Rejoice! the Lord is 325
Released from sorrow 1180
Relief alone is found 283

Religion bears our spi	706	Search thou our hear	132	Since on this fleeting	1063
Religion can assuage	708	Search us, O God, an	130	Since such his conde	850
Religion is the chief e	705	Seasons and moons, s	903	Since thou hast been	655
Religion should our t	755	Seasons and times ob	992	Since 'tis thy work a	505
Remark, my soul, the	1048	See a long race thy sp	900	Sing how eternal Lov	269
Remember all thy gr	718	See barbarous nation	900	Sing how he left the	244
Remember all who lo	638	See childhood, youth,	1057	Sing of his dying lov	313
Remember me, my S	666	See, daylight is fadin	1021	Sing of his everlastin	316
Remember me; stand	636	See, dearest Lord, ou	268	Sing on your heaven	313
Remember me; thy v	655	See, from his head, hi	824	Sing, till we feel our h	313
Remember me, when	636	See, from Zion's sacr	286	Sing to the Lord in j	82
Remember that victo	847	See, heathen nations,	912	Sing to the Lord Jeh	81
Remember the confli	843	See, he lays his glory	207	Sing to the Lord mos	68
Remember thee, rede	845	See how the Conque	242	Sing to the Lord, ye d	214
Remember thee, thy	842	See how the fruitless	458	Sing to the Lord, ye d	838
Remember thy Great	778	See, in the Saviour's	279	Sinner, beware; the a	458
Remember thy Great	769	See, in the vineyard o	456	Sinner, rouse thee fro	457
Remote from anger, n	747	See Israel's gentle Sh	977	Sinners, awake betim	1139
Renew my will from	650	See Jehovah's banner	916	Sinners, believe the S	212
Renounce thy works	814	See, low before thy th	482	Sinners, bowed in tru	204
Renouncing every w	672	See, see, the cross is r	901	Sinners in derision cr	336
Repeated crimes awa	295	See the haven full in	1039	Sinners shall hear the	405
Repent! the voice cel	452	See the Judge, our na	1144	Sinners, turn; why w	448
Retirement solemn, y	1022	See the leaves around	1041	Sinners, will you scor	449
Return, my roving he	450	See, the Lord appears	1138	Sinner, the voice of G	447
Return, my wanderin	489	See the streams of liv	920	Sinner, what has eart	444
Return, O blissful sun,	1012	See where it shines in	319	Sister, thou wast mild	1096
Return, O holy Dove,	691	Send down thy Spirit	1053	Slain in the guilty sin	498
Revive our drooping	631	Send forth thy messe	859	Sleep, sleep to-day, to	61
Rich dews of grace c	912	Send forth thy word,	870	Small are the offering	744
Ride forth, victorious	870	Send to the east the v	866	Smile, Lord, on each	862
Ride on in thy greatn	906	Serene I laid me dow	1016	Smile on my minutes	1015
Rise, crowned with li	900	Servant of God, well	1118	Soar we now where C	235
Rise from these earth	822	Set up thy throne wh	865	So, blessed Spirit, co	808
Rise, Lord, and help	759	Shall God invite you	437	So fades a summer cl	1103
Rise, my soul, and str	719	Shall I withhold thy	689	So fades the lovely, bl	1083
Rise, O my soul, purs	728	Shall Jesus for admis	499	So fast eternity comes	1048
Rise, Sun of glory, ris	857	Shall love like thine b	461	Soft be the gently-bre	525
Rivers to the ocean ru	719	Shall persecution, or	294	Softly fades the twili	56
Rock of ages, cleft for	282	Shall we go on to sin	670	Softly now the light o	1026
Roll on, thou mighty	899	Shall we, whose souls	917	So, gracious Saviour,	297
Round her habitation	970	She bids the anguishe	1057	So grant me, Lord, fr	1162
Round the altar pries	1164	She bids the storms o	1057	So Jesus looked on dy	742
Rude in speech or wi	883	Shed abroad in every	966	So Jesus rose to pray	639
		She guides the young	775	So Jesus slept; God's	1074
Safe is the expanded	1089	Shepherd divine, our	674	Soldier of Christ, well	1118
Safely through anoth	47	Shepherds in the fiel	204	Soldiers of Christ, ari	723
Saints before the altar	204	Shine, mighty God, o	808	So let our lips and liv	706
Saints by the power o	1126	Short is the passage, s	1159	So let thy grace surro	134
Saints in glory, perfec	1089	Shortly this prison of	1147	So let thy people here	942
Salvation and immor	240	Should all the forms t	378	So longs the weary, f	591
Salvation is forever n	267	Should earth against	1156	Soon are those earthl	757
Salvation, let the ech	277	Should earth and hell	160	Soon as I heard my F	594
Salvation! O, the joy	277	Should earth's vain tr	534	Soon as the morning's	238
Salvation's glory all b	349	Should friends and k	594	Soon as the morn the	759
Salvation to God, who	326	Should hear its deep	962	Soon, borne on time's	451
Salvation to the Lord	180	Should I distribute al	706	Soon for us the light o	1026
Saviour, bid the worl	60	Should it send some	817	Soon he again will co	322
Saviour, bless thy wo	60	Should my tears forev	282	Soon may the last gla	903
Saviour, breathe an e	1032	Should pining sickne	659	Soon must we change	328
Saviour, I thy word b	374	Should sudden venge	484	Soon shall our doubts	518
Saviour, hasten thine	323	Should swift Death th	1032	So shall the bright su	945
Saviour, lead us to ad	370	Should we indulge on	381	Soon shall this goodly	131
Saviour, may our Sab	56	Should worlds conspi	531	Soon shall thy radian	896
Saviour of souls, coul	553	Shout, hills of Palesti	908	Soon shall we hear hi	313
Saviour, thy law we l	821	Shout, rocky hills of	908	Soon shall we meet a	1070
Saviour, thy messeng	948	Shout, vales of India	908	Soon, soon your wait	901
Saviour, when in dus	652	Show me the way to	1125	Soon the days of life	426
Saviour, who earest f	953	Show our forgetful fe	758	Soon will the awful t	452
Say, hath thy heart it	1059	Show pity, Lord; O L	484	Soon will the harvest	440
Say, Live forever, glo	232	Show us some token	27	So pilgrims, on the sc	18
Say, shall we yield hi	202	Shrink not, though ea	888	So shall my joyful sp	532
Say to the heathen, fr	861	Shudder not to pass t	1089	So shall my walk be	691
Say to the nations, Je	214	Silent and slow they	1044	So shall our sun of h	31
Say, will you hear m	434	Since all the varying	190	So shall their course	1043
Scenes of sacred peac	889	Since Christ and we a	303	So shall the visits of t	641
Seal my forgiveness i	1025	Since from his bount	257	So shall thy chosen s	76

So shall you share th 737
So strange, so boundl 268
So, trusting in thy lov 585
Sound, sound the tru 884
Source of eternal joy 541
Sovereign of worlds a 863
Sovereign of worlds, d 865
Sovereign Ruler, Lor 265
So, when in silence n 569
So will I firmly trust 638
Sow in the morn thy 740
So with mild influen 701
Spare, gracious Lord, 1071
Speak, and the world 865
Speak forth his praise 248
Speak of the wonders 104
Speak thy pardoning 571
Speak with the voice 30
Spirit divine, attend o 937
Spirit, leave thy hous 1037
Spirit of grace, O, de 42
Spirit of grace, to us, 273
Spirit of holiness, des 384
Spirit of holiness, . . 122
Spirit of holiness, loo 385
Spirit of holiness, 'tis 384
Spirit of peace and h 955
Spirit of peace, celest 701
Spirit of power and m 875
Spirit of purity and g 352
Spirit of truth and lo 876
Spread for thee, the fe 425
Spread th ough the e 859
Sprinkled now with b 436
Stand therein his gre 723
Stand up, my soul, sh 720
Stay, sinner, on the g 453
Stay, thou insulted S 380
Stern Winter throws 1042
Still be it our suprem 1016
Still be the cheerful h 904
Still evening comes, w 1022
Still gird thy sword u 337
Still has my life new 732
Still let the Spirit cry 723
Still may thy childre 81
Still may thy love in 1052
Still my feet are pron 1014
Still nigh me, O my S 284
Still on the Lord thy 569
Still the Spirit linger 57
Still to the lowly soul 635
Still we are thine; we 984
Still we wait for thy a 651
Strait is the way, the 688
Stretched on the cross 236
Stricken, smitten, an 227
Strike, strike the harp 203
Strong in the Lord of 723
Strong were thy foes, 792
Subdue the power of 367
Submissive to thy wi 581
Such is the Christian 1111
Such was the pity of 292
Such was thy truth, a 704
Sun, moon, and stars 150
Sun, moon, and stars 76
Suppliant, lo! thy ch 966
Supported by his grac 378
Supreme in wisdom, 698
Sure as thy truth sha 788
Sure I must fight, if I 724
Sure there was never 839
Surprising grace, and 499
Sweet as the dew on 701
Sweet, at the dawning 45
Sweet day, thine hou 33
Sweet fields beyond t 1146
Sweet gratitude inspi 1178
Sweet in the confiden 627
Sweet is the day of sa 50
Sweet is the friendly 433
Sweet is the memory 187
Sweet is the memory 187
Sweet is the prayer, w 640
Sweet is the thought, 1105
Sweet is the work, my 50
Sweet is the work, O 45
Sweet on his faithful 627
Sweet, on this day of 45
Sweet shall the song 947
Sweet to look back an 627
Sweet to look inward 627
Sweet was the time w 759
Swell the anthem, rai 999
Swift as an eagle cuts 726
Swiftly on wings of lo 884
T
TAKE thy power, alm 871
Take up the burden o 97
Teach all the nations 852
Teach me some melo 610
Teach me the measur 1055
Teach me to live by 642
Teach me to live that 1031
Teach them to sow th 946
Teach us, in every sta 513
Teach us, in time of 654
Teach us, O Lord, ho 1073
Teach us, with repen 306
Tell him how the stre 956
Tell him it was sover 956
Tell him of that liber 956
Tell of his wondrous 100
Tell us, ye who heard 227
Tempted souls, they 449
Ten thousand thousa 233
Ten thousand thousa 693
Ten thousand worlds, 558
Thanks for mercies p 1049
Thanks we give and 65
That awful day will s 1142
That bears, unmoved, 511
That, having all thin 723
That heavenly influe 264
That life obtained, for 766
That life we ask with 766
That light shall beam 869
That, long as life itsel 830
That precious wealth 748
That prize with peerl 726
That sacred stream, t 172
That so thy wondrou 918
That so, when angel r 995
That thine eternal So 163
That voice, aloud fro 736
That was a most ama 1019
That will not murmu 511
Th' angelic hosts des 206
The arguments I'd u 542
The arms of everlasti 111
The awful message c 687
The awful register go 714
The axe of truth, at o 458
The balm of life, the 270
The beam that shines 899
The best obedience o 253
The best relief that m 402
The billows swell, th 957
The bleeding wound 261
The blessed Spirit, lik 37
The blissful word, wi 532
The bounties of thy lo 195
The breezes waft thei 639
The brightest things b 751
The broken heart, the 276
The burden of our w 488
The burden which I f 483
The changing wind, t 1043
The church triumph 793
The city of my blest 111
The clouds which vei 16
The comforts he affor 189
The counsels of rede 401
The countless multit 349
The covenants of thi 951
The creature of thy h 689
The cross, it takes ou 270
The cup of blessing w 827
The darkness and the 891
The day approaches, 1137
The day of wrath, th 1130
The dead in Christ sh 1132
The dear delights we 572
The dearest idol I ha 691
The deepest reverenc 159
The dove let loose in 1162
The dying thief rejoi 274
Thee in thy glorious r 793
Thee we adore, etern 1061
Thee, with humble a 991
The eternal Shepher 1115
The evening cloud, t 1149
The evening star has 1027
The eyes of God rega 776
The faith that works 512
The Father heard; a 220
The Father hears him 261
The Father of eterna 1113
The Father owned hi 811
The Father's love sha 121
The fearful soul that 686
The fear which thy c 385
The feeling heart, th 27
The flowery spring, a 994
The fondness of a cr 751
The foolish builders, 787
The fount of life sha 924
The friends gone ther 1040
The gladdening news 923
The glowing lamp of 722
The God of glory do 905
The God of glory sen 1129
The God of grace and 565
The God of grace wil 381
The God of harvest p 993
The God of Jacob ch 935
The God of Zion che 4
The God we worship 786
The goodly land I see, 574
The goods of earth ar 576
The gospel bears my 563
The gospel bids the d 409
The gospel trumpet h 407
The grace on man be 122
The graves of all the 1092
The hand of fellowsh 827
The happy gates of g 422
The happy morn is c 243
The harvest song we 995
The heathen lands th 853
The heaven of heave 167
The heavens declare 76
The hill of Zion yiel 767
The hills and mount 160
The hoary frost, the fl 1043
The holy to the holies 793
The holy triumphs of 764
The host of angels, st 250
The hosts of God enc 193
The hour is sweet wh 1029

INDEX OF VERSES.

The hour of pain has 733
The humble supplian 634
Their bodies in the gr 1114
Their harmony shall 162
Their joyful tongues 973
Their joy shall bear t 408
Their lifted eyes salut 139
Their ransomed spiri 1114
Their steadfast feet sh 168
Their thirst and hun 1175
Their works of piety 748
The Jews, the people 87
The joyous hills of Pa 205
The joy thy favor giv 479
The King himself co 40
The King of heaven h 424
The king of terrors t 498
The Lamb shall lead 1175
The land of silence a 731
The leaves around m 1040
The light and strengt 848
The light my path su 1040
The lofty hill, the hu 107
The lofty song begin 312
The long-lost son, wit 481
The Lord beheld me 754
The Lord can clear t 782
The Lord delights to 283
The Lord forgives th 90
The Lord has in kind 598
The Lord his people 13
The Lord is bountifu 112
The Lord is God, 'tis 6
The Lord is good; th 6
The Lord is great, his 71
The Lord is great, his 71
The Lord is great; ye 71
The Lord is just and 718
The Lord is my Shep 200
The Lord is risen ind 237
The Lord Jehovah ca 412
The Lord Jehovah re 145
The Lord Jehovah re 138
The Lord makes bare 949
The Lord my pasture 197
The Lord my Sheph 196
The Lord my Sheph 195
The Lord of glory is 604
The Lord of glory rei 144
The Lord of life, with 846
The Lord on high pr 405
The Lord, our glory 408
The Lord our God is 139
The Lord our God is 135
The Lord takes pleas 83
The Lord will come, 1135
The Lord will come, 1135
The Lord will come: 1135
The Lord will raise J 895
The man is ever blest 607
The man whose piou 624
The Master whom yo 887
The mellow eve is gli 1027
The mighty Conquer 1087
The mighty Former o 309
The mighty God, wh 725
The more this princi 510
The morning light is 912
The morn with glory 1037
The mountains in th 938
The mountains in th 464
The mountains melt 162
Then all I want, — O 631
The names of all his 297
Then, as our wonderi 385
Then back to heaven 236
Then blessed be the 645
Then bless his holy n 96
Then ceased the stor 961
Thence he arose, asc 1092
Thence, when the glo 740
Then earth, thy grace 856
Then, Father, then m 1133
Then felt my soul th 478
Then, followed by a n 885
Then from the craggy 907
Then give, O Lord, o 581
Then hail, thou sacre 46
Then in the history o 732
Then I to thee, in sw 566
Then, Judah, thou no 924
Then learn of him th 221
Then let his name, w 497
Then let Jehovah be 170
Then let my soul ma 720
Then let our humble 298
Then let our songs a 767
Then let the hope of 1149
Then let the last loud 1092
Then let the love tha 99
Then let the visits of 490
Then let us adore an 326
Then let us form tho 1066
Then let us still go on 645
Then loud shall asce 906
Then love's soft dew 1129
Then, man, be wise; 580
Then may a Saviour' 958
Then may we close o 654
Then, O my soul, to J 584
The north gives up, t 909
Then, pilgrim, let thy 1057
Then rage, ye storms, 597
Then save me from e 498
Then shall all the nat 1131
Then shall I learn th 103
Then shall I love thy 692
Then shall I see and 50
Then shall I see thy l 1087
Then shall my prayer 591
Then shall my soul w 509
Then shall my thank 541
Then shall new lustr 445
Then shall our loud a 987
Then shall the mour 461
Then shall the ranso 32
Then shall thy kingd 867
Then should oppress 988
Then the earth, o'ers 871
Then, though thou b 535
Then to the shining r 1158
Then to the work of 714
Then, to thy courts w 41
Then, traveller in the 1085
Then wake your gold 237
Then, when among t 929
Then, where'er the s 65
Then, while 'tis calle 440
Then why, my soul, t 562
Then will he own my 552
Then will I daily to t 1018
Then will I teach the 468
Then with angel-harp 115
Then with our spirits 360
The oak strikes deepe 733
The oath and promis 563
The once loved form, 1123
The opening heavens 681
The order of thy hou 786
The pains of death ar 1118
The pains, the groans 1072
The pangs of our exp 255
The peaceful gates of 102
The perfect world, by 938
The pity of the Lord 184
The poor are thy pec 789
The powers of hell a 516
The power that gave 395
The praise of God,— 149
The present moment 1063
The Prince of salvati 906
The promise of my F 838
The promises I sing 162
The race that long in 217
The rainbow round a 160
There by his Father's 822
There dwells the Lor 574
There everlasting spr 1146
There faith lifts up th 1168
There fix, O Lord, th 357
There for sinners tho 345
There fragrant flower 1168
There from the bosom 539
There, gazing on his b 1180
There happier bower 1166
There I behold, with s 629
There in worship pur 23
There is a battle to be 722
There is a calm for th 1085
There is a death who 1152
There is a fountain fi 274
There is a glorious w 968
There is a great Phys 279
There is a home of ev 1167
There is a home for w 1168
There is a hope, a ble 736
There is a house not 1147
There is a land mine 1172
There is a land of pur 1146
There is an hour of h 1167
There is an hour of p 1168
There is a place of sac 1171
There is a place wher 636
There is a region love 1174
There is a scene whe 636
There is a star, a love 736
There is a stream wh 172
There is a voice, a ch 736
There is a world abov 1090
There is a world of p 1157
There Jesus bids my 387
There Jesus stands w 420
There, joined with all 713
There, joys unseen b 1169
There, mighty God, t 14
There, on a green an 734
There, on his holy hi 897
There our exalted Sa 242
There pardon, peace, 150
There purity with lov 1167
There's a delightful e 1150
There safe thou shalt 613
There saints of all ag 1148
There's an inheritanc 1126
There seems a voice i 75
There shall his sacred 550
There shall I bathe m 1156
There shall I offer my 604
There shall I wear a s 720
There shall our raptu 313
There shall the follow 1158
There's not a cloud w 126
There's not a star wh 126
There's nothing roun 543
There's not a place in 126
There's room around 418
There's room in God' 418
There's room in heav 418
There's room within 418
There, still unshaken 507
There streams of end 1128

There sweeps no deso 1172
There the great Mon 14
There, there, on eagle 636
There what delightfu 387
There, when the turm 1129
There, where our bles 764
There, with united h 420
There would I find a 198
The rising God forsa 232
The rising morn cann 1019
The rolling sun, the c 76
The sacred truths his 161
The saints in prayer 633
The saints on earth a 789
The saints shall flour 833
The saints, when he r 239
The Saviour bids us 716
The Saviour calls; le 4.3
The Saviour kindly c 981
The Saviour lives, no 295
The Saviour now is g 712
The Saviour! O, wha 309
The Saviour, when to 945
The Saviour will call 454
These and every secr 462
These seas shall waste, 900
These ashes too, this i 1129
These bodies that cor 1121
These children now a 989
The seeds of joy and 352
The seeds which piet 737
These faithful pledge 850
These glorious minds 1175
These lively hopes w 1122
These mortal joys, ho 757
These seasons of deli 32
These through fiery t 1176
These various mercie 997
These walls we to thy 941
The shadow of thy w 655
The shepherd of thy 954
The shield of faith re 722
The shining worlds a 67
The sighs we breathe 886
The smoking sweet a 216
The songs of everlast 565
The Son of God ador 317
The Son of God in te 471
The sorrows of the m 757
The sovereign will of 377
The spacious earth a 319
The Spirit, by his hea 335
The Spirit calls to-da 45?
The Spirit in our hea 451
The Spirit, like some 377
The Spirit of the Lor 215
The Spirit takes delig 779
The spring may breat 948
The spring's sweet in 997
The storm is laid, the 964
The storm that swee 1085
The streams, all beau 1078
The strong foundatio 121
The sun may set in i 951
The Sun of Righteou 239
The sun that lights y 948
The sun went down i 222
The sun withholds hi 1042
The sure provisions o 198
The swift-declining d 445
The tempest that obs 597
The thickest clouds a 305
The things of Christ t 355
The threatenings of t 272
The throne of glory t 643
The thunders of his h 138
The time of greatest s 465
The tottering frame o 624
The troubled conscie 376
The true Messiah no 216
The truth of God sha 100
The unbelieving wor 321
The undenied shall s 687
The vital savor of his 411
The voice at midnigh 1118
The volume of my F 398
The want of sight sh 515
The watchmen join t 949
The waves of trouble, 1155
The whole creation g 1141
The whole creation jo 346
The widow's heart sh 743
The winds breathe lo 1102
The wings of every h 108
The woodland hum is 10.7
The word is everlasti 770
The work which his g 567
The world and Satan 557
The world and world 460
The world beheld the 782
The world can never 115.
The world, how mean 576
The world recedes; it 1080
The wounded conscie 507
They brought his cha 259
They come! they co 804
They die in Jesus an 1104
They go from strengt 10
They leave their natu 963
They'll waft us soono 105.
They marked the foo 727
They may not feel th 982
They mourn their fol 495
They saw him break 259
They see their Savio 1179
They shall find rest w 417
They shall he down i 1069
They tell the triump 311
They watch for souls 455
They were mortal, to 1161
They who die in Chri 1101
They who on the Lor 62.
They whose daily act 245
They with unwearied 668
They worship the La 347
The year of gospel gr 432
The year rolls round 1031
Thine all-successful p 857
Thine all-surroundin 134
Thine arms of everla 762
Thine earthly Sabbat 55
Thine eye beholds w 153
Thine image, Lord, b 642
Thine inward teachi 369
Thine inward witnes 367
Thine is the hand tha 935
Thine ordinance, gre 891
Thine own gracious 69
Thine shall forever be 659
Thine, wholly thine, 781
Thine, wholly thine, 677
Thither my soul with 185
This blessed theme n 1095
This day the Lord ha 52
This day we give to h 808
This faith shall every 514
This glorious hope re 1068
This God is the God 178
This holy bread and 834
This is my body, bro 831
This is our utmost w 545
This is the burden of 975
This is the day the L 34
This is the day which 89.
This is the field wher 398
This is the grace that 749
This is the Judge, tha 398
This is the word of tr 409
This lamp through all 392
This life's a dream, a 1165
This only can my fea 177
This place is holy gro 1099
This precious truth h 156
This promise shall be 598
This remedy did wis 409
This shall be known 895
This spring with livin 410
This temple, hallowe 383
This tried, almighty h 190
This was compassion 840
This world would be 535
Those are the hymns 908
Those are the prayers 343
Those characters sha 297
Those eyes, so long in 1082
Those gentle whisper 179
Those joys which ear 8.6
Those holy gates fore 1153
Those mighty orbs pr 318
Thou art a God befor 8
Thou art gone to the 1106
Thou art my everlast 324
Thou art my portion, 615
Thou art, O God, the 129
Thou art the earnest 382
Thou art the life; the 280
Thou art the truth; t 280
Thou art the way, the 280
Thou art the way; to 280
Thou, as a shield of p 1007
Thou boundless Sour 654
Thou canst not toil in 740
Thou city of the Lord 82
Thou didst hear my e 1014
Thou didst mark our 815
Thou dying Lamb, th 274
Thou fount of all del 579
Thou Fount of blessi 677
Though cheerless my 899
Though dark my pat 659
Though dead, they sp 728
Though destruction 1022
Though distresses no 753
Though earth and he 157
Though earthly shep 1115
Though earth may bo 1100
Though from the fold, 593
Though high above a 87
Though I have griev 467
Though I have most 380
Though in a bare and 197
Though in a foreign l 708
Though in the dust I 1128
Though in the gloom 545
Though in the paths o 197
Though in the rugged 578
Though I walk throu 199
Though nature's stre 574
Though now the nati 869
Though once estrang 940
Though raised to hea 297
Though tempest-toss 957
Though ten thousand 753
Though the night be 1032
Though unworthy of 115
Though we are guilty, 64
Though we are vile in 480
Thou givest me the lo 625
Thou God of hope, to 739
Thou God of soverei 974
Thou great and good, 192

INDEX OF VERSES.

Thou hast kept me th	1014	Thus the transient w	674	Thy sovereign bount	149
Thou hast promised b	874	Thus, though the uni	894	Thy sovereign right I	537
Thou hast redeemed	343	Thus through life's p	506	Thy Spirit pour, O gr	375
Thou hast said, exalt	817	Thus, till my last, ex	18	Thy Spirit shall unit	303
Thou heaven of heav	98	Thus, till my last, ex	661	Thy temper, gracious	663
Thou holy God, pres	159	Thus to thy claim my	785	Thy temple is the arc	48
Thou Holy Spirit, art	363	Thus what our heave	753	Thy threatenings wa	394
Thou Lord of all abo	483	Thus when life's toils	637	Thy throne eternal a	138
Thou Lord of all the	559	Thus, when on Aaro	694	Thy throne, O God, f	333
Thou lovely Chief of	1142	Thus, when our ever	886	Thy various messeng	605
Thou lovely Source o	500	Thus, when the night	1023	Thy victories and th	350
Thou my daily task s	573	Thus, while his death	469	Thy walls are strengt	931
Thou new heaven an	651	Thus will he pour sal	550	Thy wondrous acts, t	112
Thou, O Christ, art a	285	Thus will I sing till n	908	Thy word commands	760
Thou only canst the c	181	Thus will the church	606	Thy word I hear, thy	473
Thou only Sovereign	548	Thus with my thoug	1034	Thy word I've hid w	589
Thou our deliverer ar	170	Thy blessing shall ex	856	Thy word, O Lord, w	399
Thou Power supreme	631	Thy blood, dear Jesu	268	Thy works pronounc	992
Thou Prince of life, a	879	Thy bounties, gracio	989	Thy works with bou	108
Thou Source of life a	1074	Thy bountiful care, w	72	Till God diffuse his g	411
Thou spread'st the cu	1011	Thy bounty every se	150	Till God in human fl	307
Thou still art mercifu	493	Thy chosen temple, L	43	Till, 'midst the strain	82
Thou, that dost my li	1014	Thy counsels, Lord,	175	Till then, nor is my b	554
Thou, to whom all po	877	Thy dying, living, bo	263	Till thou the Father's	675
Thou waitest to be gr	136	Thy face with revere	746	Time has nearly reac	873
Thou, who didst com	876	Thy favor, Lord, is al	593	Time is the measure	1057
Thou, who didst stoo	553	Thy foes in vain desi	931	Time is winging us a	1060
Thou, whose almight	876	Thy glories blaze all n	127	'Tis a broad land, of	402
Thou, whose benigna	11	Thy glorious eye per	672	'Tis a point I long to	577
Thou, who slumberes	1033	Thy glory beams in e	107	'Tis by faith of joys t	515
Thou wilt regard my	761	Thy glory never hen	934	'Tis by the merits of t	307
Thou wilt reveal the	1127	Thy glory o'er creatio	500	'Tis by thy death we	272
Thou wilt withdraw t	526	Thy goodness, Lord,	150	'Tis done; the great t	825
Through all eternity	692	Thy grace and mercy	375	'Tis done — th' impor	951
Through all his ancie	138	Thy grace shall dwell	306	'Tis faith supports m	176
Through all his work	146	Thy greatness huma	112	'Tis faith that lays th	510
Through all the chan	193	Thy hand has raised	31	'Tis faith that purifies	514
Through all the court	481	Thy hand, how wide	127	'Tis finished! — Heav	230
Through all the dang	1024	Thy hand in autumn	991	'Tis finished! — let th	230
Through all the earth	856	Thy hand in sight of	198	'Tis finished; now th	224
Through all the wind	490	Thy hands, dear Jesu	268	'Tis finished! — so th	230
Through duties and t	812	Thy heavenly words	389	'Tis finished! — this h	230
Through each bright	140	Thy Holy Spirit's pr	675	'Tis for our children	978
Through endless yea	131	Thy kingdom come;	650	'Tis from the mercy o	266
Through every age, e	1073	Thy kingdom come,	848	'Tis from this sacred	502
Through every age h	305	Thy kingdom, Lord,	149	'Tis God's all-animat	726
Through every perio	696	Thy light that on our	384	'Tis God, the Father,	811
Through every windi	713	Thy love a rich rewar	878	'Tis God, the Spirit, l	378
Through floods and fl	812	Thy love can cheer th	673	'Tis God who lifts ou	572
Through life's bewild	768	Thy love, how cheeri	549	'Tis he, by his almig	1147
Throughout all ages s	112	Thy love in suffering	549	'Tis he forgives thy s	182
Throughout the day,	1029	Thy love the power o	17	'Tis he, my soul, that	186
Throughout the univ	106	Thy mercy bids all n	695	'Tis here the Saviour	397
Through seas and sto	142	Thy mercy gilds the	743	'Tis here the tree of k	397
Through sorrow's nig	1129	Thy mercy I entreat;	648	'Tis here, whene'er m	509
Through ten thousan	286	Thy mercy stretches	679	'Tis he supports my	1009
Through the valley a	200	Thy mercy tempers e	179	'Tis he that works to	378
Through thy protecti	1029	Thy name, almighty	925	'Tis his almighty love	564
Through tribulation g	1179	Thy name salvation i	30	'Tis Jesus the first an	178
Thus as the moments	828	Thy name, 'tis hoped,	826	'Tis like the dews tha	700
Thus does thine arm	1016	Thy name we bless,	1001	'Tis, like the sun, a h	770
Thus do his willing s	802	Thy noblest wonders	76	'Tis love that makes o	749
Thus far his arm hath	1046	Thy pardoning love,	690	'Tis love that paints t	99
Thus far the Lord ha	1023	Thy passing spirit ge	1097	'Tis midnight; and fo	219
Thus God descended	898	Thy power and glory	376	'Tis midnight; and, f	219
Thus God the Father,	117	Thy powerful arm sti	176	'Tis midnight; and fr	219
Thus humbly taught	650	Thy praises, Lord, I	70	'Tis midnight; and o	219
Thus like the mornin	1038	Thy precepts and th	615	'Tis not a cause of sm	955
Thus may our joys in	32	Thy precepts make u	770	'Tis not by works of r	266
Thus may we abide i	62	Thy presence only ca	482	'Tis not that murmur	626
Thus might I hide m	472	Thy promises are tru	145	'Tis not the trump of	430
Thus on the heavenly	694	Thy promise has in t	504	'Tis not this mortal li	714
Thus shall each bless	657	Thy promise is my on	519	'Tis pleasant as the m	699
Thus shall the wond	105	Thy saints in all this	721	'Tis pleasant to belie	1147
Thus shall they learn	116	Thy saving health im	974	'Tis sin, alas! with dr	487
Thus shall we best pr	706	Thy servants in the t	529	'Tis sweet thus passiv	680
Thus star by star decl	1090	Thy soul, renewed by	1085	'Tis the long-expecte	227

'Tis then the soul is fr 1107
'Tis there the weary a 1157
'Tis the Saviour; sera 224
'Tis thine the passion 518
'Tis thine to cleanse 391
'Tis thine to soothe t 590
'Tis through the pure 209
'Tis thus the righteou 748
'Tis thus we bid us p 825
'Tis to my Saviour I 556
'Tis with a mournful 586
To all his praying sai 645
To bless thy chosen r 918
To chase the shades of 518
To Christ the bleedin 527
To-day, a pardoning 442
To-day attend his vo 70
To-day he rose and le 34
To-day in love desce 974
To-day the prize is w 426
To-day the Saviour c 453
To dwell with sorrow 329
To each the soul of ea 608
To ever-fragrant mea 290
To gentle offices of lo 74
To God I cried when 196
To God I'm reconcile 291
To God let grateful a 1057
To God, our great Fa 1024
To God, the only wis 564
To God the Son belo 118
To God the Spirit's n 118
To guide us to thy gl 712
To hail thy rise, thou 217
To heal her wounds, 923
To heaven I lift mine 173
To heaven I lift my w 198
To heaven my restles 671
To heaven, the place 257
To Him from whom o 100
To him I owe my life 257
To him it leads the so 535
To him let every ton 851
To him that loved us 516
To Him who chose us 121
To Him who loved th 851
To humble souls and 773
To Jesus may we fly, 161
To Jesus, our atoning 321
To Jesus, the crown o 108
To Jordan's streams t 730
To meditate thy prec 659
To mine illumined e 529
To-morrow, Lord, is t 196
To-morrow will be ti 51
To nobler bliss my s 532
Too long my feet hav 835
To our Redeemer's gl 810
To save a guilty worl 256
To scenes of woe, to b 745
To smite the breast, t 988
To songs of praise an 45
To spend one sacred 13
To that bright world 1105
To that dear Source o 544
To the dear fountain 500
To thee, before the d 710
To thee, great One in 120
To thee I cheerfully s 705
To thee I tell each ris 817
To thee, my righteou 112
To thee, my Shepher 292
To thee my tremblin 282
To thee, O blessed Sa 971
To thee, O Lord, our 960
To thee, O my unerri 657
To thee our every wi 677
To thee shall grateful 1052
To thee ten thousand 102
To thee the voices of 114
To thee this temple w 944
To thee we gladly no 803
To thee we look: to t 375
To thee we still woul 50
To thee will we addre 170
To thee with grateful 906
To this dear covenant 887
To this sure refuge, L 153
To this the joyful mat 849
To thy almighty Spir 148
To thy great name, A 240
To thy temple we rep 23
Touched with a sym 293
To us a child of hope 247
To us, O Lord, the wis 1050
To us the light of tru 308
To what a stubborn f 681
To what thy laws im 771
Tranquil amid alarm 1119
Transgressors of the d 250
Trees of life the bank 283
Tremendous thought 714
Triumphant in thy cl 1067
True holiness shall st 858
True, 'tis a strait and 736
True wisdom, early s 773
True wisdom it impa 230
Trust him, ye saints, 601
Trust in the Lord, ye 736
Trust, trust the faithf 941
Tune your harps ane 225
Turn, Christian, turn: 1081
Turn, sinner, turn: t 1081
Turn to Christ your l 415
Turn, turn thee to m 681
Turn, turn us, might 681
Turn us with gentle 353
'Twas by an order fro 490
'Twas by his bidding 1035
'Twas God who fixed 137
'Twas he, and we'd a 124
'Twas he who cleans 221
'Twas he who led the 1002
'Twas his own purpos 252
'Twas in the watches 672
'Twas mercy filled th 267
'Twas on that dark, th 811
'Twas the same love t 815
'Twas through the L 728

UNHOLY and impure 576
Unite us in the sacred 1002
Unmingled joys 'tis t 181
Unnumbered comfor 622
Unnumbered mercied 157
Unnumbered years o 290
Unshaken as the sacr 621
Unsullied meekness, 702
Unto thine altar, Lor 527
Unwelling wide the h 557
Unwell thy bosom, fai 1078
Uphold by thy comm 145
Up to her courts with 8
Up to that world of li 1076
Up to the fields wher 618
Up to the hills where 8
Up to thy dwelling-pl 11
Upward from this dy 1084
Urge, with a tender z 797

VAIN are the hopes t 494
Vainly we offer each 202
Vain, sinful man! or 49
Vain temptation's wil 622
Vain the stone, the w 235
Vilest of the sons of 265
Vine of heaven, thy b 847
Visit, then, this soul o 278
Vital spark of heaven 1080

WAFT, waft, ye wind 917
Want on the Lord, ye 504
Wake, all ye soaring 98
Wake, and lift up thy 1017
Waked by the trump 1125
Wake from sleep, aris 457
Wake the song of jub 915
Wake! wake! wake! the ch 901
Wanderer from God, 414
Was ever equal pity 853
Was it for crimes that 472
Watchman! does it b 893
Watchman! let thy w 893
Watchman! tell us of 893
Watchman! will its b 893
Watch!—'tis your L 715
Weak as I am, yet th 503
Weaned from earth's 674
We are his people; w 2
Weary sinner, keep t 427
We ask not for them 978
We ask not wealth, ho 975
We bid thee welcome 950
We bring them, Lord, 977
We bring the tribute 941
We come, O Lord, bef 953
We come, then, God 24
We'd sing the charac 304
We'd sing the precious 304
Weeping saint, no lon 528
Weeping sinners, dry 429
Weep not for the sain 1119
We give immortal pr 118
We give thee, sacred 117
We have met, and Ti 935
We have met in peac 935
Welcome, all by sin o 275
Welcome, delightful 44
Welcome, sweet day o 49
We live estranged, af 492
We'll catch the note 36
We'll crowd thy gates 2
Well, if our days mus 1058
Well may the earth a 229
Well might the heave 302
Well might the sun i 472
Well pleased our God 989
Well pleased the Fat 780
We'll talk of all he di 823
Well, the delightful d 304
Well we know thy li 1008
We long to see thy ch 855
We love thy name, w 807
We meet, the grace to 30
We meet through dis 914
We own and bless th 997
We praise thee that th 1001
We pray that you ma 774
We purge our mortal 729
We raise our Father's 492
We raise our shouts, 124
We sit the realm of 854
Were I in heaven wit 175
Were I inspired to pr 703
Were I possessed of t 188
We see its smiling be 230
We seek the consecra 611
We seek the Spirit's q 978
We share our mutual 1068
We sing the Saviour's 283
We sink beneath thy 847

We there shall ever si 1155
We to the Lord, in hu 961
We to the mighty Lo 103
We tread the path ou 729
We trust in thee; in t 521
We trust not in our n 830
We trust thy sacrifice 708
We walk by faith of j 1147
We who are all defile 837
We will be slaves no 670
We will not bring div 51
We wish you in his n 887
We would no longer l 191
What are those soul-r 331
What can I wish, or w 1075
What did thine only 548
Whate'er pursuits my 67
Whate'er thy holy wi 177
Whate'er thy sacred 177
What equal honors s 344
Whatever come, if th 579
What glory gilds the 335
What have I done for 1024
What hope dispels th 171
What if the springs of 175
What is my being bu 576
What peaceful hours 691
What shall I render t 15
What shall soothe thy 455
What shall the dying 497
What shall we render 743
What sinners value I 1165
What strange, surpris 837
What though in lone 659
What though my gri 503
What though no flow 502
What though our inb 1126
What though Satan's 753
What though the arm 1115
What though the gate 787
What though the spic 917
What though yet no l 1041
What wonders shall t 395
When Abrah'm, full o 984
When age advances, 647
When all arrayed in l 249
When all created stre 538
When all the powers 256
When all thy mercie 693
When anxious care w 103
When anxious grief a 110
When, as returns this 49
When, bending o'er t 1074
When blooming yout 1091
When brighter suns a 1028
When by the dreadfu 964
Whence do our mour 623
When children's voic 974
When dark temptatio 571
When day with farew 129
When death o'er nat 103
When death shall clo 1051
When dire temptatio 617
When each can feel h 697
When earth no more 924
Whene'er temptation 724
Whene'er the clouds 571
When ends life's tran 783
When evening slumb 1018
When evening's silen 1008
When exposed to fear 881
When fainting in the 591
When floating on life 1067
When foes intrude or 535
When forced to part f 1066
When free from envy 697
When from his dread 1043
When from the dead 1126
When fowns appear 289
When gladness wings 17
When gloomy thoug 768
When God inclines t 634
When God is nigh, m 1128
When God revealed h 782
When God, the Spiri 396
When, harassed by te 647
When heaven, thy gl 165
When he gave up his 527
When I am filled wit 324
When I can read my 1156
When I can trust my 585
When in his earthly c 330
When in the bosom o 956
When in the slippery 693
When in the solemn 667
When in the sultry g 197
When I review my w 491
When Israel was his c 89
When I survey the w 834
When I survey the st 164
When I tread the ver 606
When I turn my eyes 577
When I walk through 198
When Jesus left his t 320
When kings against h 707
When land is far, and 963
When languor and di 627
When, marshalled on 959
When midnight dark 719
When morning's first 1008
When most we need 289
When mounted on th 585
When musing sorrow 626
When nature sinks a 389
When night, with wi 129
When on the mighty 881
When on the tyrant's 1007
When our incarnate 814
When our work of lif 1013
When, overwhelmed 625
When poor and helpl 742
When power divine, i 569
When reason, tired a 768
When rising from th 459
When shall I reach th 1175
When shall I see thy 586
When shall love freel 1070
When shall the day, 1154
When shall these eye 1166
When shall the sover 682
When shall the voice 907
When shall thy name 898
When shall we meet a 1070
When shivering on a 1067
When shriveling lik 1130
When sickness shake 624
When sin and hell th 616
When sinners at his f 781
When sins and fears, 287
When sorrows round 545
When storms arise an 305
When storms of sorro 220
When that happy era 1086
When that illustrious 721
When the Judge desc 455
When the last trump 1121
When the solemn tru 1136
When the sun of blis 271
When the tempest ro 444
When the vale of dea 1084
When the woes of lif 271
When the world has 455
When the worn spirit 33
When they wake, or 622
When thickly beat th 171
When thine olive-pla 744
When thou dost clot 142
When thou, my right 1143
When thou, O Lord, s 452
When through the to 960
When thy favored vi 742
When thy harvest yi 745
When thy mortal life 455
When tossed upon th 1171
When to thy works o 164
When trials sore obst 667
When troubles rise a 604
When verdure clothe 1036
When we asunder pa 1068
When we disclose ou 21
When we gain the he 1161
When we on earth sh 967
When we pass throu 1161
When we see their pa 976
When we thy mercy 29
When will my pilgri 33
When with an achin 667
When worn with pai 667
When youthful sprin 129
Where are the happy 684
Where are the vows w 582
Where can the mour 685
Where can we hide, o 130
Where'er ascends the 167
Where'er his hand h 855
Where'er in land or un 921
Where'er the temptin 671
Where'er we go, wha 130
Where is my God? d 614
Where is my Saviour 685
Where is the blessed 691
Where is the strength 752
Where is the zeal tha 684
Where shall we go to 935
Where streams of bli 699
Where the Arctic Oc 883
Where the golden gat 880
Where, then, is now ? 1057
Where thou appointe 762
While e'll his works h 93
While all our hearts a 835
While angels shout a 248
While God invites, ho 451
While golden harps a 158
While grace is offered 428
While guilt disturbs a 470
While he affords his a 195
While heaven's exalt 943
While he is absent fr 845
While his high praise 74
While I concealed m 493
While I draw this fle 289
While I keep silence, 496
While I lay resting on 679
While in the tender y 769
While in this sacred r 803
While in thy word w 58
While Jews on their 307
While life prolongs it 451
While life's dark maz 783
While my Redeemer' 291
While numbers spent 1015
While on earth ordai 115
While our days on ea 23
While our silent steps 1112
While pity prompts t 1091
While sin and Satan j 671
While supplant crow 985
While thy word is he 28
While thus we mour 841
While through these 398

While this liquid tom 817
While thee I seek, pr 17
While the foe become 994
While the Holy Ghos 455
While thy glorious n 28
While to thee our pra 28
While trembling o'er 684
While we hear the w 340
While we seek suppli 47
While we weep as Je 1008
While we, with sacre 97
While, with ceaseless 1049
While yet his anguish 842
Whither, ah, whither 548
Who are these in brig 1176
Who but thou, almig 874
Who can describe the 779
Who can forbear to p 781
Who can forbear to si 781
Who conquer in his m 749
Who hath our report 449
Who is this King of g 240
Who knows the error 394
Who may share this g 711
Whom the world can 374
Who now accuseth th 243
Who, O Lord, when I 1151
Whose breast expand 741
Who shall up to that 245
Who were these? on 1164
Who, who would live 1148
Who would not wish 1111
Why do we mourn d 199
Why droops my soul, 5.6
Why mourn the piou 1000
Why, O my soul, O, 6.8
Why on the bending 922
Why should I shrink 1167
Why should my fooli 881
Why should my pass 630
Why should my will 573
Why should the child 382
Why should we doub 19
Why should we start 1072
Why should we trem 1002
Why was I made to h 8.3
Why will ye waste on 437
Why will you in the c 447
Wide as his vast dom 104
Wide as the reach of 428
Wide as the wheels o 934
Wide as the world is 2
Wide as they sweep t 179
Wide, ye heavenly ga 245
Wild wastes of Afric 908
Will God in very dee 943
Willing hands to lead 19
Will ye let him die in 448
Will ye not his grace 448
Will you despise my 424
Wilt thou despise cte 459
Wilt thou forsake my 731
Wilt thou let him ble 477
Wilt thou not cease to 442
Will all my powers of 196
With cheerful feet m 824
With deep repentance 481
Withdraw not thou th 479
With early feet I love 192
With earnest longing 585
With fervor teach ou 9
With gentle resignati 2.9
With grateful hearts t 1051
With grateful hearts, 1004
With grateful joy thy 989
With guilt oppressed, 404
With his rich gifts th 14
With humble faith I 682
With humble heart a 771
Within these hallowe 970
Within these walls let 27
Within these walls let 936
Within thy circling p 130
Within thy house, O 29
Within thy presence, 625
With Israel's myriads 9.1
With it the thoughtle 1044
With joy, great God, 35
With joy my spirit wi 603
With joy the Father 779
With joy thy people 988
With joy thy people s 785
With joy we bring th 981
With joy we hail the 42
With joy we in his fo 802
With joy we meditat 288
With joy we tread th 515
With life he clothes th 1057
With my whole heart 887
With one consent, let 1
Without a jarring no 706
With pitying eyes th 208
With sacred awe pro 159
With sacred joy we li 9
With songs and hono 1025
With speedy flight m 877
With spotless robes o 349
With strength immor 228
With tears of anguish 473
With tender pity for 747
With thanks approac 81
With the peace thy w 963
With us their names 1114
With warm desire ou 885
With what success, w 984
With willing hearts w 798
With wondering joy 1178
Worship, honor, pow 345
Worthy is he that on 344
Worthy the Lamb, sl. 1178
Worthy the Lamb, fo 1179
Worthy the Lamb th 344
Would you behold th 93
Would you win a sou 956

YEA, bless his holy n 993
Ye aged, hither come 11
Ye angels, bless the L 342
Ye angels, who stand 1163
Year after year, I co 458
Ye boundless realms 20
Ye careless ones, O, h 774
Ye chosen seed of Isr 338
Ye Christian heralds, 884
Ye Christian lands, r 391
Ye curling fountains, 97
Ye deeps, with roarin 98
Ye dying souls that s 405
Ye earthly vanities, d 572
Ye fearful saints, free 148
Ye for whom his life 327
Ye Gentile sinners, n 328
Ye glittering toys of e 554
Ye golden lamps of h 1113
Ye humble souls, app 153
Ye hungry poor, that 424
Ye in the wilderness 240
Ye living men, the to 1082
Ye men and angels, w 870
Ye messengers of Ch 887
Ye mortals, catch the 236
Ye mortals, mark its 445
Ye mourning souls, d 235
Ye nations bend, with 139
Ye nations round the 6
Ye saints, approach; 232
Ye saints below, and 854
Ye saints who stand 1163
Yes, and I must and 253
Ye saw the holy child 249
Ye seraphs who sit n 101
Yes, even at that fear 1171
Ye servants of God, y 325
Ye servants of the L 715
Yes, God himself hat 574
Yes, I hasten from yo 889
Yes, I'm secure benea 531
Ye sinners, come, 'ti 423
Ye sinners, fear the L 440
Ye slaves of sin and 407
Yes, let it go! one loo 658
Yes, nature, all thy s 886
Ye sons of men, rejoi 300
Ye stars are but the s 1113
Yes, there are joys th 1100
Yes, the Redeemer le 210
Yes, thou art precious 306
Yes, thy sins have do 477
Yes, we trust the day 904
Yes, while the dear R 1115
Yes, whosoever will, 431
Yet again we hope to 1036
Yet are his house and 424
Yet does one short, pr 1137
Ye tempests, rage no 144
Yet even our service 347
Yet faith may triump 1067
Yet, gracious God, th 255
Yet, gracious God, w 617
Yet, holy Father, wild 400
Yet if I might make 620
Yet, if, in yonder clou 1024
Yet, if our aims are fi 1036
Yet I have found 'tis 580
Yet I mourn my stub 577
Yet in the Lord will I 592
Yet, in the midst of d 1071
Yet, I remember, thy 473
Yet like an idle tale w 1048
Yet, Lord, thy kindn 146
Yet men would fain b 386
Yet, mighty God, our 101
Yet not thus lifeless, i 1129
Yet oft to men of anc 549
Yet, O, the chief of si 380
Yet save a trembling 484
Yet sinners saved by 157
Yet sovereign mercy 690
Yet the conquerors b 1164
Yet thou art not confi 926
Yet, while the shore, 1044
Yet will the Lord co 756
Yet, with this guilty h 1024
Ye vain and gitteriin 576
Ye wheels of nature, 1047
Ye who are of death a 233
Ye who, forsaking all 884
Ye who see the bathe 275
Ye who surround the 328
Ye winds of night, y 149
Ye winged seraphim, 312
Ye worlds, and every 137
Ye young, before his 11
Yield no more to sin 777
Your mournful cry h 645
Your streams were fl 549
Youth, on length of d 1041
Zion enjoys her Mon 172
Zion, from deepest th 922
Zion is thine, most h 815
Zion, thrice happy pl 12

Ye wretched, hungry, 420
Ye young, before his 11
Yield no more to sin 777
Your harps, ye tremb 708
Your mournful cry h 645
Your streams were fl 539
Youth, on length of d 1041
ZION, awake; thy str 896
Zion enjoys her Mon 172
Zion, from deepest sh 922
Zion is thine, most h 315
Zion stands with hills 795
Zion, thrice happy pl 12

SUPPLEMENT.

A DYING, risen Jesus, 15
Afflicted saint, to Chri 83
Afflictions, though the 36
After death its joys w 85
Again did Sinai's thun 20
Ah, now my spirit fain 90
Ah, why, by passing c 78
Ah, wretched souls, wh 102
Alas for those! — the d 37
All my guilt to thee is 40
All that I am, have be 90
All things on earth, an 4
All unholy and unclea 44
Although he no relent 36
Amazed I stood, but c 20
Amazing grace, how s 66
Ambition, stop thy pa 55
Am I called? and can 27
Am I called? — an heir 27
Am I called? I dare n 27
Am I called? What sh 27
Amid the glories of th 31
And can I yet delay .. 35
And have I, Christ, no 73
And is it true that ma 37
And let this feeble bod 96
And O, when I have s 12
And when I close my 34
And, when my cheerf 57
And when the icy han 70
Anon the clouds dispe 99
Arise, my tenderest th 68
As a little child relies 54
As on the cross the Sa 31
As panting in the sult 78
As when the weary tr 95
At length this great P 15
A very wretch, Lord, I 73
Awaked by Sinai's aw 20
Awake, my soul, in jo 47

BEFORE his Father's e 10
Begone, unbelief, my 58
Believe the heavenly 24
Beneath the flowery a 90
Be still, my heart, the 76
Be this my chief, my o 21
Be this the purpose of 102
Bleeding hearts, defile 17
Brethren, while we soj 62
Break the tempter's fa 91
Brought safely by his 76
But ah, my inmost spir 60
But ere one fleeting h 59
But feeble my compas 68
But if their hearts rebe 74
But let me not forget t 37
But of all the foes we 62
But O, if regardless of 29
But, O my Lord, one t 61
But ONE can yet perfo 38
But rising griefs distre 78
But thou wilt heal tha 82
But when loud the tru 89
But while I thus in an 20
By thee my prayers ac 13

CAN a woman's tender 64
Can I pronounce his c 73
Chief of ten thousand 104
Children of the heave 48
Come, and possess me 35
Come, Lord, and with 77
Come, Lord, the droop 33
Come, my fellow-sinn 30
Come, ye sinners, com 25
Compelled by bleedin 24
Commit thou all thy g 7
Content with beholdin 65

DARKNESS surrounds 29
Dearest Saviour, haste 91
Dearest Saviour, help 25
Dear Lord, and shall t 57
Dear Lord, if indeed I 65
Dear name, the rock o 18
Determined to save, h 58
Did ever trouble yet b 76
Did I meet no trials h 84
Do not I love thee, O 14
Do not I love thee fro 14
Do thou the dying spa 41
Down through the por 8

EARTH has engrossed 97
Encompassed with clo 42
Eternity is just at han 21
Eternity! — tremendo 21
Even down to old age, 69

FAINTING souls, in pe 17
Fain would I learn of 33
Father, dost thou seem 44
Father, I've sinned, bu 36
Fear not, brethren, joy 48
Fear not, I am with th 69
Fond youth, while fre 55
Food to which the wo 1
Foolish, and impotent, 6
Forever with the Lor 100
For I have walked the 78
For such compassions, 5
Freely thou gav'st thy 88
From age to age exalt 74
From all that's mortal, 70
From Burmah's shores 105
From busy scenes we 104
From fear to hope, fro 72
From men great skill 15
From whence doth thi 67

GIVE me, O Lord, a p 103
Give to the winds thy 7
God in Israel sows the 84
God of my life, whose 6
God pities all our grie 23
God's Spirit shall not 18
Go, watch and pray, t 55
Gracious Lord, inclin 44
Great Father of merci 50
Guard me, Saviour, b 101

HAIL, Prince of life! f 8
Hail, sweetest, dearest 105
Hail to the brightness 106
Hark, my soul; it is th 64
Hark! the cherubic ar 8
Hast thou a lamb in a 14
Hath something met t 18
Have you no words? a 46
Hear, gracious God, m 77
Heaven is the dwellin 98
Heaven is the land wh 98
He by himself hath sw 45
He cuts the bars of br 74
He in the thickest dar 3
He'll bring their spirits 74
Here fix, my roving h 23
Here in the body pent 100
Here on the mercy-sea 103
He saw me ruined by 47
He that formed me in 2
His crimes, with inwa 31
His decree, who forme 2
His father saw him co 36
His love, in time past, 58
His name yields the ri 65
His prayer the dying J 31
How bitter that cup, n 58
How can I meet his ey 90
How charming is the p 103
How'e'er forsaken or d 34
How firm a foundation 69
How happy are they . 51
How happy's every ch 71
How large his bountie 23
How lost was my cond 15
How sweet the name o 13
How sweet to leave th 104
How sweet to reflect o 99
How tedious and taste 65
Humble as a little chil 81

I ASKED the Lord that 43
I chide my unbelievin 61
I delivered thee when 64
If aught should tempt 12
If sometimes I strive, 42
If 'tis sweet to mingle 56
I have no skill the sna 6
I hear a voice that co 37
I hear but seem to hea 32
I hoped that in some f 43
I'll go and tell him all 36
I love the sons of grac 63
I love thy chastenings 80

INDEX OF VERSES.

Improve the harvest fl 92
I my all to thee resign ; 101
I my Ebenezer raise . . 101
In a kind, propitious h 30
In all my ways thy ha 6
In every condition — i 69
In fierce temptation's 79
In heaven, and earth, 3
In heaven the rapturo 8
In him thy reconciled 88
In hope of that immor 96
Instead of thee, he mad 43
In the hour of dark te 1
In the way a thousand 62
I own I'm guilty, own 34
Is not thy name melod 14
I sometimes think my 32
Israel now and ever 81
Is there no spark of gr 73
Is this, dear Lord, that 87
It cannot in Eden be f 67
It is a sweet employ . . 63
It makes the wounded 13
I would begin the mus 97
I would, but thou mus 33

JESUS all the day long 51
Jesus, full of every gr 49
Jesus, my all, to hea ven 11
Jesus, my Shepherd, H 13
Jesus, our living Head 23
Jesus, our souls' delig 41
Jesus, save my dying s 42
Jesus, the Lord, their 97
Jesus, thou art the sin 34
Jesus, thou Son and H 31

KEEP no longer at a d 91
Knowing as I am kno 100

LET my few remainin 101
Let not thy heart desp 83
Let our mutual love b 91
Let thy kind Spirit in 57
Lift up your eyes, ye s 92
Lo! glad I come : and 11
Lo! in the desert rich 106
Lo! on a narrow neck 19
Lord, deny me what t 44
Lord, forever at thy si 81
Lord, in thee I now be 49
Lord, it is my chief co 64
Lord, it is not life to li 16
Lord, shall we lie so sl 75
Lord, shed a beam of 38
Lord, submissive mak 48
Lord, this bosom's ard 53
Lord, unafflicted, and 89
Lord, why is this? I tr 43
Lord, with glowing he 53

MAY I always own th 2
May I resolve with all 102
Meekly may my soul 81
Mine is an unchangin 64
Mortals, awake ; with 8
Most awful truth, and 94
Moved by the Spirit's 92
Much in sorrow, oft in 89
My best desires are fai 32
My brethren are dear 67
My drowsy powers, w 75
My Father's house on 100
My God, I feel the mo 68
My heart and tongue s 49
My life, my portion, th 35
My one desire be this 35

My soul with various 87
Nay, but I yield, I yie 35
No fiery vengeance no 10
No, let me rather freel 60
No lingering look, no 105
No longer now delay 24
No, Lord, I'll patiently 72
No profit canst thou g 7
Not health, nor friend 70
Not life, nor all the toy 70
Not the fair palaces, . . 103
Now let me mount and 97
Now let the fatted calf 35
Now may our joyful t 10
Now my remnant of d 51
Now thy gracious wor 25

O, BE his service all m 102
Object of my first desi 16
O, Breath of Life, brea 38
O, by the pangs thysel 86
O'er earth when shade 79
O for a glance of heav 8
O for grace our hearts 9
Often I feel my sinful 47
O God, my inmost so 19
O, hadst thou left me 80
O, how I hate those lu 39
O Jesus, ride on triun 28
O, let me, then, at len 61
O, let not sin and Sata 41
O Lord, my best desir 60
O Lord, on thee our h 95
O, make this heart rej 32
O, may I never faint o 102
O, may the sons of me 74
O mercy! O mercy! lo 93
On earth thy mercy re 10
One look of mercy fro 72
One there is above all 9
On thee my waking ra 79
On the wings of his lo 51
Onward, Christians, o 89
O that my load of sin 33
O, the rapturous heigh 51
O thou gracious, wise, 2
O Thou, my light, my 5
O Thou, who dry'st th 82
Our heavenly Father c 23
O, what a blessed hope 71
O, what are all my suff 96
O, what hath Jesus do 96
O, when shall we see t 67
O, who could bear life 82
O, would he more of h 71
O ye banished seed, be 48

PEACE to the storm in 29
Plagues and deaths ar 2
Praise, my soul, the G 53
Prayer makes the dark 46
Precious Bible, what a 1
Put thou thy trust in 7

QUIET, Lord, my frow 54

RAISE thy downcast e 26
Remember thy pure w 34
Rest for my soul I lon 33
Restless thy spirit, poo 29
Restraining prayer, w 46

SAVED by grace, I live 34
Save me, Lord, in this 52
Saviour, may these me 56
Saviour, visit thy plan 91
Saviour, when night s 79
Say, sinner, hath a voi 18
Say, what is there ben 70
Search, Lord, O, searc 21
See, from all lands, fro 106
See human nature sun 68
See the short course of 68
Send thy light and tru 52
Seraphs, with elevated 97
Shall I envy, then, the 1
Shame and wonder, jo 30
Shine, Lord, and my t 42
Should persecution ra 83
Shout, ye little flock, a 48
Shrink not, Christians, 80
Since all that I meet s 58
Sinner, hear the Savio 26
Sinner, it was a heave 18
Soon shall I pass the g 47
Souls benighted and f 17
Sovereign Ruler of the 2
So when my latest bre 100
So when the Christian 95
Spurn not the call to l 18
Such are thy schemes 5
Such base ingratitude 73
Surely once thy garde 91
Sure the blest Comfort 57
Sweet truth, and easy 61
Swift through the vas 8

TEMPTATIONS every 87
That comfort was min 51
That resurrection wor 100
The chariot! the chari 93
The door of thy mercy 50
The earth shall soon d 66
Thee, at all times, will 2
The friends who in ou 82
The glory! the glory! 93
The God of Abram pr 45
The hope of heaven h 95
Their footsteps I'll pu 63
The judgment! the ju 93
The little ants for one 75
The Lord has promise 66
The Lord will happin 32
The more I strove aga 11
Then all who truly rig 94
Then hail, blessed stat 99
Then I repent and vex 59
Then let me mount an 47
Then shall I upward fl 90
Then shall my droopi 77
Then shall our active 75
Then sorrow, touched 82
Then, then I feel that 90
Then to the Lord they 74
Then will I tell to sin 11
There the blest Man, 97
The rocks can rend ; t 38
The saints I heard wit 20
These inward trials I e 43
These proofs of love, m 49
The soul that on Jesu 69
The trumpet! the tru 93
The trump of final do 100
The voice of free grac 28
The way the holy pro 11
The worst of all disea 15
They Jesus' image be 63
They love the Father's 63
They will my faults re 63
Think how on the cro 26
This be my care, to all 4
This is the field, the w 94
This is the way I long 11

INDEX OF VERSES.

Thou aged man, life's 55
Thou art as ready to fo 61
Thou dost freely save 44
Thou dost promise to 44
Though dark be my w 58
Though his majesty b 25
Though late, I all fors 35
Though numerous hos 47
Though rough and th 76
Though Sinai s curse i 86
Though sorrows rise a 86
Thou givest with pate 4
Thou God of glorious 19
Thou knowest t love t 14
Thou seest what floods 72
Thou shalt see my glo 64
Thou wondrous Advo 34
Through all the variou 4
Through many dange 66
Through this wide wil 87
Through waves and cl 7
Thus far my God hat 87
Thus preserved from 54
Thy faith is weak, thy 83
Thy favor all my jour 60
Thy mercy in Jesus ex 50
Thy mercy is more th 50
Thy mercy, my God, i 50
Thy powerful consola 4
Thy promises our hea 41
Thy saints are comfor 32
Till then I would thy 13
Times of sickness, tim 2
Times the tempter's p 2
'Tis even so thy faithf 87
'Tis my happiness bel 84
'Tis religion that can 85
'Tis thine outstretche 5
'Tis thus the Lord his 36
To God, my Saviour a 49
To hear the sorrows t 38
To heaven the joyful t 20
To him their prayers a 103
To love my sins, a sai 94
To that Jerusalem ab 71
To them his sovereign 103
To thy will I leave the 101
Trust we to youth or f 4
'Twas a heaven below 51
'Twas for my sins my 33
'Twas grace that taug 66
'Twas he who taught 43

VAIN his threats to ov 1

WAIT, O my soul, thy 3
Wait, then, my soul, s 3
Weak is the effort of m 13
We all shall meet in h 105
Wealth and honor I di 44
We bow before his fac 10
We, for whom God th 75
We, for whose sake all 75
Well, the Redeemer's 10
Were half the breath t 46
We seem as one, when 94
What a mercy is this! 51
What have I gained b 36
What less than thy al 57
What may be my futu 101
What though it pierce 80
What though the nort 105
What thou shalt to-da 54
What various hind'ra 46
When called to bear th 43
When darkness long h 61
Whene'er my foolish, 88
Whene'er to call the S 57
When gathering storm 12
When ghastly death a 83
When he lived on eart 9
When I at last to heav 70
When I am made in l 70
When joy no longer s 82
When lowest sunk wi 4
When my faith is fain 1
When my forgetful so 59
When noon her throne 79
When sin prevails, an 57
When some kind prom 57
When sorrowing o'er s 12
When the harvest is p 23
When the holy have g 22
When through fiery tr 60
When through the de 69
When to the law I tre 20
When trouble, like a 47
When vexing thought 12
Which of all our frien 9
While angelic legions, 99
Whilst I see thy love t 16
Whilst with a bleedin 39
Whither, O whither, s 6
Who points the clouds 7
Why art thou afraid to 26
Why is my heart so fa 59
Why should a living m 72
Why should I compla 58
Why should I shrink 60
Why should my foolis 59
Why, then, so unwilli 67
Wisdom and mercy g 60
With Jesus we ever sh 67
With joy the chorus w 8
Without thy sweet me 50
With speed he flew to 49
With such I own I onc 37
Would not my ardent 14
Would not my heart p 14
Wretched and helpless 49
Wretch that I am, to 50

YEA, more with his ow 43
Ye are travelling hom 48
Ye dying sons of men 24
Yes, I would love th 88
Yes, my Redeemer, th 39
Ye souls that are wou 28
Yes, when this flesh a 66
Yet clouds will interv 90
Yet, Lord, if thy love 42
Yet quickly, from the 31
Yet though my soul i 77
Yet through the storm 72
You that mourn your 17
You that oft have wan 17